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[NEW SERIES.]

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CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
THE MODERN BAYARD	129
NELLIE GOODWIN; A STORY OF THE FOREST. Chap. XI. ..	136
"WANTED, A WIFE"	141
LETTERS ON BANKING.—No. VI.	149
ACROSTIC SONNET	153
THE KAFIR WAR AND ITS LESSONS.—No. II...	154
ADELE; A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE. CHAPS. XV. and XVI.	160
MEASUREMENT OF HEIGHTS. By Dr. Harry Leach	176
SPARKS FROM A KAFIR ANVIL	177
A RAMBLE THROUGH ITALY	185
CAPE SUPREME COURT REPORTS	191

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1878.

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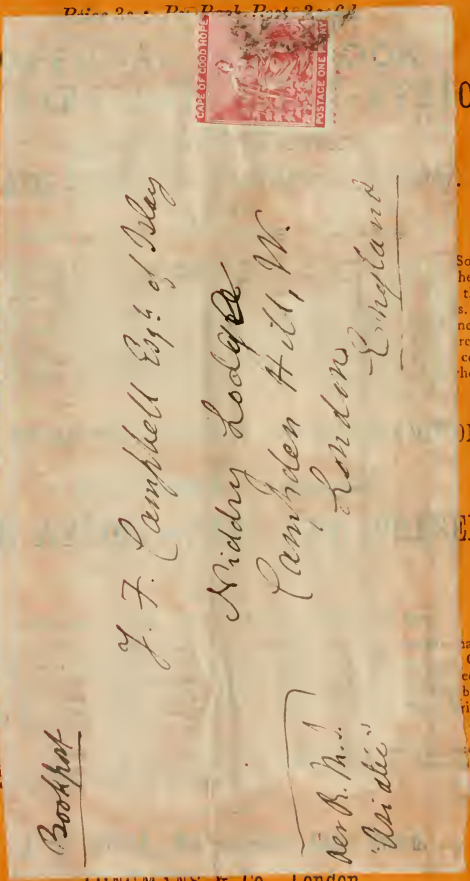

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IN THE

SUPREME COURT

OF THE

COLONY OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY

JAMES BUCHANAN.

FORMERLY ADVOCATE OF THAT HON. COURT, AND NOW SENIOR PUISNE JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF JUSTICE, ORANGE FREE STATE.

CAPE TOWN: J. C. JUTA.

1878.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Modern Bayard.

Among the greatest events of this eventful century few are of more surpassing interest than the American civil war, and among the greatest actors in that momentous drama, none, we think, exceeds in nobility of character the Confederate General, Robert Edward Lee.

The names of Grant, Sheridan, Longstreet, will be discussed all the world round by many a fireside for many generations to come, and above and beyond them will tower the heroic memory of Stonewall Jackson. The gaunt figure of Abe Lincoln, President of the Union, in the agonized crisis of its fate, will long lead the imagination captive and the nation whose unity and imperial splendour he preserved intact amid the most crushing assaults will ever remember the homely wisdom of his life and the dramatic circumstances of his sudden death. But amid even this cluster of great men the star of General Lee shines with unclouded brilliance.

Into the merits of the stupendous struggle we do not propose to enter. It was once held that the North fought for freedom, and the South for slavery, but history will probably record its decision that slavery was but a collateral issue; that the real contest was between federal rights and states rights; unity and centralization against local government and home rule, between the profound convictions dominating either side as to the measure of authority of the central executive when in collision with the chartered privileges of individual states. Be this as it may, we find it hard to do otherwise than rejoice at the result of the struggle, for slavery perished in the encounter, and the disruption was averted of the greatest republic that has yet been seen among men.

R. E. Lee, born in Virginia in 1807, was the descendant of an ancient English family, whose knightly achievements can be traced in mediæval history. A Lee accompanied Richard Cœur de Lion to the third Crusades, and for distinguished service there acquired the property of Ditchley, as immortalized by Walter Scott. Under the Edwards, Henrys, and Elizabeth, the Lees were equally conspicuous. Richard Lee, younger brother to a Lee of Ditchley, became

Secretary to the colony of Vriginia in the reign of Charles I. His grandson, Thomas Lee, was Governor of Virginia, and the latter's three sons and a nephew all played a striking part in the War of Independence. The nephew, Henry Lee, became a general officer, the friend of Washington, and ultimately, like his uncle before him, Governor of Virginia. From him sprung the subject of our memoir, the last and most illustrious of a noble line, a man whose name is a household word in two worlds, and who may justly be described as the Sidney and Bayard of America.

R. E. Lee, like all his race, was a born commander of men. The Mexican War of 1847 found him a Captain of Engineers, but left him ere its close Major, and subsequently Lieut.-Colonel of his regiment. His talents were recognized in the official despatches of General Scott, together with those of a younger man whose name and fame were destined to be brilliantly associated with his own: we allude to Lieut. Beauregard.

In 1856, Colonel Lee commanded the crack cavalry regiment in the United States service. Already were heard the first faint mutterings of that awful storm which was so soon to break upon the new world. The following quotation from one of Lee's letters to his wife, written about this time, tends to show the writer's sympathy with the abolitionist party provided they respected "states rights: "—

"There are, I believe, few—he says—in this enlightened age who will not acknowledge that slavery, as an institution, is a moral and political evil in any country. I think it a greater evil to the white than to the black."

In 1859 occurred the strange menacing outbreak of John Brown, who pillaged the Federal Arsenal at Harper's Ferry, proclaimed a servile war and threw the country into convulsions, but the revolt was crushed by Lee in a masterly manner and with but slight effusion of blood. In 1861, the election of President Lincoln and the overwelming success of his party, created intense excitement in the States. The bond of union, then well nigh a century old, snapped asunder like thread, and in place of the Republic one and indivisible, two mighty confederations confronted one another in arms. The shock was terrific. Old associations and ties, however close, succumbed to the strain. Brother rose against brother, father against son, and the world's greatest civil war came like a cruel blow full in the face of startled humanity. The right of the Central Government to coerce seceding States was fiercely claimed on the one side, the right of secession on the other, and both sides appealed to the God of battles. Colonel Lee, who, as his father had long ago remarked, was "always good," was profoundly moved, but his decision was at once taken. His ancestors had ever been the foremost citizens of his native state, his life had been spent there, and there was his home. Much as he loved America he loved Virginia more, and he whose guiding star in life was duty, thought—wrongly as we

think—that his first duty was to his native State. Long afterwards, when under examination on this point by the committee of reconstruction, he stated his view to be "that the act of Virginia, in withdrawing herself from the United States, carried me along as a citizen of Virginia, and that her laws and acts were binding on me." A conscientious man, holding this opinion, could not hesitate. Resigning his command in the United States army, and an offer of the virtual command in chief of her whole forces, Lee left, never to return, his beautiful residence, Arlington House. Once, and only once, when his victorious army carried him to the very gates of the capital, he is said to have caught a distant view of his home, but though the land of promise lay before him, he, like the man of God, was not permitted to enter in.

On his arrival at Richmond, Lee was offered, and accepted, the command of the Virginian forces, and shortly afterwards of the whole Confederacy. His immense responsibilities, so soon to whiten that noble head, could not altogether divert his thoughts from his wife and children. The following quotation is from a striking letter he wrote about this time to one of his sons on the subject of duty:—

"In regard to duty, let me, in conclusion of this hasty letter, inform you that, nearly a hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness—still known as 'the dark day'—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished, as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as its members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe. It was supposed by many that the last day had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan, Davenport of Stamford, and said that if the last day had come, he desired to be found at his post, doing his duty; and therefore moved that candles be brought in so that the house could proceed with its duty. . . . . Duty is the sublimest word in our language. Do your duty in all things, like the old Puritan. You cannot do more; you should never wish to do less."

We may judge perhaps from this extract what manner of man it was who now proceeded to lead the Confederate forces.

The relative position of the combatants was, roughly speaking, as follows. The northern white population, united almost to a man, exceeded twenty-two millions, and on their side lay everything which had previously been the common heritage of the whole nation, the army, the navy, the stores, the machinery of taxation, in short Government and the seat of Government, ancient prestige, a vast preponderance of material resources, and the absolute command of the sea and the navigable rivers.

Against this compact and formidable foe, the South mustered a population of 8,700,000, of whom 3,700,000 were negroes, and about 1,000,000 were border whites, whose sympathies were chilled by the fact that their lives and properties lay all along at the mercy of the

North. Four millions remained to contend with 22,000,000 for the sovereignty. The North put forth its gigantic strength slowly and with hesitation, but with ever accumulating pressure. No less than two and a half millions of men ranged themselves during the struggle under the Federal standard, and for a time President Lincoln had more than 1,000,000 men under arms at once, exclusive of 125,000 sailors and marines serving in the 671 ships of war launched by the great Republic.

The resources of the South were glaringly inferior. Their total levies from first to last only reached 700,000 men, and their average number under arms never exceeded 165,000.

Yet with these inadequate forces they won nearly every pitched battle of the war, and at last surrendered from pure exhaustion, after inflicting on their antagonist a loss of 300,000 men. The efforts of Lee were truly heroic, and over and over again the ragged regiments of the South, unclothed unfed, unpaid, broke like an avalanche on the immense armies of the North, and shattered them into fragments.

Under the homely *soubriquet* of uncle George, Lee was adored by his troops, who worked miracles at his word of command. It was one of their foes—himself an accomplished military critic—who exclaimed with enthusiastic pride, "Who, that once looked upon it, can ever forget that array of tattered uniforms and bright muskets—that body of imcomparable infantry, the army of Virginia."

Lees' extreme simplicity of character endeared him to his men. He never during a campaign would leave his humble tent for the shelter of a house. All luxuries and dainties anonymously received from admiring countrymen were at once handed over to the sick and wounded, and the better to set an example of how to endure privations Lee became a total abstainer and non-smoker. His guiding principle was not to fare better than the private soldier. Their welfare in camp was his constant study, and their heroic conduct in the field was his reward. That he was idolized by the men he led to victory is hardly matter for surprise. It is recorded that once, worn out and exhausted during a toilsome march, he fell down by the roadside and slept the sleep of the weary. The word was passed along the ranks, and 15,000 men with light tread and bated breath, marched past their great commander without disturbing his slumbers.

The religious feelings of Lee were profound though unobtrusive, and he repeatedly took stringent measures to preserve the sanctity of the Sabbath. Some of his men, like the Puritans of old, fell on their knees to pray before entering into battle, and it was his custom when meeting such a group to dismount and uncover, all his staff doing the same. His power of inspiring even great men with affection and confidence was truly marvellous. The illustrious Stonewall Jackson repeatedly declared that Lee was the one man living whom he would follow blindfold. When Jackson fell on the field of Chancellorsville, the grief of his chief was terrible. On first hearing the news of the accident, he exclaimed with assumed composure, "Jackson has lost

his left arm, but in him I lose my right." Afterwards when the fatal result of the wound was apparent, he—to use the words of an eye-witness—"prayed for him as he never prayed for himself."

It is not our purpose, nor would it be possible within the limits of this article, to trace the brilliant rise but eventual fall of the Confederate cause. The great civil war with its Titanic struggles and dramatic close, belongs to history, and our object is rather briefly to record the achievements of a noble life. But it may be convenient here rapidly to summarise the campaigns of the war.

In 1861 the Federals opened the war by invading Virginia on four sides. The scheme was not ill planned, but on July 21, at the first battle of Manassas, better known as Bull's Run, the hopes of the North were humbled in the dust, for 55,000 of their men under MacDowell, supported by nine regiments of cavalry, were totally routed by 31,000 Confederates led by Johnston and Beauregard, who thereupon encamped within sight of Washington. In other quarters the Federals met with more success, and the year closed without decisive gain or loss to either side. 1862 was a memorable year for the young Confederacy. The South was handled by Lee as if it had been one man, and success after success rewarded his genius; of four pitched battles against overwhelming odds he won three, and the fourth was drawn. The campaign again opened with an offensive movement on the Northern side. General MacClellan advanced into the Peninsula to attack Richmond, but was checked at Seven Pines, and then almost crushed in a sanguinary seven days encounter on the Chickahominy, lasting from the 26th June to 1st July. The result was a disastrous retreat, and MacClellan was dismissed from his command. His successor, General Pope, again advanced into Virginia, but only to meet the same fate. Foiled by Jackson at Cedar Run, he was then attacked by Lee at the second battle of Manassas and utterly overthrown, losing 30,000 men in eight days and being driven to take refuge within the lines of Washington. For a time the North was prostrate, and Lee was not a man to let an opportunity slip. Assuming the offensive, he invaded Maryland early in September, capturing Harper's Ferry with 11,000 prisoners. At Sharpsbury with only 33,000 men, he met the Northern army 87,000 strong. After a fierce encounter the battle was drawn, and Lee withdrew to Winchester to rest his forces. In October, he started General Stuart on that extraordinary cavalry raid into Pennsylvania which, to this day, is almost unparalleled in the annals of war. In five days his corps of 1,800 men swept like a meteor through northern territory, under the eyes of immense hostile armies, and returned laden with valuable plunder and still more valuable information, with the loss of only five men. Irritated by this insult, President Lincoln ordered MacClellan again to advance, but superseded him by Burnside before the two armies met. On the 13th December, the latter, with 120,000 men, crossed swords with Lee, whose troops, actually engaged, did not exceed 25,000 men. The odds were overwhelming,

but the invincible infantry of the South again proved their pre-eminence, and Burnside was utterly routed, with a loss of over 12,000 men. So closed the year 1862, in a blaze of glory.

In January, 1863, Burnside pushed on by the wild cry for vengeance, now rising stern and high in the North behind him, attempted to cross the Rappahannock and continue the struggle, but met with immediate and bloody repulse. In April, his successor, General Hooker, was more successful, and crossed both that river and the Rapidan, with 132,000 men, but only to find his way barred at Chancellorsville by Lee, with 40,000 men. A three days' struggle ensued, rendered memorable by the death of Stonewall Jackson, shot by the mistake of one of his own sentries. But again the genius of the great commander rose superior to the most adverse circumstances, and, as he had served MacClellan, and Pope, and Burnside, so he now served Hooker, who was disastrously routed with the lossof 17,000 men.

Meanwhile in other states, and under other and inferior leaders, the South was losing heavily, and her numerical weakness was becoming more and more apparent. To create a diversion, President Davis induced Lee against his will to make a second attempt to invade the North. Raising his army by almost superhuman exertions to 80,000 men, the Southern commander again carried the tide of war into Maryland.

Hooker resigned in despair, and was suceeded by Meade. The two armies met at Gettysburg in Pennsylvania on 1st July, 1863, and for three days the combat lasted, and fortune wavered to and fro. The losses were about equal on each side, and 40,000 men in all were placed *hors de combat*. Lee at length withdrew unpursued and in good order, but the North was saved.

Early in 1864, the North raised immense levies and replaced Meade by Grant. The latter, as generalissimo of their forces, found himself with 1,000,000 effective troops. But the South had long been bleeding at every pore; her poverty and numerical inferiority, and the stringent blockade of her coasts, told upon her with overwhelming effect. Ultimate success had become an impossibility, and a victory was almost as bad as a defeat. But still Lee fought on, and on 6th and 7th May, Grant, like all his predecessors, was routed with immense loss in "the Wilderness." Day after day, until 4th June, the conflict continued until Grant, utterly regardless of human life, had sacrificed 60,000 men "in feeling his way to Richmond."

From this date to March, 1865, Lee, exhausted by the mere prolongation of the struggle, and with forces ever decreasing, barred the way of the victorious Northerners. Grant hammered away, as he called it, and was quite content to lose man for man, or more, knowing that the Southern army, destitute of reinforcements, was wasting from attrition. The beginning of the end was now visible. On 9th April, 1865, Lee with 5,000 bayonets, attacked and drove the

Federals before him until the pursuit brought him into the presence of 80,000 men. The absolutely desperate nature of the contest then led to an honourable capitulation, and from that moment the chances of Southern independence vanished for ever. When Lee returned heart-broken from Grant's head-quarters, his few remaining veterans, breaking their ranks, fell on their knees before him, and with indescribable emotion called God to bless and protect "Uncle Robert."

All being lost save honour, General Lee retired at once into private life. On 1st October, 1865, he became President of Washington College, Lexington, in his native state. When a conditional amnesty was proclaimed, he brought his great soul to the humiliation of requesting pardon, not for his own sake, for he admitted no fault in following the fortune of his state, but because he felt the importance of his example to the thousands of his humbler fellow-citizens whose civil rights were forfeited by law until they sought and obtained mercy.

History will record with shame that the pardon Lee stooped to procure was denied him; but he pursued, unmoved, the even tenor of his way, thoroughly accepting the verdict of the war, and on every occasion inculcating submission to the restored union. Once he recoiled with horror from a lady who brought her two sons to hear him curse the North.

"Madam," he exclaimed, "we are but one country now; make your sons *Americans*."

On another occasion he was discovered relieving the necessities of an old soldier.

"That was one of our veterans," he explained; adding in a whisper, "he was on the other side, but it doesn't signify now."

In the simple performance of civil duties, and in almost cloistral seclusion, far from the pomp and circumstance of war, and with none around him of those brilliant officers whom he had trained and led to victory, General Lee breathed his last on the 12th October, 1870. A fortnight earlier he had been struck by paralysis, and sensibility had never returned; but the last thoughts of the dying warrior were unquestionably hovering over the battle-fields, where his genius had shone with so bright a lustre, for his only articulate words during those last sad days were pregnant with martial meaning:

"Strike my tent. Send for Hill."

His death plunged the South into profound grief. The bells tolled and the State-flags were lowered over half the Continent. The Legislature of Virginia adjourned, and a public funeral was decreed, but respectfully declined.

In accordance with the General's expressed wish, he was buried in the vaults of his College Chapel, with the sublime ritual of the Church of England.

His death occurred at a time of perfect peace over the whole of America; but across the Atlantic the death grapple of France and

Germany was approaching its extreme intensity, and Europe was convulsed by the rise and fall of Empires. But great as were the achievements of the eminent men engaged in directing the destinies of those states, they pale before the consummate genius for war, the daring strategy, and the sleepless vigilance of the Confederate General, The self-inflicted wounds of civil strife are not to be healed in a generation, and on the merits of the great American struggle history has yet to record its final judgment; but the new world has already pronounced, with no faltering voice, that among the greatest and noblest of her sons few, if any, can bear comparison with the immortal name of Robert Edward Lee.

L. L. M.

Nellie Goodwin;

A STORY OF THE FOREST.

CHAPTER XI.

In her quiet, sunny, little parlour at Summerville, Nellie sat sewing near the window, waiting the return of Grace from the Post Office. It was a couple of days after the ball, but Nellie was still entertaining Mrs. Goodwin with little incidents, only stopping now and then to lament the loss of her ring, and wonder where it was. She rose at length, and stood at the window watching for Grace.

"Surely, Nellie, you don't expect her back yet; she has only been gone ten minutes, and it is a long distance to the Post Office?"

"But, Mamma, I am sure I shall get a letter to-day; it is so long since I heard. Arthur deserves a scolding for keeping me so long waiting, and perhaps," she continued, kneeling suddenly by her mother's side, "he may tell me he is coming for me at once, and you will have to let me go, mother dear. I am so glad you are well again, and don't want me so much;" and she laid her cheek caressingly against Mrs. Goodwin's hand.

"It will always be hard to part with you, dear," answered the mother with a slight tremble in her voice, "but, as you say, I am well now, and Grace is nearly able to be of real use to me."

In more loving talk, the minutes flew so fast that Nellie jumped up in surprise, with a burning spot on each cheek, when Grace came in, and gave her her letter. She seized it eagerly, and went and stood at the window to read it. Mrs. Goodwin opened a paper, and looked up and down the columns listlessly, for her mind was with Nellie; and when in a moment or two, a low startled cry met her ear, she was by her side immediately.

"What is it, my child; tell me, do?" she entreated, for Nellie stood immovable, with a white stony face, and fingers tightly clasped over her letter. At the renewed entreaty, the girl turned, and meeting her mother's pitying glance, suddenly threw her arms round her, and hid her face on her shoulder.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma," she sobbed, "take me away, anywhere, only let me hide myself; it is all so dark, so dark; and I don't care what happens now."

"Is Arthur ill?" enquired her mother, never divining the real cause.

"No, worse than that. I can't tell you!" she said passionately. "Read the letter; but, first, take me away."

Mrs. Goodwin asked no more questions, but led her gently to her own room, where Nellie threw herself on her bed, begged it might be made quite dark, and she might be left alone. Her wishes were obeyed, and thinking she might be better so, her mother left her and went to read the letter. She saw at once how it had all come about, and blamed herself much for not having foreseen it, and been more careful. But the mischief was done now, and there was nothing for it but to submit quietly, and trust to time to soothe Nellie's grief, for neither she nor her daughter would stoop to plead her innocence to any one but Arthur himself, and that only in person, and she knew by the tone of his letter that he would never come to seek her again. In her distress and trouble, Nellie almost hated Mr. Gilbert as the cause of it all, and one of the hardest parts of it was the thought of how he and his family would rejoice at her freedom to marry anyone else now. For many days after she pleaded illness, which was only too real, as a reason for seeing no one but her mother and sister. Wearily the days and nights dragged on, bringing with them no glimmer of hope, but only a dull sense of desolation and misery, till she hated the bright sunshine, and the merry songs of the birds, that only seemed to mock her by their joyousness.

Soon after her recovery, she was standing in the little garden early one morning, with a bitter smile on her lip, and a cold dull look in her usually bright eyes, angry with herself and all around her, and feeling as though she had lost her way, and her very faith was slipping from her. "What had she done?" was the angry thought, "that she should be punished so. She had tried to do her duty, and this was her reward. What was the good of trying?" Poor Nellie, she was mad to rebel; but she had nursed the angry, bitter thoughts, till they made her wretched, and she could neither pray nor think aright. Clear and sharp through the fresh morning air came the sound of the church bell ringing for morning prayers, and the sound struck reproachfully on her ear, for she had been a constant attendant till within the last week. Grace came out with her hat on, ready to set out, and seeing Nellie, she turned with a pleading face, saying gently,

"Come with me, Nellie, dear. So few people go now, and it is nice and quiet in the church. You will, won't you?" she continued, as she still received no answer. "I will go and fetch your hat and gloves for you."

In a few minutes Grace returned, and finding Nellie quite passive in her hands, she put on her things for her, and drew her out of the garden. No words passed between the sisters as they walked along the quiet street, with the fresh air blowing about their cheeks, for both were busy with their own thoughts. Nellie's head was bent down, for she feared to meet the gaze of passers-by, fancying they could read her secret in her face. The church was very dark at that early hour, only round the chancel rays of sunlight streamed in through the coloured panes, like rays of hope, Nellie thought at first; but as a cloud passed, they faded too, and she took it as an ill omen. Still the old familiar words soothed and comforted her, and some of her usual trust came back. When the scanty congregation passed out, and the clergyman was gone, she still sat on, bidding the astonished Grace leave her too; and then, all alone in her Father's house, she poured out the whole tide of her love and sorrow at His feet, till her aching heart received comfort, and she knew she was not utterly desolate.

On her return, she found Mrs. Goodwin looking very anxious, for she had been absent a couple of hours, but she kissed her gently, saying in a low patient voice,

"I am better now, Mamma, and can bear whatever comes; only give me plenty to do, please."

And from that day she strove to bear her cross patiently, taking up all her usual duties and letting no impatient words escape her.

The look of triumph on the faces of both Maggie and her brother was unmistakeable when they met Nellie again, though they tried to conceal it; but she held her head up proudly and bravely, and the flash that came into her eyes at their first attempts at pitying her, made them abandon the idea for ever.

Meanwhile Arthur, utterly unconscious of the pain he had given, and thinking he alone suffered for it, was following his party far into the interior, entering into all the sport with a kind of feverish eagerness, that was far from finding any pleasure in it. It was a refuge from thought, and that was enough for him just then. Utterly reckless, he was foremost in every danger, and seemed to set no value whatever on his life, till even his companions, who knew but little of the real danger of elephant and buffalo hunting, begged him to be more careful. Ernest Wilmot alone possessed the slightest influence over him, and often the boy's voice would make him pause when he was in his most reckless moods. Over their camp fire, when the rest were buried in slumber, he would sit up watching, and tell his young friend long stories of his former life in the forest. Once when they had been sitting quiet a long while, and Ernest had

almost dropped asleep, he was roused by Arthur's voice, saying in a low whisper,

"If anything happens to me, will you do me a great favour, Wilmot?"

"What should happen to you more than to any of the rest of us?" asked Wilmot, almost fiercely, for he hated hearing Arthur speak in the desponding tone he used at times.

"I don't say anything will happen, but something might. You all care to preserve your lives, and I have no interest in mine; so I don't take care of it."

As he spoke, he heaped up another log on the fire, and sent the flames leaping up, disclosing the motionless figures around, and lighting up his own pale face with a lurid glow.

"I will do anything you wish, Ross; but I do hate to hear you speak in that way."

"If I don't return with you, will you take this locket I always wear, and give it to the person whose address you will find in this envelope, which I will give you now. It will give you some trouble, and take you out of your way; still, I ask you, as the only one I can trust now, to do this for me. Will you?"

"Certainly, I will promise; but hope most sincerely it may never have to be performed."

Arthur was playing with the locket as he spoke, and obeying a sudden impulse, showed the boy the beautiful girl-face it contained, then snapped it together again, and let it fall to its place without a word. After a long pause, Ernest tried to change the subject, by asking,

"How is your ancle that you sprained to-day? Does it pain you much?"

"Very much; it seems to be getting worse. I don't think I could stand on it."

"I am sorry for that. We had determined to find that old bull-elephant we have been on the trail of so long, and I expect it will be rather an exciting chase."

"I may be all right to-morrow; and now, do go to sleep, Wilmot, or you will be fit for nothing yourself."

The boy obeyed willingly, and soon Arthur was the only one awake in the silent night, the deep silence broken only by the occasional hooting of an owl, or the hideous roar of some wild beast.

On the morrow he appeared better, and assisted them in preparing their ammunition, and discussing their breakfast and plans for the day. Still a gloom seemed to hang over him, which he tried vainly to shake off, and at the last moment when they were ready to start, declared his inability to accompany them, and begged of them to proceed without him. There was a general demur at first; but, on his protesting how little he minded being left behind, and how useless he would be in his crippled state, they consented, agreeing to return to the spot and rejoin him in the evening. Wilmot entreated him

to let him remain, for he saw that he was suffering more than he showed, from his foot; but Arthur rejected his proposal so roughly, that the boy turned away hurt and indignant, and rode after the rest. As they disappeared in the jungle, he turned for a last look, and saw Arthur leaning against a tree, still watching him, and his last action was to take off his hat and wave it to the lad in farewell. That last look haunted the boy for a long while, it was so sad and despairing, and yet the smile that was forced to cheer him was sweet as ever. But the excitement of the hunt soon drove everything else out of his head. They had the satisfaction of shooting their elephant, but too late in the day to return to Arthur; so they determined to encamp where they were for the night, and rejoin him in the morning.

At dawn on the following day, Wilmot roused his companions, and while they lingered on their way, shooting a bird here and there for a specimen, and turning off for the slightest thing, he hurried on, impelled by a strange, vague fear he could in no wise account for, and soon reached the spot, but no living being was visible. The fire was cold, and no signs appeared of its having been lit that morning. The boy stood still, alarmed and anxious, and soon the name of Ross woke the echoes far and wide; but no answer came to his call. There was a heap of brushwood that he had gathered for the fire, and a pannikin of water, and close by, the blanket whereon he had slept, but nothing else. Turning his eager eyes in that direction, Ernest saw what made him shiver, and turn sick and faint with horror; and he hid his face and cowered on the ground, unable to move or speak until the others came up. They found his blanket and the ground around it stained with blood, and large fragments of his clothes lay about, as though torn by some wild beast; while two or three tufts of the grey and black mane of a lion left no doubt of what the brute was. There was a trail of blood into the forest, and marks on the grass where some heavy body had been dragged along, and after diligent search, they found a pistol that he always carried in his breast-pocket, in a tuft of long grass close by. Two of the barrels were discharged. Arthur had evidently made a struggle for his life, and in the scuffle the pistol had fallen there. It was an awful death, and his companions were terribly shocked and grieved. All pleasure in their expedition was at an end, and Wilmot was heart-broken, bitterly lamenting that he had not persisted in remaining with him. They searched the dense jungle in all directions for the body, but the lion had evidently made an end of that, or else hidden it in the deep recesses of his den, so they were very reluctantly obliged to abandon the search, and return with sad hearts on their journey homeward.

By means of their guide and interpreter, enquiries were made at some of the Kafir locations in the neighbourhood, but with no result whatever, so they made their way hastily back to more civilized parts of the Colony, in order to apprise his relatives of the

sad occurrence. No one but Wilmot seemed to know much about him, so he left his companions to fulfil his mission to the young lady at Summerville, though the locket he was to have conveyed to her was not to be found. He left his companions to find their way to the nearest seaport, where they would await his coming, and pressed on to that village.

(To be continued.)

"Wanted, a Wife."

CHAPTER I.

"BERTIE," said my friend Mrs. Gay, "here is a chance for the young ladies in the Transvaal, and for yourself in particular."

It was a scorching hot afternoon in midsummer; so hot that though large trees shaded the verandah, and Venetian blinds guarded the windows, Ida and I had found conversation too fatiguing to be continued, and silence had reigned supreme for the last half hour. She dozed on a sofa, I in an arm chair; but the rustle of a newspaper that was in her hand had commenced the work of arousing me which her speech completed.

"What is the matter?" I queried drowsily, unwilling to open my eyes, "it is quite too hot even to think of anything to my advantage."

"It is nothing less than a proposal of marriage, my dear; are you too far gone to listen to that?"

"My dear Ida, did you say that to-day's paper contains a proposal of marriage addressed to Miss Bertha Allen?"

I opened my eyes this time and sat upright, but only to fall back again as she replied—

"Well, I can't in truth say that your name is to be seen, but is not this meant for you as well as for anyone else?" and she read—

"'WANTED A WIFE.

"'A Gentleman of good means and of prepossessing appearance, is anxious to meet with a lady who would undertake the charge of his household, and become his companion for life.—Please address X.Y.Z., office of this paper, or Royal Hotel, Potchefstroom.'"

"Being only a fresh arrival here," I commented, settling myself to go to sleep again, "I have still to find out which of these good burghers are sane and which are not."

"No, but Bertie," said Ida, laughing, "don't go to sleep; who can it be that has advertised?" And she began telling off on her fingers the eligible unmarried men in the town. "No," she finished, "I cannot think of anyone."

"Perhaps it is a stranger," I suggested. "Mr. Gay said, this morning, that there were some staying at the Royal."

"As if strangers would come here to look for a wife! No, it is one of the residents, and the question is, which one?"

"Very likely the baker round the corner," I said soothingly; "he is a mooi man, as I heard Rachael say this morning."

"Oh, Bertie, how tiresome you are, and I do so want to know."

"Mrs. Gay," I exclaimed, with more gravity than grammar, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself; what do you, a young married woman, want, troubling yourself about other people's matrimonial affairs?"

She laughed as she answered, "All on your account, my dear; all on your account; but really Bertie, are you ready for a bit of fun?"

"When it gets cooler," I sighed, wishing most fervently that she had not seen this unlucky advertisement till the sun had set.

"By all means; but let us talk it over now, and Harry shall help us and so make all straight."

I said, "Poor Harry!" and resigned myself to the inevitable.

"Suppose we answer that advertisement, and so find out by whom it was inserted."

I looked dubious. "My dear Ida, it would be good fun, and I am sure we are in want of some; but there is more than a slight risk. Suppose it is traced to us, the letter will be shown all over town, and it strikes me the fun will be on the other side."

"I should think so," said my lively little friend, who was thus leading me astray, "but we must provide against such a turn of the tide; of course the man must not know who sent it. You must write the letter, I copy it, and Harry shall post it. And now for what to say."

We discussed the subject with much merriment till Mr. Gay came in for his five o'clock tea, quite in the dark regarding a certain little plot in which he was to be an accomplice.

CHAPTER II.

It was five o'clock on another such an afternoon as that mentioned in the last chapter, and I was staying with another friend. We had grumbled about the weather till we were tired, when I suddenly thought of a certain letter which was still unwritten.

"Alice," I said, "I should like a piece of paper and a pen, if you please."

"On condition that you let me see to whom you are going to write," she replied, placing the writing materials before me.

Oh, horrors!

"Very likely," I answered gaily, "my love letters are not for inquisitive young ladies to read."

"Well, don't be too long about it," she laughed, going back to her book in the window, "remember we are to be at the Kent's for croquet in an hour's time."

Remember, of course I did ; but in the meanwhile this letter had to be written. Mr. Gay had promised to aid and abet us in our scheme, so I came to the conclusion that if they were right I could not be far wrong.

I nibbled the end of my pen, but finding it anything but palatable, brought it to bear upon the paper, and began—

"To X. Y. Z.

"Dear Sir,—I have seen your advertisement of the 10th inst., and am sure that our union would be conducive to the happiness of both. On Wednesday afternoon, at five o'clock, I shall take a walk to the Waterfall near Ricker's Mill, where we can meet. Until then I remain,

"Yours, &c.,

"An Enigma.

"Friday."

I looked at my letter, and thought I saw the word "hoax" written across it, as well I might. The letter I enclosed to Mrs. Gay, with the injunction, "for goodness sake don't let us be found out."

"Your letter has not taken you very long," said Alice, as I stood up and announced my work done.

"My letters never do," I answered gravely. "I always begin by asking after my friend's health, and by describing the state of the weather, and then remain theirs affectionately and in haste."

"And in the middle you tell them what a dull place this is!" she asked.

"Of course as a rule, my dear, but in this I have said that Mrs. Gay talks about our taking tea at the Waterfall, near Ricker's Mill, on Wednesday afternoon. What do you think of the idea?"

"Charming," she replied, "we want something to liven us up."

Half an hour afterwards Alice Grant and I were crossing the grassy square on our way to croquet. Most of the players were assembled as we entered the ground.

"Late as usual!" said Dorothy Kent. "Why, Bertie, child," she continued, holding my hand in hers as she surveyed my pink cheeks and bright eyes, "what mischief have you been up to?"

"Why should you always suppose that I have been doing what I ought not?" I asked, blushing still more.

"Because you always look like it," she answered. "Here Alice, what has Bertie been up to?"

"Writing love letters," said Alice coolly, picking out her special mallet.

"Oh! that accounts!" and Dorothy let me go.

"Writing what?" asked a masculine voice from behind, and then Stephen Grant drew his lazy length to where we stood.

"Love letters," reiterated Alice.

"Miss Allen," said Stephen, pretending to be very serious, "I

am sorry to tell you that such an offence is considered capital in our household, and punished accordingly."

"I am very sorry," I murmured penitently, looking down.

"With that new 'Dolly Varden' shading your face 'tis very easy to make such an assertion; I should like to see a little of your regret."

I replied by one swift glance from under the objectionable hat, and then went off to my game with a light laugh.

In dewy sunlight we wended our way homeward, a large and merry party, with evening breeze wafting around us the delicious perfumes of orange and acacia trees.

CHAPTER III.

The light tea over, we adjourned to the stoep.

The full moon tipped the trees with silver, and the faint perfumes from invisible flowers filled the air. 'Twas truly the "witching hour of night."

Stephen Grant evidently thought so, for he threw himself at full length at our feet, and remained silent from pure enjoyment.

When a rather desultory chat with Alice was concluded, I turned to find him studying my moonlit face.

Alice turned also, and exclaimed, as she touched him with her foot,

"What a lazy creature you are to be sure, Stephen. I am certain Miss Allen would rather you stretched yourself somewhere else, you keep all the fresh air from her."

He settled himself more comfortably before he answered,

"My dear sister, the majority of your sex like to be admired, and I do not suppose Miss Allen is an exception to the rule."

"How rude you are!" I exclaimed indignantly.

"Am I, Bertie?"—he added my name under his breath—"I was just thinking how like a bride you look to-night in that white muslin, and with the mandevillia in your hair."

"Rather a soiled bridal robe," I answered, laughing a little nervously, as I drew the syringa stained folds through my fingers, and wishing, just for half a minute, that I had not written that note.

It seemed as if every one already knew something about the joke, for at that moment old Mr Grant joined us, saying gaily,

"Have you young people seen the late advertisement for a wife—speaking of brides reminded me of it—who do you suppose put it in?"

"We cannot suppose at all, Mr. Grant," answered Dorothy Kent, who with her brother and sister were spending the evening with us. "We are all most anxious to know, especially myself, for if he is really eligible I think I shall answer the advertisement; I am getting quite an old maid."

"Quite so," echoed her brother; "I should strongly advise you to take old Jones, the butcher, for I hear the advertisement comes from him."

"Do you call him eligible?" asked Alice, when the laugh at Dorothy's expense had subsided.

"Of course I should, if I were Dore's age."

"Well, I don't then," said that young lady; "I heard he was a stranger, tall and fair, staying at the 'Royal.' Where did you hear your story, Willie?"

"Don't be inquisitive," he answered.

"I also heard something about a stranger," I interpolated.

"And so did I, but that he had gone to Kimberley," said Alice.

"Well, you all heard wrong then," came quietly from Stephen; "I have seen the man, and spoken to him."

"Oh! Stephen," we all cried at once, "who is he? what is he?"

"One question at a time," he conditioned.

"Is he young, Stephen?"

"Quite young."

"Rich?"

"Very."

"Does he live here?"

"Yes."

"Is he of a 'prepossessing appearance'?"

He hesitated a moment before answering me, and then said slowly, with the mischievous twinkling in his eye which I had observed before,

"Well you see, beauty is quite a matter of taste, and I don't know your style."

"Oh! Stephen, do leave off chaffing, and tell us who it is?"

"Julius Block, Esquire, who keeps the 'Negotie Winkel' down Church-street."

"Nonsense," we cried in a rage; but he laughed so heartily himself that the contagion soon spread.

"How do you know?" his father asked.

"Why, my dear sir, somebody tackled him with it and he laughed; you know he is anxious for a wife."

"But he has one already," objected Mr. Grant.

"Well she isn't living here, and he supposes he can commit bigamy," answered his son.

"Oh! Mr. Grant," I asked, bending down, feeling as much inclined to cry as to laugh, "it isn't true, is it?"

"Fact, I assure you," he rejoined, in evident amusement.

"Snuffy old creature," said Alice; "who does he suppose will have him?"

"Dorothy, of course," promptly answered Willie; "and I will do groomsman, Alice, and you bridesmaid."

"I don't believe it is old Mr. Block; Mr. Grant has been caught romancing several times lately," I said, glancing at him.

A short silence ensued, which was broken by Alice remarking,

"Stephen, Mrs. Gay talks of going to the Waterfall on Wednesday for five o'clock tea; won't it be fun?"

"The very thought," he assented, "tea for you ladies, and a cigar for us under the trees, with 'the river gliding by.' I only wonder

this sort of thing has not been thought of before. Who started the idea?"

"I did, so thank me duly."

"I do."

Alice and Willie moved away, and then I found that the others had left us also, for at that moment came Dorothy's sweet voice from the piano,

> "Love me once again,
> Meet me once again;
> Old love is awaking,
> Shall it wake in vain?"

That song was finished and another commenced, and we still listened in silence.

"Bertie," said Stephen, softly.

Alice and Willie, in their slow promenade, had reached their limit and were retracing their steps.

"Bertie," he repeated; "what did I hear Alice say to-day?"

"What about?" I asked as carelessly as I could, wishing that the moonlight would not shine so full upon my face, which was getting hot.

"About a certain letter."

"Yes, well?"

"She said it was a love letter."

"Did she?"

"You know she did; was it, Bertie?"

"Perhaps so."

"To whom was it?" he asked, with a pretence at carelessness.

"I deny your right to ask me such a question, but I will answer it. I don't know."

"That is rather a strange answer, is it not?"

"You are better able to judge than I, Mr. Grant."

"I understand," he said stiffly.

"I don't think you do," I answered quietly, and then to hide a foolish trembling lip I bent my head to speak again.

"Hark! do you hear?" Through the open window came the words of the song, "What will to-morrow bring; who can tell?"

"On some to-morrow I will tell you to whom I wrote to-day."

"I look for to-morrow," he quoted, as we rose to join the others. I asked my heart: "Is it Julius Block, Esquire?"

CHAPTER IV.

Wednesday dawned fair and promising, and at the hour of five, that hour which has proved so fatal in this veracious little history, a merry, happy party set out for Ricker's Mill.

It was a muddy walk, but there were attentive cavaliers to help us on our way, from stone to stepping-stone.

How pleasant it was, the sun's rays tempered by a wooing breeze;

and when our party gathered on the short green grass, the willows drooped their plumy branches into "the rivers shoddon depths below."

In the foreground stood the old red brick mill, with its now silent ponderous wheel, so picturesque, so quiet.

Of course there was tea-making, but I did not assist, and preferred sitting by the water with my idle hands in it, listening to the desultory conversation which was carried on around me.

"Who will sing?" suggested Stephen.

"Suppose you do, Mr. Laziness," said I.

"Very well, what shall it be? 'I choose to be a daisy?'"

"Exactly so," said Dorothy; "but if you could possibly turn into a flower I should expect to see a 'big sunflower.'"

"For shame, you mean a delicate spray of *stephanotis*."

"Mr. Grant, we don't laugh at such atrocious jokes."

"No, but really, do somebody sing. Miss Allen, will you favour us?"

I sang the most appropriate song I could think of, "The Mill Wheel," and the words lingered on the air,

> Afar there flows a river,
> Beside my childhood's home;
> A mill wheel there for ever
> Resounds thro' shining foam.

I was thanked, and the request passed round again. This time Dorothy answered it, by singing her favourite "Once again."

"The first line of the refrain ought to be altered to suit different circumstances," said Stephen. "*First* love is awaking, shall it wake in vain?"

"Or rather *last* love, when a man sings it," I suggested mischievously.

Cries of "Oh, how severe!" and "Quite too bad!" sounded all around; and, laughing gaily, we were going to argue the point, when Stephen said quietly,

"That old gentleman is coming to see what the row is about."

We all turned, and my heart beat fast. I looked hastily around for my accomplice, but she was nowhere to be seen. If ever guilt was written upon a human face surely it was on mine. I waited for the figure to come nearer and say, pointing a lean finger at me, "I advertised for a wife, and that young lady answered the advertisement; will some one kindly tell me her name?"

It was an odd figure, in a brown coat of obsolete cut, and buttoned to the chin; and it was an odd face that topped the figure, a wrinkled sunburnt face, with a fringe of yellow grey hair framing it, and sly grey eyes like a cat's. He came close this "old man of the sea," but instead of the dreaded exposé, he merely eyed us and said, "Good afternoon ladies;" and we answered, "Good afternoon."

"Who is he?" I whispered to Stephen, when he was passed. And

slowly, and with that old mischievous twinkle in his brown eyes, he answered, "Julius Block, Esquire."

Everyone had some remark to make, but I sat silent, thinking, asking myself what somebody would say if he knew what brought the old man to Ricker's Mill that day; but I had no time to answer the question for our host and his wife now came up.

Ida met my look with a face that was an enigma to me; it contained a mixture of relief and intense amusement. In a minute I slipped away and she followed.

Once out of hearing I began, "Oh, Ida, I have seen him, and he is the ugli——. Why what is the matter?" I might well ask, for Mrs. Gay had seated herself on the grass, and for excess of merriment certainly outstripped anyone I had ever seen.

The noise of the falling waters was deafening, but I could see when her laughter had abated, and began again,

"It is Mr. Julius Block; and he is the ugliest old man I have ever——."

No, I positively could not go on; there was Ida laughing again till the tears actually stood in her eyes, but she gradually recovered and astonished me.

"Bertie, it has been a hoax in a hoax, diamond cut diamond. We were going to *sell* some one and have been *sold* ourselves instead."

"How, when, where?" I interrogated breathlessly. "What does it all mean?"

"Why it all means that Harry never sent that letter at all," she answered. "He says he never meant to send it, but thought we might as well have our pic-nic; and the knowledge of wrong-doing to pay us out for our trick. He told me this a little while ago, and when I saw old Mr. Block go round your way I knew what you would think, and have very nearly killed myself with laughing ever since."

This information was too much for me to take in all at once, but I understood enough to give a big sigh of relief, and register a mental vow that my first love letter (?) should be my last.

Mr. Gay now joined us, and laughing forgivenesses passing round we retraced our steps.

"Wi' lightsome heart" I finished this pleasant afternoon, and felt thoroughly happy when in the glowing moonlight we went our way home.

Under the shadow of the leafy trees Stephen stayed me for a moment, as bending his tall height, he whispered softly,

"Was that the *first* or *last* love letter, my darling?"

And in my new tremulous happiness I answered him truly and satisfactorily.

BUMBLE BEE.

Letters on Banking.

VI.—On Current Accounts and Securities held against Overdrafts.—Part I.

My purpose is to make this title the subject of two letters. In the present one I propose to speak of that side of current accounts which forms a liability of a bank; and in the next, of the other side which is ranked amongst the assets.

In this letter I intend to give a brief sketch of the nature of liabilities, of securities, and of the mechanism of a current account; and at the same time to indicate, in a general way, the system upon which they are managed.

That for which a banker becomes indebted is the liability of a bank, it comprehends the permanent capital of the bank: capital lodged on deposit, notes in circulation, and letters of credit in circulation.

The capital on hand, and *that* which has been received in exchange for capital paid away constitute the assets of a bank: loans, bills discounted, investments in stock, and bank property are comprised in the assets.

A banker's liabilities, apart from the permanent capital of the bank, represents capital which has been acquired on the strength of his credit. The banker's credit was accepted in exchange for capital by different individuals under a variety of circumstances, but on conditions exactly similar. Each individual ceded his property, or ownership in the money, whenever he deposited it with the banker, and retained only a simple right of demanding repayment. A banker is bound at any time to meet a customer's demand for repayment of a sum deposited; but in the event of his failing to do so, the customer is without recourse against the banker. He can only share in the assets of the bank along with the other creditors. The banker has therefore absolute control over the capital on which his liabilities are founded, as far as regards the manner of employing it, from the very moment in which the liability is created, until it is again paid off. There can be no breach of faith between the banker and his customer concerning the use to which the money is put, as the banker has full liberty to apply whatever capital may come into his possession in the ordinary course of banking business, in the way he thinks best suited to advance his own interest.

Deposits, notes, and the various kinds of letters of credit form the currents by which money is conveyed to the banker, and the main channel through which it is again distributed is the current accounts. By the former means he borrows money, and through the latter medium he lends it. The striking peculiarity in this operation of borrowing and lending by a banker, is that the capital which he borrows must be again repaid on demand, whilst that

which he lends returns to the bank only at certain fixed intervals. To bring back to the bank a sufficient portion of the capital on loan in time to meet demands by customers is a matter which requires careful arrangement. The banker must retain sufficient power over the capital which he lends either to recall it at pleasure, or in cases where the circumstances do not admit of a prompt return, by a certain fixed date. Having this object in view it is therefore advisable always to grant credits for short periods only, and to have particular regard to the character of the instrument of security upon which the banker's lien, or authority to recall the debt, is founded.

The term security refers to such instruments as personal bonds, deeds of mortgage, ordinary trade bills, shares in railways, or in any public company, and others of a similar nature, which a banker holds as collateral security for the repayment of a loan, or an advance, or it may be against a discount. The following is a definition of a banker's lien upon a security as given in "Smith's Law of Banking" pp. 29 and 30. "Banker's have," say Mr. Smith, "by the law merchant, what is called a *general lien* on securities, such as bills, notes, &c., put into their hands by their customers to be dealt with in the ordinary way of banking, and not merely for safe custody. A right of general lien, as distinguishable from a right of particular lien, is a right to hold, and when the case admits of it, to realize, such securities as come into his hands from his customer, or on his customer's account, to obtain payment of a general balance due to him from such customer, either at the time when the security was deposited, or at any time while it lawfully remains in the banker's hands.

"When you send your coat to your tailor to be mended, he has a particular lien for the mending only, and not for the price of the trowsers which he has just sent home. If he had by law, or by your agreement, a right to keep the coat till you paid the whole of his bill, he would have a *general lien*, which is what the banker has."

Although a credit may assume various titles according to the form in which it is granted, there are in the abstract only two methods of obtained credit in currency from the bank, and these are either by a loan against security, or by discounting a bill. It will be observed that an ordinary trade bill may be used in either way. Now a glance at the value of an ordinary trade bill in the banker's hands as security for the repayment of a loan, as compared with a similar bill under discount, will sufficiently indicate the point of difference between the two systems.

In the first place the conditions of a simple loan can only have a binding force between two individuals: if you lend an individual a sum of money, you can only have recourse against the same individual for repayment. But when a banker discounts a bill he has not only a legal claim for repayment from his own customer who gets the money, but also on the other endorsers of the bill, as well as on the acceptor, who is first called upon to pay.

Take now an instance of a bill being deposited with a banker by his customer as security for the payment of an existing debt, or a debt which is about to be contracted, and examine the value of the bill. In such a case the banker would have to give back the bill to his customer, whenever the debt was paid; he would have no property in the bill. All the banker's interest in such a bill would be his right of lien on the security for payment of a particular debt; and in the event of the bankruptcy of the debtor, the banker would be bound to hand over the bill to the assignees of the bankrupt estate after the debt against which he holds the bill has been paid. The case is altogether different with a bill under discount. When once a bill is discounted it become the property of the banker, and is ranked amongst the assets of the bank: in other words, the banker has acquired all right and interest in the bill by purchase, and as the law fully recognizes the property of the banker in such bills, he therefore, in a legal sense, *buys* the debt of the trader when he discounts his bill.

Although, as a rule, it is not of much consequence to the individual contracting a debt, whether the credit he obtains is derived from the pledging of his bill as a *security*, or from the discounting of the bill—(the former course may be a trifle cheaper), it is of great importance that the banker should observe the distinction in granting the credit. By adopting the former course the banker deprives himself of the right to use the bill; it lies idle in the bank, and it would be a dereliction of duty to sell it, or to pay it away; but by discounting it the banker acquires an absolute right to use the bill in any way he pleases.

It is always preferable to grant a credit by discounting legitimate trade bills, rather than by lending on any other form of security. The reason of this is obvious. A bill is itself a negotiable instrument when discounted, which the banker can sell at any time, and thereby obtain a return of the money which he gave for it; it matures on a specified date, when he can reckon upon payment, if he does not require to realize it by sale beforehand; and in addition to his right of lien upon it, as against his own customer, he has a legal right to recover against the acceptor and the various endorsers.

Look now for a little at the connection between a bill under discount and a current account, which is, as already stated, the main channel through which the public receives credit from the banker. The balance standing at the credit of a customer of the bank in a drawing or current account, is the result of payments made from time to time to the banker, in coin, in various descriptions of orders payable on demand, and the proceeds of bills discounted. The demand orders are converted into cash in the course of a few days, as they are simply debts which the customer hands to his banker to collect for him; and if we leave the bills out of the account, the balance thereafter represents cash which the banker has actually received. In order to observe the peculiarities of the bills, recall the example already used in a former letter, of an individual takin-

a bill for £100 to obtain a discount from the banker. It will be remembered that the proceeds derived from the discounting of this bill were placed to the credit of the individual who received the money, in his current account, and that he could draw from time to time upon the balance thus formed until it was exhausted. Now, although a new credit is hereby formed, it must be observed that the capital which went to form it was first taken from the banker's own till. There was no accession of fresh capital to the bank by the transaction. On the contrary, the banker contracted this new liability on his own capital, and whenever the amount standing at the credit of the individual is withdrawn from the bank, the banker's working capital will be £100 less than it was before the transaction. This sum again returns to the bank at the maturity of the bill.

A banker's balance sheet generally presents the balances standing at the credit of current accounts amongst the liabilities on *deposits*. It must, however, be kept in mind that where this is done, the amount of deposits will represent more capital than that which is available from deposits to be employed by the banker, as a portion of the amount is derived from the proceeds of bills discounted, and is therefore the result of a credit for which the banker has not received any capital. It is an equivalent of notes in his hands, issued on the credit of the trader at a discount. The bills from which the credit originated *will* be found on the other side of the balance sheet ranked as assets of the bank. These bills are always treated by the banker as assets of the bank; and although in a certain sense they bear the character of securities, it would lead to confusion to speak of em as such, as the assets of a bank constitute the property of the banker, while the securities are the property of his customers.

In order to ascertain the principle of advancing, or lending on a current account, turn now to that side of the account which forms a portion of the assets of a bank, and, in the first place, let us endeavour to trace a bare outline of the general effect which lending on current accounts may have on the sound financial position of a bank. When a banker honours his customer's cheque for a larger amount than that which is standing at the credit of his account in the bank, the amount which is paid in excess of the credit is termed an *overdraft*. The right of overdrawing an account is a matter of special arrangement between the banker and his customer. The arrangement is generally effected on the basis of the securities tendered by the customer. It is a common mistake to suppose that the banker is guided solely by a certainty of receiving back his money, or the reverse, in making an arrangement of this nature. There can be no doubt but that he would be largely influenced by having full confidence in his customer; but on the other hand, it is quite possible that all his customers may be of the most upright character, and possessed of means more than sufficient to meet all their engagements, and still the bank to be placed in a perilous

position by an excess of overdrafts. The safety of the bank must therefore be subject to consideration in allowing an overdraft, as well as the safeiy of the customer. Perhaps the greatest disadvantage attending overdrafts is that they cannot be called up at the precise time when the money may be required by the banker. If the capital advanced on overdrafts were employed in discounting bills, the banker would have the bills to fall back upon in the event of any commercial crisis causing a run upon the bank. The bills might be re-discounted, and the capital which was advanced upon them thereby recalled to the bank. But assuming that it has been advanced on current accounts, the banker would have to trust to his securities (which are not negotiable) to call up the overdrafts on the accounts. Before this could be accomplished it would be necessary to realize a large portion of those securities in the market. The misunderstandings and difficulties which would arise out of such a course are apparent. The banker would suddenly find himself, to his cost, involved in a share of most of the commercial transactions of the district, in addition to his own business. A careful banker, therefore, endeavours always to keep the amount of overdrafts on current accounts at a comparatively low figure, by employing only in this manner that portion of his capital which he cannot profitably use in other ways.

As a very large proportion of the losses sustained by bankers arises from overdrafts on current accounts, it will perhaps be as well to devote the subsequent portion of this letter to a consideration of that species of credit by itself.

JOHN K. GUTHRIE.

Acrostic Sonnet.

S tatesman well tried! but never wanting found;
I n Africa or India's distant land,
R uling with mildness firmly, judgment sound;

B enevolent and courteous, genial, bland;
A ssuaging human woe with head, heart, hand;
R esolved—aye, ready—to resist the wrong,—
T hrough love of God, right, mercy, render'd strong—
L arge-hearted, able, worthy to command!
E steem, respect, securing everywhere.

F riend of all races! whose life's noble aim,
R esolve,—to make man's happiness thy care—
E ver increase with deserved fame;
R uler beloved! fain would we keep thee here,
E v'n till thy dear life's term be o'er,—SIR BARTLE FRERE.

S. W. D.

July 30th, 1878.

The Kafir War and its Lessons:

AN ATTEMPT TO SOLVE THE QUESTION OF THE DAY—WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE NATIVE TRIBES IN OUR MIDST AND AROUND OUR BORDER?

No. II.

These ever-recurring wars, who shall estimate the influence which they have had, prejudicial in every way to the natives, and if to the natives how much more to the colonist? Until we were on this occasion engaged in actual hostilities, we had cherished the hope that we had seen the last of native outbreaks. Every additional year of peace maintained we valued as a guarantee ever increasing in value that peace would be maintained. Our disappointment that it has not is very positive. It is not alone the present mischief wrought that is to be deplored. The natives have got again familiarized with actual war. Is this to be the first of a new series of such outbursts of violence?

Those interested in the publication of serial literature make it very prominent what the venture is made of, reviving a defunct magazine, or carrying it forward into a new series, they tell of improvements, and of increased attention and vigour to be put in requisition. Is it to be so with these wars? Are the natives to turn to profitable account their experience, their better acquaintance and larger practice with the new arm now in their possession, and come up again, after a short interval of so-called peace, to renew the struggle, reproduce the violence and robbery, under more favourable conditions and greater probabilities of success? Then the prosperity of the Colony is at an end.

There must be such a dealing with the native question now as will make future wars impossible. This as much for the natives' own sake as for that of the colonist. The one must have confidence that peaceful relations will be maintained, the other must have all grounds of hope taken from him that it will ever be in his power to again disturb such relations.

The possession of arms must not be allowed.— On the part of the natives their wishing to have arms can be only with one object: that of attacking us. Use for arms, or reason why they should possess them, they have none; therefore, let them be kept from having them. It must be declared unlawful for them to have weapons of war. In this, then, no occasion for bluster or sentimental whining either. Infringement of liberty there is not in this. It is a first duty of every man, and of every community of men, as well to devise or adopt whatever means are requisite for personal safety, the protection of property; the preserving of public order, in short. No civilized community can otherwise exist. There is no pretext under which it can be shown that arms are necessary to any of the natives; it is

very easy to see how the possession of them keeps thoughts of mischief before them. We will not suffer them to use arms against each other, and we must not suffer them to have them to use against ourselves.

The very possibility of doing so must be taken away from them, even as a thing to think about. The spade and the ploughshare, the sheep shears and the wagon whip, the crowbar and the wheel-barrow, will bring them gold into their hands; and, what is better still, will form in them habits of industry, transform their character. This is the school to which they must first go, this is the education which they most need.

Prolonged peace a security of permanent peace.—Peace soundly established is a guarantee valuable just as it is prolonged for the continuance of peace. The war habit dies out, the art of war is forgotten, and the disposition to provoke to or engage in war becomes weakened: is less fondly cherished. The native, by long-continued peace, becomes less expert in the practice of war.

No one who knows or remembers what the past native wars were, can fail to see that the present outbreak of violence is quite a different thing from the wars of the past. The men who were the fiercest combatants twenty-six years ago were schooled in war, true veteran soldiers many of them. Such of them as are still alive are too old now for actual warfare, and with their past experience far less disposed thereto, being less hopeful of success. The young bloods now in the front want experience, their quality is that of raw recruits. With the weapons of precision now in their hands, and with the fierce temper and spirit and previous training of 1852, they would have proved them a foe greatly more dangerous than we have yet on this occasion found them. The firearms in their hands are far from being of that deadly service which they had hoped, and which we had feared. Confident in the possession of the white man's weapon they seem to have discarded that which they once knew better how to use, so that neither with gun nor assegai have they fought as they did on former occasions. Let us make sure that they shall not have further opportunity of improving upon present failures, or of learning better how to use their more deadly weapon.

The Kafir has in him the making of a good soldier.—With the Kafir's natural capacity for the use of arms under review, we rate his soldierly qualities high. He has singular power of endurance; he has courage; the recognition of authority is a life principle in him, and for physical symmetry and adaptation where is his equal to be found? Would that the Imperial Government were induced to consider and take advantage of this. For service in India two or three as fine regiments as are under the Crown might be raised, composed of picked young men who might be disposed to enter the service. Away from their own people there would be no reason to suspect their loyalty. They would be less expensive, and would be better adapted to a warm climate than the British soldier. The Kafir is greatly more worthy

of confidence than is the Sepoy. And an excellent civilizing school would this service be. Would that some of our military officers with genius for the task, and enthusiasm, were induced to take this matter up. Deserving well of their country, we would write against their names.

The demoralizing influence of war.—Loss of property, disturbed relations, apprehension of danger, these are not all the evils springing out of or connected with a state of war. Its tendency is to demoralize all within range of its influence. The war panic of five months ago, all throughout the eastern divisions of the Colony, has disappeared. Even with the rebels advanced much farther into the Colony there is much less excitement and outcry and alarm. Why is this? One reason undoubtedly is, that people are better prepared for defending their lives and their property. They have more confidence in themselves, and instead of running away when danger was yet a good way off they have now resolution to maintain their position and protect their property against heavy odds of the rebels and spoliators. This is not demoralization, it is just the reverse. If it be not genuine patriotism it is a very serviceable substitute for that virtue.

There is, however, another reason for the now state of things so different from what it was a few months ago. There is quite a crowd of men in receipt of public money now who were making nothing of the war before. That has tended to hush not a few voices. This has no reference to the burghers who, in the hour of threatening danger, turned out so loyally. To but few of them can the allowance which they receive be a very strong temptation. And the heartiness was worthy of admiration with which so many volunteered their services at first, to whom the compensation offered could be no inducement at all to take the field. Only a sense of duty it can have been with them, and a desire speedily to conquer a satisfactory peace.

That so little was made of this patriotic and praiseworthy disposition, and those services made so little use of by Government at the time, was quite inexplicable. It is better understood now. There was such a disposition then which, had it been encouraged and turned to account, any number of men that Government required would have readily gone to the front. They needed no burgher law, no penalties of a defence bill, to compel them to come out. A few weeks' experience, however, had a wonderful effect upon those who did go. They soon became convinced that their services commanded very small thanks, and were turned to as little use as possible.

When under the urgency of the crisis that soon gathered to a head, ministers woke up somewhat. It was "a kingdom for a horse" with them then. The most desirable service was not, however, to be procured now. The colonists felt as if they had been befooled, and had no liking to be so again. But men must be had. The ever-spreading rebellion must be watched, if nothing more. Men

were got. Native levies, Fingoes, Kafirs, and others—anybody—were raised. Men who had before sat still, shown no disposition to go to the front, now got appointed to be officers in these levies. The Kafir did not turn out to be such a terrible fellow to fight with after all; the danger to life or limb was not very threatening, and the pay was now enough to be an object of consideration.

The Fingoes engaged to protect their own locations, Government supplying them with arms. Soon after getting such arms they made other conditions of service, they too must have pay. At every fresh alarm additional levies were raised, till there are locations where sufficient herds for the cattle are not left, and idle men enough can no longer be got to make officers of. These, all these, have an interest in the prolongation of the war. They have little to do beyond cooking their food and eating it. They are everywhere to be met with, slouching about with a gun over their shoulders, wasting ammunition to a fearful extent, and receiving a greatly higher pay than the regular British soldier. To these men, and there are many of them, it would be certain satisfaction were they assured that the war would be drawn out for months to come. This is demoralization. When men have got to feel that they have a beneficial interest in a public calamity there is surely demoralization.

The disposal of the forfeited lands.—When the only authority is that of the colonial magistrate, and all the native tribes have been deprived of the means of either bringing trouble upon themselves or of alarming us by threatening danger; when it has been declared unlawful for them to possess arms, for which they have no use, has all been done to secure the future peace and prosperity of the Colony that requires to be done? How is the land vacated or forfeited to be disposed of? A matter scarcely less important this than the disposing of the people. Unoccupied the land must not remain. That would only be an occasion of trouble and mischief, and a public loss as well.

The natural result of the war, combined with the scarcity of food, will be a very extensive distribution of the native population among the colonial employers of labour, farmers, and others. This seems the only way of preventing the infatuated people from dying of starvation. Providence gave the like opportunity before, when, through the famine brought on by their own wickedness in destroying their corn and slaughtering their cattle, the mass of the population must have perished, had not the colonists come to the rescue. Thousands of families on that occasion were brought out in a state of starvation, food and employment found for them, and in a few months they were useful to their preservers, and in the enjoyment of comfort and security which few of them had before known. Then we failed to read the lesson aright, let not the mistake be repeated. There was continued employment for all who had come into the Colony, but when they had well recovered from the sad effects of famine, service was no longer a necessity for them; they were tired of

it, and we, little less foolish than they, afforded every encouragement and facility for their return to barbarism and idleness.

Industrial population the want of the Colony.—Every addition to our industrial population is an additional security against the inroads of neighbouring barbarism. Even if we succeed at last in converting those into honest and industrious citizens, the process will be a slow one. We want population of the right sort even to do this. In our towns and villages that conversion which we would gladly see become universal is perceptible, it has made a beginning. The reason, civilization there has numbers to give it momentum, force to make an impression. The natives are all under the control of the civilized inhabitants, who can thus insist that decent apparel shall be worn, cleanliness practised, and respectful manners observed. This cannot be done where barbarism outnumbers civilization as twenty or more to one, and the one has no direct control over the other. In such a case civilization is itself in no small danger of losing tone, suffering somewhat.

It is in every way our interest to largely increase our population by immigration. Every other colonial dependency of the empire regards the industrious immigrant from old Fatherland as the most valuable import which is set down upon its shores. He brings wealth and he makes wealth. Strange enough, we have regarded increase to our population by such means with painful jealousy. We are desirous, always desirous, to get men to work, only to work. That they should ever become masters and compete with us as employers of labour, is a thought of the matter that we utterly dislike.

In this there is very short-sighted selfishness. We are over covetous of land, and would begrudge to the industrious immigrant the grant of an acre of it. We cry, Give us more, though we are not using and cannot use profitably one-fourth of what we possess. This is a source of weakness to us as against our uncivilized neighbours, and it is a positive hindrance, obstruction to our own rising in the scale of civilization, of cultivated intelligence, and social comfort.

Sparseness of population a serious drawback.—Union is strength ; most admit that. But with farm homesteads, the only abodes of civilization, miles apart, how can there be union or the benefits of union enjoyed ? With our large farms sub-divided and let to industrious cultivators, a really reliable population might be indefinitely increased. This would in every way be advantageous. It would afford facilities for the education of our children which we do not now enjoy. This is a matter of the very highest importance. At present we must either each family engage a private teacher or our children must be sent from home to a boarding-school. Either of these modes entails an expense beyond what many families can justly and honestly provide for. Hence the schooling which the children get is of such a stinted measure as to make it well nigh valueless to them. But were ten families where one now is, all duly appreciating education, then the support of a teacher being spread

over so many shoulders, would make the thing no burden to any of them; a man more fit for the position and its duties would be secured, and the children would get their educational term lengthened out, so that it might have much more to do in framing and moulding their characters.

This, though one of the most important, is not the only benefit that would result from a greatly increased industrial population. For every good object there would be strength added and facilities presented which cannot be now. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." But where men are not, there cannot be this profitable, mutually stimulating intercourse. Politically and socially we suffer much for lack of it.

Develop the resources of the country.—Can we do so? Not with our present population most certainly. Have the natives done anything towards this? Is there anyone who really knows them, or who has read their history of the last fifty years, that expects they ever will do anything of the kind? Where they themselves are to have the chief benefit it might surely be expected that they, sensible of the interest which the thing is of to them, would be forward to adopt whatever is suggested in the way of improvement, and eager to put the thing in practice. All that we do see, however, is just the reverse.

Do not ask them to make a water-furrow to irrigate their lands. Make it for them, and hand it over for their use and benefit; they will not keep it clean and in repair. We can give actual cases illustrative of this as a fact. Cases where the people are now enduring the pinchings of hunger resulting from the drought of the season, and during all that drought had water all unused rolling along the side of their lands under crop; and, what is more, with a furrow constructed by the white man which once led the water over those lands, but it has been suffered to get filled up by sand washing into it, hence is useless. Such a furrow is worth more than were sand to yield gold to the searcher; and a few hours' work occasionally, with willing arms and a serviceable shovel, was all that was required to keep it in repair. But this was too much, and hundreds of people will rather struggle with dire hunger than exert themselves ever so little to provide against or prevent it. What can be done with such a people?

Oba and his people, about whose destitution and starvation such outcry has been made, were in this position. It suited their disposition, however, much better to live by plundering the farmers around than to lead the waters of the river over their dry lands and thus convert them into fields as fruitful as any in the Colony. In the same neighbourhood are other cases of a like nature. Under the knowledge of such facts, only the word Hopeless can be written.

The scanty population other than native races, which is so thinly scattered over the Colony, can do but little for the development of our natural resources. Many more hands, and heads as well, are wanted. Industry and intelligence combined are required for the

work. And when these are well applied we are confident that the reward will not be a stingy one. It will be found out when too late that to have expended so much upon the construction of railways has been a mistake, unless there be a large increase of industrious population in order to produce something for these railways to carry. We have throughout spoken and thought of these as re-productive works; there must be producers of what requires the service of transport far more than are now to make these works what we have called them, re-productive.

Adèle;

A TALE OF THE HUGUENOTS AT THE CAPE.

By Bonne Esperance.

CHAPTER XV.

"All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven.
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, O! love, thy crown, and hearted throne,
To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!"

Shakspeare.

On the morrow after the events related in the last chapter, the Field-cornet lay tossing on his bed, feverish and restless. As the day advanced he grew worse; before the sun set he was delirious, and for days he lay in a most critical state, unconscious of everything around him, while a solitary figure, who appeared equally ready to administer medicines from a small chest and texts from an open Bible on the table, moved solemnly about the room, now closely examining the pale face of the prostrate Field-cornet and mournfully shaking his head, and then softly retiring to the voorhuis and whispering instructions to the slaves about *always* having a little morsel ready for him in case he required it to strengthen himself, that he shouldn't fail under the arduous duties required of him in the sick chamber.

When at last, after more than a week's illness, the Field-cornet recovered consciousness and looked around him, he was greatly surprised to see Oom Hans the only occupant of his room, comfortably ensconced in a chair by his bedside, his nightcap well drawn over his solemn visage, while on a table by his side stood a dish containing the savoury side of a sheep just roasted, some biscuits, and a basin of coffee.

Once himself again, Herman gradually recalled the events that had taken place previous to his illness, and soon his whole mind became concentrated upon the one subject all important to himself. Pale and agitated he leaned forward towards Oom Hans, and anxiously enquired the date of the month.

Oom Hans started violently at the sound of Stallenberg's voice speaking coherently, and hurriedly threw down the well-polished bone he held in his hand. Rising slowly he stared at his patient for some minutes in uncertainty; the latter's scared look and repeated enquiry for the date of the month puzzled the old man exceedingly, for he felt convinced, after a moment's hesitation, that his patient was in full possession of his senses, and unaware of Herman's antecedents, he concluded that the latter's great anxiety about the date of the month related to farming affairs only; this he considered illtimed and worldly, and accordingly felt greatly shocked and grieved.

"My son," said Oom Hans, solemnly approaching the bedside, "Despise not thou the chastening of the Lord."

Herman interrupted him with a groan, and closed his eyes. "This is unendurable," thought he.

"Ha!" sighed Oom Hans, as he turned towards the medicine chest, "My timely admonition has struck home like a nail in a sure place; he groaneth in the spirit, and will do well."

"Stop that cant," cried Herman, impatiently, "and be good enough to answer my question;" and he looked fiercely towards the old man.

Oom Hans nearly dropped the vial he was holding up to the light, and stared for a second time; then without further delay he satisfied his patient. The day specified for the restitution of the kidnapped cattle was passed.

Pale and faint, Herman fell back on his pillow greatly agitated. He could not hope to rise for days, and he felt but too surely that if the conditions of the treaty were not fulfilled, the consequences to himself and Meerhoff would be disastrous. He might summon the burgher to his bedside, but, in spite of his fairest promises, he was not to be depended upon.

"I can be sure of nothing," said he, to himself, as he tossed impatiently about, "until I can see the cattle restored with my own eyes."

Oom Hans, quite unable to guess the cause of Herman's agitation, came to the conclusion at last that a change for the worse had set in, and that the Field-cornet was beginning to rave again. Sympathetically he turned towards the bed and held up a vial,

"A little roede poeder now, my son, will calm you; allow me to give you some."

Herman waved him off impatiently, and with his mind still running on the all engrossing subject, he enquired after Jeptha, and when told that he was safe, ordered that Selina should be set at liberty and brought to him at once.

At the latter request Oom Hans opened his eyes and stared in astonishment. "My son," said he, gravely, "set your affections on things above."

"Confound you with your texts and medicines," replied Herman, fairly out of temper; then glancing towards the old man, who stood appalled at his profanity, he thanked him for his past services, and prayed him not to delay his departure any longer.

Oom Hans, feeling that he had done his duty, and finding the sick chamber extremely irksome with the Field-cornet in his senses, gladly availed himself of the opportunity to be freed from all responsibility.

Without further remonstrance he shut up his medicine-chest and closed the Bible. Then approaching the bedside, he, with much solemnity, took a lengthy farewell of the Field-cornet, and concluded his good wishes by saying in a slow and impressive tone, "That the workman was worthy of his hire."

Stallenberg, anxious to be rid of him at any price, begged him to select from his stores anything he wanted; whereupon Oom Hans left the chamber with a light heart and elastic step, cast his pious eyes to the rafters of the voorhuis, took down some of the finest biltongs suspended from them, then visited the kraals, took out the fattest of the lambs and kids, and departed well pleased and well laden, adding to the slave who assisted him into the wagon "That it was more blessed to give than to receive."

Herman was still congratulating himself in having so speedily got rid of Oom Hans, his medicines and texts, when a slow hesitating step attracted his attention, and in looking up he saw Selina advance with downcast eyes and sorely chafed wrists. She was sadly altered, and looked thin and worn, a shadow of the plump, handsome mulatto of but a week ago. The fire had left her eye, and her step lagged as she approached his bedside. Her first fit of fury and jealousy over, she fell into deep melancholy, and cherished no longer any design against his life, but her own. He, tossing about anxious and impatient, chafing against the illness that held him bound to his bed, turned towards her with an irritable look and gesture as she stopped, but the instant after a pang of remorse shot through him on seeing her so sadly changed in face and mien, so silent and wobegone. He glanced a moment at her poor bleeding wrists, then up into her face so unnaturally calm and still.

"Selina," said he, feelingly. The tears started to her eyes and her lips quivered, for at the sound of his voice, tender and sympathetic, her whole being responded, and she lifted a sorrowful, penitent, and pleading face to him.

But Herman's feverish anxiety about Hancunqua and his cattle, swallowing up every other consideration, soon erased his temporary remorse, and left no room for either sentiment or compassion. Her tears irritated him, and he exclaimed impatiently,

"Stop all this, Selina, it worries me; I have sent for you, not to add to my discomfort, but to use your skill as of old, and to restore me to health as soon as possible. I must be well shortly," he said, falling back on his pillows, "or the consequences may prove most fatal to us all."

A sudden flash seemed to scorch up her recent tears; she looked fixedly before her, her despairing soul growing darker every moment as she thought of his words, "He must be well shortly; and she must restore him to health!" Her tongue appeared unable to form an answer to his appeal. He saw her frenzy, guessed the cause, and saw his own danger. Anger would not avail him now; on the contrary, might prove his ruin. He must exert his influence over her. Little did he dream how powerful that influence was.

Softly laying his hand on hers, he looked pleadingly into her face as he said, "Selina, you will not desert me now, nor leave me to die here, will you?"

"Never," she replied, his loving touch and gentle words firing her poor broken heart anew, and in a moment scattering every thought of vengeance against him. "No, I never will."

"Now you speak like the faithful slave that I have always believed you to be." And he threw himself back and became silent and thoughtful, his mind anxiously and unceasingly dwelling on the chief and his cattle; while she busied herself about the room, happy and contented to be near him, one moment binding up his wounds and the next smoothing his pillow, ever faithfully watching and tending him, and cheering herself with the fond hope, poor creature, that he was once more reconciled to her.

With such care, skill, and success did she nurse him, that in a few days he was able to sit up.

It was while leaning back in his arm chair reflecting, that he looked up sharply as if a sudden and important thought struck him, and called to her.

"Selina, come here," said he, "and listen to me. You know I have always trusted you."

"And I hope have never found me wanting in fidelity," she replied, looking reproachfully at him.

"Never," he answered, earnestly. "I am going to show you now how fully I confide in you, by committing to your charge, while I am gone, the prisoner I brought with me. Go this moment and see that he is well secured, and I charge you, let him not escape. When I return I will set him at liberty, not before."

She made no reply, but instantly left the room, and walked slowly towards Jeptha's prison.

"He has no thought for me, she said bitterly to herself; "his gentleness has deceived me. His every thought is for *her*. Every word he utters betrays his anxiety to be off and to be with *her*. To be married to *her*. My love and care are alike wasted upon him. "Ah!" sighed Selina, as she laid her hand on her heart, as

if to ease the aching void there that seemed so unendurable. "Ah! what shall comfort this breaking heart?"

She stopped a moment before the prison to recover herself, for she was deeply wounded in her most sacred and tender affections; then slowly unlocking the door, she flung it open.

"Jeptha," she cried, her voice trembling with emotion. "Where are you? Look up, you are not the only one groaning under this man's tyranny."

Perplexed and astonished, Jeptha lifted his head and answered, "Here I am." Then a momentary ray of hope brightening his poor emaciated face, he enquired what had brought her to his prison. "For," said he dejectedly, "I have not seen the light of day, nor heard a human voice since I was placed here. Through that little hole there, they put a small piece of bread and a little water for me daily."

She seated herself opposite him, but scarcely heeded him or his words; her eyes looked across into vacancy, and he noticed a stony fixedness in them that frightened him. She was silent so long that he repeated his question.

"You ask what brings me here!" she replied at last; "it is to see that you are well secured. He has committed you to my charge while he is gone."

"Gone, where?" inquired Jeptha, anxiously.

"To Cape Town, to be married to Adèle."

Jeptha started, and pulled impatiently at the thongs that confined his bleeding wrists until he could bear the pain no longer, when he leaned forward and moaned.

"Ah!" sighed Selina, "they are bad, so are mine, look at them!" And she held out her hands towards him. "But what cares he for a poor slave's sufferings or feelings. We are bought and sold like sheep and cattle, and they have come to look upon us as in no way better than, or above, the dumb animals around us. And yet I'll be bound that in my heathen breast beats a heart as passionate and as true to him as in the Christian bosom of the fine lady he has chosen to wed."

Jeptha looked up energetically. "What!" exclaimed he scornfully, "*she* love *him*. Nay! woman, I tell you, she *hates* him."

Selina jumped to her feet and clasped her hands fervently together, a new interest lighting up her whole being, and sparkling in her dark eye.

"Hates him!" she exclaimed, speaking to herself rather than to Jeptha, and dwelling on the word as if it brought comfort to her soul. "Hates him. Ah! cruel-hearted man; then have *you* too felt the pangs of unrequited affection! And for her sake," said Selina, after some moments' hesitation, "you fling away a heart devoted to you, and spurn from you one who would give her life for you. So be it, then; she will be a viper in your bosom."

"But," she said, after a moment's thought, and turning sharply round to Jeptha, "what authority have you for saying this? If she hates him, why, then, does she marry him?"

"She is compelled to do so by her step-father," replied Jeptha, "who is under an obligation to the Field-cornet. I know all about it, and I can tell you, woman, that she would give her life to escape from him."

"Ay, would she indeed" replied Selina excitedly, "and I would give mine, Jeptha, could I assist her. Yea, I would peril everything to baulk that cruel man, and rob him of this his dearest desire."

"You have it in your power to procure her escape, without sacrificing your life or aught else."

"Do you mock me, Hottentot?" said Selina, gravely. "How? I pray you, how? Speak."

"Simply by setting me free," Jeptha answered.

Selina smiled. "It won't do, Jeptha. I am not so easily deceived. You have guessed my secret, and have cunningly invented this story to procure your freedom. Isn't that the case? But it won't succeed, for I don't see how your liberty can affect the girl he is going to marry."

"Why does he confine me here, do you think?" asked Jeptha. "I have done nothing that deserves imprisonment."

"How should I know," she answered.

"Come here then, and I will tell you," replied Jeptha."

Eagerly she bent forward, and listened patiently while Jeptha related to her everything. Then with burning cheeks and a heaving bosom she started erect and gasped rather than spoke. Jeptha, as he watched her, thought he had never seen anyone so insane with jealousy.

"Oh! cruel fate," she exclaimed bitterly, "that has robbed me of every past memory my great love fed upon. All these years, all these long years, has he loved another and striven so hard to possess her. And I suffered patiently and endured all things because I loved him, and believed that in spite of his cruelty his heart was wedded to the poor slave. But all is gone now, gone for ever!"

She stood motionless for some moments; at last she turned.

"Jeptha," she said earnestly, "it will cost me my life; but had I a thousand lives I would sacrifice them now to take from him this woman he has set his heart upon. Here, I remove these thongs from your wrists and ankles, and to-night, when I knock at that window, unbolt it from the inside, and I will set you at liberty." Then she secured the door again and returned home.

In mixing Stallenberg's brandy and water for him she added a soporific, quietly handed it to him, and seated herself some distance off. Patiently she waited until his heavy breathing assured her that the dose had been successful, and then eagerly she left the room.

Soon after there was a soft tap at Jeptha's prison window. The poor Hottentot had been anxiously listening for the warning knock

that was once more to set him at liberty, and now eagerly hastened towards the window, but no sooner had he drawn the sash back than he started aside aghast and cried out for mercy, for the figure of the Field-cornet stood before him. But before he had retreated many steps a strong arm caught him and dragged him back.

"Come out, Jeptha," said Selina, quietly, "don't be afraid! I was obliged to put on this disguise in order to pass the slaves at the kraals unobserved. Had they seen me coming to your prison so late they would have sounded an alarm, and we should have been discovered."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Jeptha fervently, as he alighted safely on the outside of the window.

"Here Jeptha," said she, "is a gourd of milk, and in this bag I have put a piece of meat and a little bread; hurry away, lose no time."

"And you?" inquired Jeptha, sympathetically, "I can't leave you here. Come with me," he pleaded, "I will take you to my father Chotona, where no one shall dare to hurt one hair of your head."

"*I* go with you and look on Adèle's fair face. Nay, Jeptha, nay; speed on yourself, but leave me here, for I have work to do that you know not of, and I must go back to the house at once."

He looked pleadingly into her face, so deadly pale and so unnaturally calm. For one moment she laid a cold trembling hand in his, and bid him begone; the next, she was speeding back to the house.

Softly she stepped into Stallenberg's chamber and seated herself at a little table where the candle burned low, filling the room with a dim uncertain light, and giving a ghostlike appearance to everything around. But Selina heeded nothing external, her whole soul was concentrated on the intense bitterness of her thoughts. There she sat silent and moody, her spirit crushed, her heart broken, everything her passionate soul cared for in life gone—bitter thought—yet was there one considerably more painful to her mind,—it never had been hers. She had been deceived from the beginning, deceived all along. This latter thought maddened her, and in a moment turned her love into the intensest hatred. Wildly at last she snatched the candle from the table and approached the bedside. Oh, for one kind Christian hand at this crisis to stay the poor heathen in her mad career, and turn her from her dread course. As she stopped before his bed, the unconscious Stallenberg moaned in his sleep and moved restlessly about. Her eyes flashed, and her hand stole hurriedly down to the hilt of the gleaming dagger by her side; one moment more and she flung it aloft and held it quivering in the air above; but she hesitates, for he murmurs in his sleep and holds out his hand beseechingly. "Ha!" thought she, her eyes dilating, "he is dreaming of *her*. Does he whisper again? Her name? Whose name?"

"Selina."

Her hand dropped powerless by her side; the woman's heart

conquered the passionate heathen soul in a moment, and Stallenberg was safe. A revulsion of feeling took place on the instant, and as she looked at his unconscious face, her own name whispered softly by him still ringing in her ears, she forgave everything and thought only of her great love for him. Softly she drew nearer, and long and bitterly she wept over him; then stooping low, she kissed him tenderly.

"It is the last time," she whispered plaintively, "the very last time!"

Starting erect, she flung the candle to one end of the room, where it sparkled and died out slowly, leaving her and her fell purpose in total darkness. Gradually a calm stole over her, and but one agonizing sigh escaped her, as for a moment she folded her hands across her broken heart and lifted her despairing eyes to heaven. Then unhesitatingly she raised the dagger on high for the second time; it descended unerringly, and with a groan that startled even Stallenberg in his sleep, Selina fell to the earth, never to rise again!

* * * * * * * *

The sun was low in the heavens, the day after the events just related, when the Field-cornet awoke for the first time and started up in his bed, trembling violently. He had had a fearful dream, and he looked wildly about him.

"Selina," he cried; "Selina, where are you?"

No answer was returned, and the stillness and gloom of the chamber seemed to increase his terror, for a moment after he bounded out of bed, and by so doing nearly placed his two feet on the lifeless form of the unfortunate woman, whose deadly pale face and fixed lustreless eyes sent a shudder through him and made him start back in amazement.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, as his eye for the first time fell on the dagger in her hand that had done the cruel deed. "She is dead."

He paced uneasily up and down once or twice, then stopped.

"Poor creature!" said he, deeply affected, "your love was greater than I believed."

Then he seated himself, and a flood of remorse rushed over him as he thought of her. How devoted and faithful she had always been. How patiently she had borne with him. How many services she had rendered to him all for love, while he, ever a worshipper at the altar of self, had never given her in return one kind look or word of encouragement. For the first time now a feeling towards her akin to love stirred in his breast, but it was soon dissipated and turned into the bitterest hatred by a slave who entered hurriedly, and in a state of great trepidation announced that Jeptha had escaped during the night.

Stallenberg's face grew livid as he thought of the consequences to himself should Jeptha succeed in reaching Adèle and Hancunqua's camp before him.

With an oath he rose, and cursed the poor creature before him.

"This is your work," he said fiercely. "Wretch, your vengeance has undone that which I have laboured and suffered for for years and perilled my very life to possess. Drag her out of my sight," he cried to the slave, "and cast her forth."

The slave obeyed instantly, but dropped the body outside the door, as his master's angry voice loudly called him back.

"Saddle my horse and bring it to the door this instant," he thundered. And soon after, feeling better and stronger after his long and peaceful sleep, he mounted and rode away, not deigning one look at the poor lifeless form by the doorway.

Fast and furiously he rode across the country, in hopes that he might still prevent Jeptha from seeing Adèle and reaching Hancunqua's camp before him.

As he approached Meerhoff's farm, anxious and agitated, he was struck with the peculiar appearance of the clouds on the horizon. Just as blood-red had they appeared to him in his dream, and he almost fancied that he saw in the clouds, as he had seen in his dream, "*A gigantic uplifted hand.*"

CHAPTER XVI.

I still am with thee, nor my fate would give,
For all thy soul-felt charms dear liberty;
My only object, thought, hope, wish, to live
With him I love; with him at last to die.

Jeptha, after parting from Selina, proceeded on his way but slowly. His weak state of health, and the pain in his sorely chafed ankles, unfitted him for the fatigues of a journey on foot. He walked with difficulty, and had frequently to rest. Still he persevered bravely all through the night, and hoped to reach Langkloof Valley before the daylight revealed his whereabouts. But, alas! poor Jeptha, when in the morning the grey dawn enabled him to view the country around, he beheld in the far distance the dim outline of the Langkloof mountains, and found to his amazement that he had wandered away in an opposite direction.

Weary, footsore, and parched with thirst, he sat down in despair and covered his face. What was to be done next? They would surely follow him, and must overtake him before he could reach a place of safety. His doom appeared inevitable, and for a time his misfortunes seemed completely to overwhelm him, until, recalled by the bark of a dog close by, he looked up and saw the sun high in the heavens and a shepherd leading out his flock.

"Something must be done," he said, in a state of feverish anxiety. Fruitless lamentation and inaction will not solve the difficulty; he must up, take his chance, and for Adèle's sake hurry back as fast as possible. The thought of her unhappiness and utter helplessness

inspired him with fresh courage and vigour; he jumped to his feet, begged a little water of the shepherd, and with all possible speed limped back in the direction of Langkloof, anxiously peering about him as he went, and listening for the faintest sound that might prove a warning of approaching danger. But he laboured on patiently all day, and nothing occurred to alarm him or to rouse his suspicions until, at sundown, as he approached Meerhoff's farm, when, thoroughly worn out and ill, he glanced back suddenly, scarcely knowing why, and saw, to his consternation, two dark figures on the summit of the hill, who showed clearly against the horizon for one moment, and the next descended rapidly towards him.

At the same time Stallenberg rode up to Meerhoff's front door and dismounted. On entering the voorhuis, he anxiously surveyed it with one lightning glance, and was relieved to see Adèle quietly sewing by her mother's side. But, as he looked at her pensive bowed figure, he felt compunctious to see how haggard and woe-begone she looked. Eagerly he came up to greet her; she carelessly extended her hand, without looking up.

With an angry flush he retired and seated himself beside Meerhoff.

"What is the matter?" inquired the latter, as he observed Stallenberg's arm in a sling. "Have you had an accident?"

"A slight one; I have been in the wars, and have a few scratches to remind me of my share in the conflict."

"In the wars!" exclaimed the burgher, eyeing him suspiciously. "What induced you to go to war?"

"Necessity," replied Stallenberg with decision. "I had intimation that the convict Du Plessis was hiding at Namana's. As an officer of the Government it was my duty to apprehend him."

"Of course," interrupted Meerhoff.

"I saw no means of doing so except by leading Hancunqua's men against Namana," replied Stallenberg.

"The devil!" exclaimed Meerhoff, his eyes sparkling. "I suppose now the avaricious rascal has his kraals well filled with the spoil. That is the game he likes, for the rest he spends his time in kidnapping his neighbours' cattle and fabricating lies against unoffending burghers."

"In this instance," answered the Field-cornet," he did not get a single head."

"How was that? Namana licked him, I'll be sworn; serve the coward right. I hope he lost all his cattle, or rather those he lifted from his neighbours."

"It is no question of cattle," replied Stallenberg sternly; "and I can assure you that Hancunqua acted no coward's part."

"Then I don't understand it," said Meerhoff ruminatingly, and he took out his pipe and tobacco pouch.

Stallenberg glanced across at the pale trembling little figure opposite, whose large terror-stricken eyes were fixed upon him in speechless anxiety, and hesitated in his answer. A heart of stone would have

bled for her at that moment. Their eyes met; for a second they looked steadily at each other, then a look of triumph beamed in his. She winced as if struck, dropped her eyes, and soon felt her sight going and a faintness stealing over her, for she heard, though indistinctly, his voice and his cruel words.

"I told you," said he to Meerhoff, "that my sole purpose for leading Hancunqua against Namana was to apprehend the convict. Unfortunately he was killed in a scuffle before the fight was concluded. I therefore considered it my duty to declare the skirmish at an end, and consequently ordered Hancunqua and his men back."

An agonizing cry rang through the voorhuis, startling everyone present, and poor Adèle fell heavily forward.

Meerhoff rose, stamped his foot, and hurriedly disappeared through the open door.

Mrs. Meerhoff rose too, and in her quiet way softly approached her daughter and tenderly took her hand.

"Rise, Adèle," she said gently; but the poor girl was quite unconscious.

Then she looked beseechingly towards the Field-cornet, who was completely lost in his own unpleasant reflections. He felt quite satisfied now that Adèle had not seen Jeptha, and therefore concluded that the Hottentot must have returned straight to Hancunqua's camp. Fear seized him, and terror blanched and distorted his face as he thought of the terrible consequences to himself and Meerhoff should the ill-used Hottentot, by relating his wrongs, add fuel to the flame and compel Hancunqua to take immediate vengeance. The enraged chief might be at their very door for aught he knew; he must seek Meerhoff at once and speak to him. As he lifted his eyes they fell on Adèle, and he became aware for the first time that Mrs. Meerhoff was asking for assistance. With an angry gesture he rose, lifted her unconscious figure in his arms, and carried her into her chamber.

Patiently Mrs. Meerhoff laboured to restore consciousness, and after awhile was partly rewarded, for Adèle opened her eyes; but there was a stony vacant look in them that frightened her mother. Wisely she took her daughter's hand in hers, and began to speak of Francois in a tender and pathetic strain, her tears falling fast the while. It had the desired effect; her presence of mind saved her daughter. For Adèle, gradually subdued, was at last completely overcome; with one plaintive cry she threw her arms round her mother's neck and sobbed bitterly.

"Oh! mother, mother, would that I might die too. What is life without Francois?"

"And would you deprive me of the only solace I have?" said her mother reproachfully.

"Dear mother, forgive me," she cried affectionately. "He was my sole protector against this wicked man. Who shall save me from him now?"

"God," answered her mother earnestly. "Put your trust in Him, Adèle."

She rose and walked about, her agitation too great to admit of her remaining quiet. Suddenly she fell on her knees before her mother, and laid her head against her parent's gentle bosom.

"It is too hard," she sobbed, "dear mother. It is too hard. Oh! to lose him for ever, and all because of his love for me. I cannot outlive it."

Long she remained in the kneeling attitude, her mother gently stroking her bright hair and talking soothingly to her. At last she rose, and hurriedly prepared to leave the room.

"Where are you going, Adèle?"

"To the garden, mother, to the thorn trees; that alone can speak to me of my Francois."

This spot was very sacred in her eyes; how powerfully it reminded her of Francois as she seated herself under the old familiar thorn tree, and indulged in tender reminiscences of the past.

Past! gone for ever. Oh! bitter thought, that he whom she loved so passionately was dead. Gone! she would never see his face again, never hear his voice again. Completely overwhelmed with grief, she sank to the earth and groaned aloud, disconnected and incoherent sentences escaping her at times as her poor broken heart cried out in its misery. Suddenly she paused and lifted her head; the stealthy approach of a footstep in the reeds attracted her attention and set her heart beating violently for a moment. With an effort she calmed herself, and sighed heavily as she laid her hand gently on her palpitating bosom, as if to stay the beating there. For the only footstep that could bring joy to her bereaved heart was silenced for ever, thought she bitterly, and then suddenly started to her feet, for the rushes before her parted, and Jeptha, trembling and footsore, stood before her.

"Spare me," she cried wildly, "spare me; I know the worst; I know all."

"Not *all*," replied Jeptha.

"What more can you tell me that could add to the bitterness of my cup? Is he not dead, my noble Francois?"

"No," answered Jeptha firmly; "he lives."

"Do you mock me?" cried Adèle, deadly pale, and taking hold of Jeptha by both hands. "Oh! can it be true?"

"*He lives*," said Jeptha again earnestly, "as surely as you and I do."

"Oh God!" exclaimed Adèle fervently, as she leaned against the nearest tree for support. "How shall I find words to express my thankfulness to Thee? It is enough, my Francois lives and I live."

She stood perfectly motionless for a while, wrapped up in her own reflections; then with flashing eyes she came forward and spoke again.

"Jeptha, if what you say is true, how dared Stallenberg, how dared he, deceive me so?"

"He told a lie," replied Jeptha unceremoniously.

"At first we all believed him dead, but before the Field-cornet left the truth had been discovered, and the chief informed him of it."

"Are you quite sure?" inquired Adèle.

"Certain," replied Jeptha unhesitatingly. "I heard what the chief said, and I heard the Field-cornet's reply: 'If that is the case,' said Stallenberg, 'you must deliver him up to me at once.'"

"'Not I,'" answered the chief boldly. "'How about all my cattle that Meerhoff has kidnapped? The day that you restore them to me, that day I deliver up Du Plessis to you; not before.'"

"Has he restored the cattle?" inquired Adèle anxiously.

"Not that I am aware of, but I shall know soon, for I am going to Hancunqua's camp at once to see Baasie Francois, and to tell the chief how shamefully Stallenberg used me while a prisoner at his farm."

"Stop a moment," exclaimed Adèle anxiously.

"What is that rustling?"

"Heaven knows," answered Jeptha aghast. "Doubtless the Field-cornet's men in search of me."

More than one step was distinctly heard cautiously approaching, but it was too dark to distinguish an object far ahead. Adèle's quick perception warned her in an instant that there was no time for Jeptha, in his present infirm state, to escape.

"Lie down," she whispered softly.

He obeyed instantly. She had just succeeded in throwing her skirt over him when the reeds behind her parted, and she was roughly seized by the shoulder.

"We have got you at last, Hottentot."

"What do you mean, slaves?" demanded Adèle indignantly.

The men started, and scrutinized her figure carefully.

"We ask your pardon, nonnie," they replied. "We are after a Hottentot who escaped from our master's farm, and we believed that we had caught him."

"And why do you seek him here?"

"A shepherd told us that he took the road to Langekloof. We followed his footprints, and an hour ago saw him enter the reeds here."

"You had better trace his footprints further on then," said Adèle coolly.

They went back into the rushes and brought out their flambeaux, but in vain they examined the spot; the footprints led no further.

"Will nonnie rise for a moment?" asked one of them.

"Certainly not," replied Adèle firmly.

"Then we must remain here until nonnie does; for if we do not bring the Hottentot we shall be punished severely by our master."

"If it is your master you fear, he is up at the house. Go and tell him Jeptha is here, and let him come with men and torches and see if he can find him."

The slaves went.

"Quick," said Adèle to Jeptha; "come and let us run round to the other side of the bridge."

Once there she ordered him to step into the furrow and break the rushes on either side.

"Come back now," she cried, "for I hear them coming; put on my shoes and carry me round to the trees. Quick, they are approaching fast."

Poor Jeptha limped on as fast as he could with his heavy burden, and just succeeded in clearing the rush hedge leading to the thorn trees, when the first torch-bearer appeared at the entrance of the garden.

"Hurry, Jeptha," cried Adèle in a fever of excitement, for they were still some distance off the reeds, and she distinctly heard the Field-cornet's angry voice urging on his men.

"Hurry," she cried again.

Jeptha leaped rather than walked, for already they saw the reflection of the torches; one more stride, then another, and Adèle bounded out of his arms into the reed bank, and whispered in quick succession,

"Step on my dress. Take off my shoes. Jump into the water. Away, and God speed you."

Then instantly she withdrew under the thorn trees, not a moment too soon. Before she had resumed her seat, she saw the Field-cornet turn the rush hedge and come straight towards her. He appeared highly indignant, and spoke to her almost fiercely.

"Will you rise a moment?"

"Certainly, if you wish it!" replied she, rising.

He peered eagerly at the spot and all around, but in vain. Jeptha was gone.

"You know where the fellow is hiding," said he angrily. "Will you have the goodness to tell us? The consequences to you and yours may be ruinous if you allow the fellow to escape."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Adèle, "I am not afraid of any evil consequences to myself. Frankly, I don't believe he is hiding in any particular spot at this moment."

"And Herman," said Adèle, drawing herself up and looking significantly at him, "to keep his whereabouts concealed is a small kindness I do him compared with the priceless boon he has bestowed upon me this evening."

He winced a little, looked searchingly at her for a moment, then turned impatiently and ordered the slaves to trace the spoor.

The latter began to follow the footprints to the reeds on the opposite side of the bridge. The Field-cornet looked suspicious.

"Is there no spoor leading back?" inquired he. "Search well."

"None," answered the slaves. "There is only nonnie's returning."

"See whether the spoor leads into the water," cried Herman.

"Yes," replied the slaves; "and the rushes are broken on either side as he took hold of them."

"Jump in and follow the vagabond," said Herman, himself convinced that he had been baffled by Adele, but anxious to disguise the fact from his slaves.

Adèle, when left alone, returned to her mother, threw her arms round her gentle parent's neck, and kissed her affectionately as she whispered, "Mother dear, my Francois lives, and I live."

When Stallenberg took his seat at the supper table that evening he saw Adèle sitting opposite to him looking radiant. Then he realized the full bitterness of the slavewoman's revenge, and cursed the latter inwardly; as he thought, "She knows all. I am undone; the Hottentot will escape me now; the vagabond convict will elude me, and Heaven alone knows what the consequences may be."

He pushed his plate aside and declined to touch anything, saying—as Meerhoff, with an astonished look, inquired what the matter was, for he himself had never lost his appetite upon any occasion, as far as he could remember—that he was far from well, and much fatigued with his journey. He sat silent and moody, and immediately after supper retired.

For hours he lay tossing on his bed, vainly endeavouring to sleep. His mind was troubled and anxious, his heart racked and wounded. And, as the silent hours of the night drew on, his conscience would make itself heard. Not to him did it speak in the still small voice that brings balm to a penitent soul, but rather in the whirlwind of remorse, in which he neither saw nor heard God. Unable any longer to endure the loneliness and darkness of his chamber, he rose and went into the open air. For a time the cool night breeze seemed to soothe him, and he felt better, but soon an unaccountable presentiment of evil returned and clung to him so closely that he could not shake it off. He looked carefully around him, and paused a moment as his eye fell on a column of smoke rising from a valley not far off.

"Does that mean mischief?" thought he, as for a moment he cast his eyes to the starry vault above; then feeling strangely uneasy he looked again, the smoke was still there, and certainly it came from the direction in which Hancunqua's camp was situated. "But after all it may mean nothing," he said to himself. "Hottentots and Bushmen were out at all hours of the night, and invariably surrounded themselves with fires, to roast their tortoises and keep wild beasts off."

But argue the matter as he would, he could not disguise from himself the fact that they were all in imminent peril. The injured Chief, whose wrath against Meerhoff had been smouldering for months past, would certainly not allow this opportunity to escape for revenging himself. He shuddered as he thought that the smoke he saw in the distance might be hanging over the very camp of these savages already on their way to destroy them. Then with bitter hatred his thoughts reverted to Adèle, who, through her mad indiscretion in allowing Jeptha to escape, had taken from him the last chance he had of bringing the Chief to a reasonable understanding.

"I am undone now," he said bitterly, my last chance is gone, for Chotona's son, in reaching Hancunqua's camp before me, and pouring his tale into the Chief's ears, will fan the smouldering ashes into flame, and bring the savages upon us before I have time to make arrangements for diverting the evil. And all this is to come upon us through the madness of an obstinate French girl.

"Oh! Adèle, Adèle," he exclaimed vehemently, as he stopped for a moment opposite her window; "my love for you has been the reality of my life, the one passionate feeling that would not perish, spite of my every effort to crush it out. I lived but to please you. I perilled my life and stained my very hands with crime to possess you, and for your sake sacrificed the only being who ever loved me. And now, oh! unrelenting woman, yours is the cruel hand that frustrates all in a moment, and dashes to earth the cup already half way to my lips."

Herman paused; he had never given way like this before. He must be sadly unstrung. Weak, ill, sick at heart, and unaccountably depressed, he continued his pacing, vainly trying to analyze his feeling towards Adèle, vainly endeavouring to solve the mystery of his ill-fated love for her, that, instead of bringing joy and comfort to him, had ever been the lash that scourged him.

"Poor Selina," said he aloud, as he mentally contrasted the unfortunate slave's fidelity and devotion with Adèle's coldness and cruelty. "Poor Selina!" And her image rose vividly before him, not as he had seen her in happier days, but as he had last looked upon her. In spite of his cruel, callous, and selfish nature, he could not forget her, her pale face and lustreless eyes haunted him night and day. He seated himself with a sigh. "Ah! strange fate," he exclaimed dejectedly. "Is my ruin about to be accomplished by the only woman who ever loved me and the one I adore." Never did his utter loneliness strike him so forcibly as upon this night. "Patient, loving Selina was gone for ever," he said with compunction. "Adèle! she was naught to him," he thought and believed in this dark moment of his life. He felt therefore that he had nothing to live for here, nothing to hope for hereafter. He had lived in vain. The true and great lesson of life he had never studied—losing himself in self-denial. On the contrary self had been his god. He had ever lived for and striven to satisfy self. At this shrine he had sacrificed everything noble and true in his nature, and he discovered now, too late, alas! that the image was tottering and ready to drop to pieces at the mere touch of a hand mysterious, invisible, yet omnipotent.

Up and down, backwards and forwards, he paced restless and superstitious; a presentiment of evil was hanging over him that he could not shake off. Suddenly he started and appeared rooted to the earth. A female figure draped in white advanced stealthily from the garden and crept up to the stoep, up to Adèle's window. Herman was aghast, and believed that he was in the presence of a ghost. The female knelt down under Adèle's window, wrung her hands, moaned and sobbed, and called affectionately on

"Adèle—oh! my poor Nonnie, my good kind Nonnie." "What does it mean?" thought Herman, his hair standing on end. It is not Selina's voice. Noiselessly the female raised herself, glanced anxiously towards the reeds, where a distinct rustling was heard drawing nearer, then gently she tapped at the window. Before she could repeat the knock, two dark figures rushed out from the reeds, seized hold of her and dragged her back. Herman felt somewhat relieved, but still greatly puzzled. "It is not a ghost, then, but a living woman and one, who is distressed and anxious to see Adèle. Still there is something mysterious about her stealthy midnight visit. I'll just step to the house and mention it to Meerhoff; daylight can't be far off!"

On arriving there he found the burgher, as was his custom, up, and seated in his chair, smoking his pipe. But the latter, after hearing the Field-cornetcy's story, laughed at his fears.

"Doubtless, some of our slaves," said he, "the worse for liquor." I dare say they have been ill-using the woman and she has run to Adèle for protection."

This appeared to Herman a very probable solution of the mystery. Tired, worn out, and half ashamed of himself, he retired to his chamber, and this time obtained a few hours oblivion for his troubled mind.

Measurement of Heights.

BY DR. HARRY LEACH.

Aneroid set at sea-level off Port Elizabeth, Barometer—30.°

CAPE COLONY.

	FEET.
Graham's Town	1,700
Bedford	2,500
Cradock	3,000
Middelburg	4,200
Colesberg	4,700

ORANGE FREE STATE.

Bethulie	4,400
Phillipolis	4,600
Fauresmith	4,800
Bethany	4,600
Bloemfontein	4,750
Fountain Valley (near Bloemfontein.) ...	4,770
Thaba Nchu	5,250

GRIQUALAND WEST.

Kimberley	4,400
Pokwanè (Gasibonestown)	4,200

TRANSVAAL.

	FEET.
Christiana	4,250
Bloemhoff	4,450
Pretoria	4,620
Potchefstrom	4,780
Witwater Rand	4,930
Standerton	5,200
Heidelberg	5,400
Wakkerstroom	6,000
Utrecht	4,300

NATAL.

Maritzburg	2,600
Colenso	3,320
Howick	3,700
Estcourt	3,900
Newcastle	4,100
The Plains (Harding's Store.)	5,200

Read Dec. 10/78. Tom Thumb and Miranchan as Miranchan, one the only true stories that I know which can be compared with this

Sparks from a Kafir Anbil.

THE STORY OF HLAKANYANA.

(Continued from the Cape Monthly Magazine by Mr. J. Theal)

Once upon a time there was a village with many women in it. All the women had children at the same time except the wife of a chief. The children grew, and again all the women gave birth to others. Only the wife of the chief had no child. Then the people said, "Let us kill an ox, perhaps the wife of the chief will then bear a child." While they were killing the ox, that woman heard a voice saying, "Bear me, mother, before the meat of my father is all finished."

The woman did not pay any attention to that, thinking it was a ringing in her ears. The voice said again, "Bear me, mother, before the meat of my father is all finished." The woman took a small piece of wood and cleaned her ears. She heard that voice again. Then she became excited. She said, "There is something in my ears; I would like to know what it is. I have just now cleaned my ears." The voice said again, "Make haste and bear me, mother, before the meat of my father is all finished." The woman said, "What is this? there was never a child that could speak before it was born." The voice said again, "Bear me, mother, as all my father's cattle are being finished, and I have not yet eaten anything of them." Then the woman gave birth to that child.

When she saw that to which she had given birth, she was very much astonished. It was a boy, but in size very little, and with a face that looked like that of an old person. He said to his mother, "Mother, give me a skin robe." His mother gave him a robe. Then he went at once to the kraal where the ox was being killed.

He asked for some meat, saying, "Father, father, give me a piece of meat." The chief was astonished to hear this child calling him father. He said, "Oh men, what thing is this that calls me father?" So he continued with the skinning of the ox. But Hlakanyana continued also in asking meat from him. The chief became very angry, and pushed him, and said, "Get away from this place." Hlakanyana answered, "I am your child, give me meat." The chief took a little stick and said, "If you trouble me again, I will strike you with this." Hlakanyana replied, "Give me meat first, and I will go away;" but the chief would not answer, because he was very angry.

Hlakanyana continued asking. Then the chief threw him outside the kraal, and went on with his work. After just a little time, the child returned, still asking. So the chief said to the men that were with him,

Gluttony and cheatery appear to be the admirable qualities. This is very low in the Scale of humanity &c.

Is it worth Remark, That all the Animals act human parts, Sticky hair, Cork, eat flesh & peck like Savages, Kafirs.

"What strange thing is this?" The men replied, "We don't know him at 'all." The chief asked of them also advice, saying, "What shall I do?" The men replied, "Give him a piece of meat." So the chief cut off a piece of meat and gave it to him. Hlakanyana ran to his mother and gave the meat to her to be cooked. Then he returned to his father, and said again, "Father, give me some meat." The chief just took him and trampled upon him, and threw him outside of the kraal, thinking that he was dead. But he rose again and returned to his father, still saying, "Father, give me some meat." Then the chief thought to get rid of him by giving him meat again. The chief gave him a piece of liver. Hlakanyana just threw it away. Fat was then given to him. He put it down on one side. Flesh was then given to him, and a bone with much marrow in it. Hlakanyana said, "I am a man to-day." He said, "This is the beginning of my father's cattle."

At this time the men were saying to each other, "Who will carry the meat to our huts?" Hlakanyana answered, "I will do it." They said, "How can such a thing as you are carry meat?" Hlakanyana replied "I am stronger than you; just see if you can lift this piece of meat." The men tried, but could not lift it. Then Hlakanyana just took that piece of meat and carried it out of the kraal. The men said, "That will do now, carry our meat for us."

Hlakanyana took the meat and carried it to the house of his mother. He took blood and put it on the eating mats at the houses of the men. The men went to their houses, and said, "Where is our meat?" They called Hlakanyana, and asked him what he had done with the meat. He replied, "Surely I put it here where the blood is. It must have been taken by the dogs. Surely the dogs have eaten it." Then those men beat the women and children because they did not watch that the dogs did not take the meat. As for Hlakanyana, he only delighted in this trick of his. He was more cunning than any of the old men.

Hlakanyana said to his mother, that she must put the meat in the pot to cook, but that it must not be eaten before the next morning. It was done. In the night this cunning little fellow rose and went to the pot. His mother heard something at the pot, and struck with a stick. Hlakanyana cried like a dog. His mother said, "Surely a dog is eating the meat." Hlakanyana returned afterward and left nothing but bones in the pot. In the morning he asked his mother for meat. His mother went to the pot, and found nothing but bones. The cunning little fellow pretended to be astonished. He said, "Where is the meat, mother?" His mother replied, "It has been eaten by a dog." Hlakanyana said, "As that is so, give me the bones, for you who are the wife of the chief will not eat from the same pot with a dog." His mother gave him the bones.

Hlakanyana went to sleep in the same house with the boys. The boys were unwilling to let him sleep with them. They laughed at him. They said, "Who are you? You are just a child of a few days." Hlakanyana answered, "I am older than you." He slept there that night. When the boys were asleep, he got up and went to the cattle kraal. He killed two cows and ate all their insides. He took blood and smeared it on one of the boys who was sleeping. In the morning the men found those two dead cows. They said, "Who has done this thing?" They found the boy with blood upon him, and killed him, because hey thought he was the robber. Hlakanyana said within himself, "I told them that I was older than they are; to-day it is seen who is a child and who is a man."

Another day the father of Hlakanyana killed an ox. The head was put in a pot to be cooked. Then Hlakanyana considered in his mind, how he could get that meat. So he drove all the cattle of the village into a forest, a very thick forest, and tied them by their tails to the trees. After that he cut his arms, and legs, and breast with a sharp stone, and stood on a hill, and cried out with a loud voice "The enemy has taken our cattle; the cattle are being driven away. Come up, come up, there is an army going away with the cattle." The men ran quickly to him. He said to them, "why are you eating meat while the enemy is going away with the cattle? I was fighting with them; just look at my body." They saw he was covered with blood, and they believed it was as he said. So the men took their assegais and ran after the cattle, but they took the wrong way.

Only one old man and Hlakanyana were left behind. Then Hlakanyana said to the old man, "I am very tired with fighting, just go the river, grandfather, and get some water." The old man went, and as soon as he was alone Hlakanyana ate the meat which was in the pot. When the old man returned with the water he was very tired, for the river was far for an old man to go, therefore, he fell asleep. When he was sleeping Hlakanyana took a bone and put it beside the old man. He also took some fat and put it on the mouth of the old man. Then he ran to the forest and loosened the cattle that were tied by the tails.

At this time the men were returning from seeking the enemy. Hlakanyana was coming also from the other side with the cattle. He shouted, "I have conquered the enemy" He also said, "the meat must be eaten now." When they opened the pot they found no meat. They found only dung, for Hlakanyana had filled the pot with dung. Then the men said, "Who has done this?" Hlakanyana answered, "It must be the old man who is sleeping there." They looked, and saw the bone by the side of the old man, and the fat on his mouth. Then they said, "This is the thief." They were intending to kill that old man because he had stolen the meat of the chief.

When the children saw that the old man was to be killed, they said that he did not eat the meat of the chief. The men said, "We saw fat on his mouth and a bone beside him." The children replied, "He did not do it." The men said, "Tell us who did it." The children answered, "Hlakanyana ate the meat and put dung in the pot. We were concealed, and we saw him do it." Hlakanyana denied. He said, "Let me go and ask the women; perhaps they saw who ate the meat of the chief." The

men sent a young man with him to the women, but when they were just a short distance away, Hlakanyana escaped.

The chief sent an army after him. The army pursued and saw Hlakanyana sitting by a bush. They ran to catch him. When they came to the bush only an old woman was sitting there. They said to her, "Where is Hlakanyana?" The old woman replied, "He just went across that river. See, you must make haste to follow him, for the river is rising." The army passed over the river quickly. Then that old woman turned into Hlakanyana again. He said in himself, "I will now go on a journey, for I am wiser than the councillors of my father, I being older that they."

That little cunning fellow went to a village, where he saw an old woman sitting beside her house. He said to her, "Would you like to be made young, grandmother?" The old woman replied, "Yes my grandchild; if you could make me young I would be very glad." Hlakanyana said, "Take that pot, grandmother, and go for some water." The old woman replied, "I cannot walk." Hlakanyana said, "Just try, grandmother; the river is close by, and perhaps you will be able to reach it." The old woman limped along and got the water.

Then Hlakanyana took a large pot and set it on the fire and poured the water into it. He said to the old woman, "You must cook me a little first, and then I will cook you a little." The old woman agreed to that. Hlakanyana was the first to be put in the pot. When the water began to get hot, he said, "Take me out, grandmother, I am in long enough." The old woman took him out and went in the pot for her turn. Soon she said, "Take me out now, my grandchild, I am in long enough." Hlakanyana replied, "Not yet, grandmother, it is not yet time." So the old woman died in the pot.

Hlakanyana took all the bones of the old woman and threw them away. He left only the toes and the fingers. Then he took the clothing of the old woman and put it on. The two sons of this old woman came from hunting. They went into the hut, and said, "Whose meat is this in the pot?" Hlakanyana was lying down. He said in a voice like that of their mother, "It is yours, my sons." While they were eating, the younger one said, "Look at this, it is like the toe of mother." The elder one said, "How can you say such a thing? did not mother give us this meat to eat?" Again the younger one said, "Look at this, it is like the finger of mother." Hlakanyana said, "You are speaking evil of me, my son." Hlakanyana said in himself, "I shall be discovered; it is time for me to flee." So he slipped quietly out of the house and went on his way. When he got a little way off, he called out, "You are eating your mother. Did anyone ever see people eating their mother before?" The two young men took their assegais and ran after him with their dogs. They came to the river; it was full. The cunning little fellow changed himself into a little round stone. One of the young men picked up this stone, saying, "If I could see him I would just throw this stone at him." The young man threw the stone over the river, and it turned into Hlakanyana again. He just laughed at those young men. Hlakanyana went on his way. He was singing this song:—

Ndahlangana Nonothloya	I met with Nonothloya.
Sapekapekana	We cooked each other,
Nadagwanya	I was half cooked,
Wapekwa wada wavutwa	She was well cooked.

Hlakanyana met a boy tending some goats. The boy had a digging-stick with him. Hlakanyana proposed that they should pursue after birds, and the boy agreed. They pursued birds the whole day. In the evening when the sun set, Hlakanyana said, "It is time now to roast our birds." The place was on the bank of a river. Hlakanyana said, "We must go under the water and see who will come out last. They went under the water and Hlakanyana came out last. The cunning fellow said, "Let us try again." The boy agreed to that. They went under the water. Hlakanyana came out quickly and ate all the birds. He left the heads only. Then he went under the water again. The boy came out while he was still under the water. When Hlakanyana came out he said, "Let us go now and eat our birds." They found all the birds eaten. Hlakanyana said, "You have eaten them, because you came out of the water first, and you have left me the heads only." The boy denied having done so, but Hlakanyana said, "You must pay for my birds with that digging-stick." The boy gave the digging-stick, and Hlakanyana went on his way.

He saw some people making pots of clay. He said to them, "Why do you not ask me to lend you this digging-stick, instead of digging with your hands?" They said, "Lend it to us." Hlakanyana lent them that digging-stick. Just the first time they stuck it in the clay it broke. He said, "You have broken my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." They gave him a pot.

Hlakanyana carried that pot till he came to some boys who were herding goats. He said to them, "You foolish boys, you only suck the goats, you don't milk them in any vessel; why don't you ask me to lend you this pot?" The boys said, "Lend it to us." Hlakanyana lent them the pot. While the boys were milking, the pot broke. Hlakanyana said, "You have broken my pot, the pot that I received from the people who make pots, the people who broke my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." The boys gave him a goat.

Hlakanyana came to the keepers of calves. He said to them, "You foolish fellows, you only sit here and eat nothing. Why don't you ask me to let you suck this goat?" The keepers of calves said, "Allow us to suck this goat." Hlakanyana gave the goat into their hands. While they were sucking, the goat died. Hlakanyana said, "You have killed my goat, the goat that I received from the boys that were tending goats, the boys that broke my pot, the pot that I received from the people who make pots, the people who broke my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." They gave him a calf.

Hlakanyana came to the keepers of cows. He said to them, "You only suck the cows without letting the calf suck first. Why don't you ask me to lend you this calf, that the cows may be induced to give their milk freely?" They said, "Lend us the calf." Hlakanyana permitted them to take the calf. While the calf was in their hands it died. Hlakanyana said, "You have killed my calf, the calf that I received from the keepers of calves, the keepers of calves that killed my goat, the goat that I received from the boys that were tending goats, the boys that broke my pot, the pot that I received from the people who make pots,

the people who broke my digging-stick, the digging-stick that I received from my companion, my companion who ate my birds and left me with the heads." They gave him a cow.

Hlakanyana continued on his journey. He saw a young man going the same way. He said, "Let us be companions and travel together." The young man agreed to that. They came to a forest. Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for picking up keeries." They picked up keeries there. Then they reached another place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing away kerries." They threw the keeries away.

Again they came to another place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing away spoons." The companion of Hlakanyana threw his spoon away, but the cunning little fellow only pretended to throw his away. In fact, he concealed his spoon. They went on. They came to another place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing knives away." It happened again as with the spoons. Hlakanyana just concealed his knife, when his companion threw his away.

They came to a certain place, and Hlakanyana said, "This is the place for throwing away isilanda" (awls used to make holes in skins when they are sewed together, and also for taking thorns out of the bare feet and legs of pedestrians). His companion threw his isilanda away, but Hlakanyana kept his. They went on and reached a place where they had to walk on thorns." Afterwards they looked at their feet and saw many thorns in them. Hlakanyana said, "Let us sit down and take out the thorns." His companion replied, "I cannot do so, because I have no isilanda." Then Hlakanyana took the thorns out of his feet, and the other was obliged to walk lame. They came to a village. The people said to them, "Tell us the news." Hlakanyana replied, "Just give us something to eat first; look at our stomachs and behold the pinchings of hunger." The people of that village brought meat. Hlakanyana said to his companion, "Now let us eat." The companion of Hlakanyana answered, "I have no knife." Hlakanyana said, "You are just a child; I shall not lend you my knife." The people of that village brought Kafir corn and put before them. Hlakanyana said to his companion, "Why do you not eat?" He answered, "I have no spoon." Hlakanyana said, "You are just a child; I shall not lend you my spoon." So Hlakanyana had all that meat and that Kafir corn just to himself.

Hlakanyana met a girl herding some goats. He said, "Where are the boys of your village that the goats are herded by a girl?" The girl answered, "There are no boys in the village." He went to the father of that girl and said, "You must give me your daughter to be my concubine, and I will herd the goats." The father of the girl agreed to that. Then Hlakanyana went with the goats, and every day he killed one and ate it till all were done. He scratched his body with thorns. The father of the girl said, "Where are all the goats?" Hlakanyana replied, "Can you not see how I have been fighting with the wild dogs? The wild dogs have eaten the goats. As for me, I will stay here no longer;" so he went on his way.

As he was going on he saw a trap for catching birds. There were some birds in it. Hlakanyana took the birds out and ate them. The owners of the trap were cannibals. They saw the footprints of Hlakanyana and said, "This is a little boy that is stealing our birds." They watched for him. Hlakanyana came again to the trap and saw a bird caught in

it. He was just going to take the bird out when the cannibals caught him. They made a big fire and put a pot on for the purpose of cooking him. Hlakanyana saw two oxen. One was white, the other was red. He said to the cannibals, "You can take which one of these oxen you like instead of me." The cannibals said, "We will take the white one because it is white inside also." Then Hlakanyana went away with the red ox. The cannibals ate the white ox, and then pursued after Hlakanyana. They came up to him by a big stone. He jumped on the stone, and sang this song —

Ndahamba ndayakuva indaba	I went to hear the news,
Zemvula ku mankazana.	About rain from the girls.

The cannibals began to dance when they heard him sing. Then he ran away, and the stone continued to sing that song.

As he was journeying, Hlakanyana came to a place where some baboons were feasting. He asked them for some food. The baboons replied, "If you will go for some water for us we will give you food." He agreed to that. When he returned with the water the baboons refused to give him food. Then Hlakanyana shouted loudly and said, "At my village there is a marriage of baboons to-day." When the baboons heard that they fled, old and young. So Hlakanyana remained there, and ate all the food.

As he was going along he saw a hyena building a house, having cooked some meat. Hlakanyana asked the hyena to give him some. The hyena said, "No, I will not give you any, it is too little even for me." Hlakanyana said, "Will you not have me to assist in building?" The hyena replied, "I would have you without delay if you are intending to help me." While they were fastening the thatch Hlakanyana sewed the hair of the tail of the hyena fast. Then he took the pot and sat down. The hyena said, "Let that pot alone, Hlakanyana." He replied, "I am going to eat now." The hyena wanted to come down, but he found his tail was fast. Hlakanyana ate all the meat and threw the bones at the hyena. The hyena tried to frighten him by saying there were many hyenas coming quickly to devour him. He just answered, "That is false;" and continued eating till the meat was finished. Then he went on his way.

Hlakanyana came to a river. He saw an iguana that was playing on an ugwali (a simple musical instrument). Hlakanyana said to the iguana, "Lend me your ugwali for a little, please." The iguana said, "No, you will run away with my ugwali." Hlakanyana replied, "How can I run away with a thing that is not mine?" So the iguana lent him the ugwali. When Hlakanyana saw that he could play upon that instrument nicely, he ran away with it. The iguana pursued him. Then Hlakanyana changed himself into a rush. The iguana took that rush and threw it across the river, saying, "If I could only see him I would throw him like this." Then the rush turned to be Hlakanyana again, and he went on his way playing on the ugwali of the iguana.

Hlakanyana came to the house of a leopardess. He proposed to take care of her children while the leopardess went to hunt animals. The leopardess agreed to that. There were four cubs. After the leopardess had gone to hunt, Hlakanyana took one of the cubs and ate it. At the

time for giving food, the leopardess came back and said, "Give me my children that I may suckle them." Hlakanyana gave one. The mother said, "Give all at once." Hlakanyana replied, "It is better that one should drink and then another." The leopardess agreed to that. After three had drunk he gave the first one back the second time. Then the leopardess went to hunt again.

Hlakanyana took another of the cubs and ate it. He also made the door of the house very small so that the mother of the cubs could not come in, and then he made a little hole in the ground at the back so that he could go out. The next day the leopardess came to give her children suck. There were only two left now. Hlakanyana gave them both back the second time. After that the leopardess went away as before.

Hlakanyana ate another of the cubs, so that only one was left. When the mother came he gave this one four times. When he gave it the last time the leopardess said, "Why does my child not drink to-day?" It was already full, and did not want to drink more. Hlakanyana replied, "I think this one is sick." The mother said, "You must take good care of it." Hlakanyana promised to do so, but when the leopardess was gone he ate that one also.

The next day when the leopardess came there was no cub left to give her. She tried to get in the house, but the door was too small. She just sat down in front to watch. Then Hlakanyana went out through that hole he had made in the ground behind. The leopardess saw him and ran after him. He went under a big rock, and cried out loudly for help, saying the rock was falling. The leopardess said, "What is that you are saying?" Hlakanyana replied, "Do you not see that this rock is falling? Just hold it up while I get a prop and put under it." The leopardess went to hold the rock up, and Hlakanyana did not return. He just ran away from that place.

Hlakanyana came to the village of the animals. The animals had trees that bore fruit. There was one tree that belonged to the chief of the animals only. This tree was a very good one, bearing much fruit on it. One day when all the animals were assembled, Hlakanyana asked them the name of the tree of the chief. They did not know the name of that tree. Then Hlakanyana sent a monkey to the chief to ask the name of the tree. The chief told the monkey. As the monkey was returning, he struck his foot against a stone and fell down, which caused him to forget the name of the tree.

In the night when all were sleeping Hlakanyana went up the tree of the chief and ate all the fruit of it. He took a branch of the tree, and fastened it to one of the monkeys. In the morning when the animals awoke and found that the tree of the chief was finished in the night, they asked each other, "What became of the fruit of the chief's tree? what became of the fruit of the tree of the chief?" Hlakanyana looked at the monkey with the branch on him, and said, "It is eaten by the monkey, it is eaten by the monkey, look at the branch on him." The monkey denied, and said, "I don't know anything about it. I never ate the fruit of the tree of the chief."

Hlakanyana said, "Let us make a plan to find out who ate the fruit of the tree of the chief." All the animals agreed to this. Hlakanyana said, "Let us put a rope from one rock to another, and let all go over it. He that has eaten the fruit of the tree will fall down from that rope." One

of the monkeys went over first. The next was Hlakanyana himself. He went over carefully and avoided falling. It came to the turn of that monkey with the branch on. He tried to go, but when he was just in the middle he fell down. Hlakanyana said therefore, "I have told you that it is this monkey." After that he went on his way.

Hlakanyana came to the house of a jackal. He asked for food, but the jackal said there was none. Then he made a plan. He said to the jackal, "You must climb up on the house and cry out with a loud voice, 'We are going to be fat to-day because Hlakanyana is dead.'" The jackal did so. All the animals came running to hear that news. They went inside the house, because the door was open. Then Hlakanyana shut the door, and the animals were caught. After that Hlakanyana killed the animals and ate.

Hlakanyana returned to the home of his father again. He was told that his sister was gone away for some red clay. When she was returning he shouted, "Let all the black cattle which have white teeth be killed. The daughter of my father is coming who has white teeth." The chief said, "What is the matter with you, Hlakanyana?" He just repeated the same thing. The chief said, "Let a black ox be killed, but you must not break any of its bones because it belongs to the daughter of a chief." So Hlakanyana got fat meat to eat that day.

Hlakanyana went one day to tend the calves of his father. He met a tortoise. He said, "Where are you going to, tortoise?" The tortoise answered, "To that big stone." Hlakanyana said, "Are you not tired?" The tortoise replied, "No, I am not tired." Hlakanyana took it and put it on his back. Then he went to the house of his mother. His mother said, "What have you got there, my son?" Hlakanyana answered, "Just take it off my back, mother." The tortoise held fast to Hlakanyana, and would not be pulled off. His mother then heated some fat and poured on the tortoise. The tortoise let go quickly, and the fat fell on Hlakanyana and burnt him, so that he died. That is the end of this cunning little fellow.

A Ramble through Italy.

"A land
Which was the mightiest in its old command,
And is the loveliest, and must ever be
The Master-mould of Nature's heavenly hand;
Wherein were cast the heroic and the free,
The beautiful, the brave, the lords of land and sea."

THERE is no land which for so many ages has excited a greater amount of interest among all classes of men than Italy. While Palestine and Greece have a more glorious history in the remote past, Italy, after more than two thousand centuries, still continues to exercise a world-wide influence. No poet is satisfied until he has

visited the land of Virgil, Horace, and Dante; no sculptor or artist of any kind looks upon his education as complete before he has visited Italy and been inspired by the master-pieces of Praxitelles, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and a hundred others. In short, it would be difficult to meet any person of even a moderate education who will not look upon a visit to Italy as a thing devoutly to be desired.

When some time ago I went on a first trip to Europe, I could not for a moment think of returning before I had seen Italy and Rome; and my enthusiasm was great when on a fine morning towards the end of August I found myself at Modane, a small station on the boundary between France and Italy, and the seat of the respective custom-house authorities who examine passengers' luggage. As a rule, however, the officials are very kind and the worst they do is sometimes to turn one's portmanteau inside out before marking it with the necessary white cross as a sign for the doorkeeper to let you pass. This is often very unpleasant, as there always is a great rush out of the custom-house to secure the best seats in the railway carriages. On the morning in question I was fortunate enough to get a good seat in a carriage that was not at all crowded—a very rare thing on these railways. The first thing I noticed on taking my seat was the announcement in beautiful characters, "*Fumare è vietato*," which I understood to mean that it was forbidden to smoke. I mention this because I found that all along the line the Italians take pains even in their railway notices to show their love for the artistic and the beautiful. Also because I found that on the Continent the majority of carriages are smoking carriages, and this is especially necessary in Italy where it is not at all uncommon to see ladies smoking, to say nothing of the other sex. On leaving Modane the train takes a wide curve almost quite round the village, going slower than usual, as if to prepare one for entering the famous Mont Cenis tunnel. After passing through two short tunnels, the train suddenly enters with a loud whistle the great tunnel itself. I cannot describe my feelings when I found myself all at once in the dark, with some four thousand feet of solid rock overhead. But I was soon at perfect ease. The tunnel is twenty-six feet wide and nineteen feet high, and almost entirely lined with solid masonry. It is lighted by lanterns, placed at equal distances, and is well ventilated. In fact, it is perhaps the pleasantest as well as the largest tunnel in the world. I sat all the way with my head out of the window looking at the weird sight, and counting the marks set up like milestones on a public highway. The length of the tunnel is nearly eight miles, and the train took twenty-seven minutes to pass through. Much as I liked it I was glad to see daylight again, on the Italian side of the Alps. It is sad to think that both engineers who planned this great work, which took thirteen years in construction, died long before its completion.

The first view of Italy is indeed charming. It seemed to me that I was suddenly transported into a kind of fairy land. Behind

and towards the right, the Alps tower higher into the regions of eternal snow; the slopes and valleys are covered with beautiful woods ; while in every kloof there rushes down a torrent of sparkling water. To the left a beautiful river meanders along the line ; its banks studded with large clusters of chestnut trees with rich foliage. In the words of Byron, " A sea of glory streams along the Alpine heights." The first town that comes in sight is the ancient Susa, where there is a noble arch of Augustus built in the year eight after Christ. From the tunnel to Turin the distance is about sixty miles. Italian trains go rather slowly, but all along I could not for a moment keep my eyes off the ever changing views. Only two days before I had left Geneva which, " like an eastern queen sleeps above the banks of her lovely lake, her head reposing on the base of Mont Salève, her feet kissed by each advancing wave." On passing through the grand gorge of the Jura, with the Rhone flowing through it, sparkling like a mirror in the light of a full moon, I thought I would never see anything so lovely again. " La belle France " had disappointed me, and I had made up my mind that it would be the same with " fair Italy." But I was mistaken. It may be that I was particularly fortunate in getting a first view under unusually favourable circumstances, or it may be that my joy at finding the dream of so many years fulfilled at last was so great that I was no impartial judge ; but for once my expectation did not come short of the reality, and I was more than charmed. It was late in the afternoon when the train reached Turin, and I felt so tired that I was glad when the omnibus from the station stopped at the hotel De la Ligurie. This hotel was formerly a palace belonging to some Italian nobleman, and has lately been renovated and enlarged. With its marble staircases, mosaic floors, and statues, it may truly be said to be one of the " finest houses in Europe." But everywhere in fact on the Continent one is struck with the magnificence of the hotels. An English officer told me at Vienna that he and his wife were staying in a room at the Victoria containing thirty-eight pieces of furniture, exclusive of bedsteads and mirrors. And yet strange to say the charges are very moderate. In Turin, for instance, I paid only 8s. 6d. per day, with a room all to myself, breakfast and dinner at the table de hote. No wonder that travelling in South Africa often makes me miserable.

Turin (or Toreno, as the Italians call it) is situated in a beautiful plain on the Po. Although of such ancient origin as to have been destroyed in the third century before Christ by Hannibal, it now has a more modern look than any other Italian town I saw. It is laid out on a plan as regular almost as a chess-board, and there is no danger of any one losing his way, as in most other places. All round the town there are broad roads and boulevards planted with trees. The population is about 200,000. And yet there are more than a hundred churches, nearly all remarkable for the splendour of their ornaments, as indeed all Italian churches are. What pleased me

more than anything was a fine new church of the Waldenses, whose famous valleys, where for a thousand years they resisted all the power of papal Rome, are in the neighbourhood of Turin. The University of Turin is now the most flourishing in Italy, with a staff of eighty-five professors, attended by 1,500 students. How many priests there are I cannot tell, but one meets them everywhere in twos and threes, and in sixes and sevens. And no wonder: Italy has 265 bishopricks, or nearly one-half as many as there are in the whole of Europe, and the number of priests and monks is over thirty thousand. Turin to the modern Italian is particularly interesting, as having been until recently the capital of Sardinia and the residence of the lamented Victor Emanuel. It is also the birthplace of Count Cavour, justly regarded as one of the greatest statesmen of the age. In one of the principal streets a modest inscription, at the corner of a large three storey house, marks the place of his birth. To him more than to any other man, not even excepting Garibaldi, Italy owes its liberation from Austrian tyranny, and its union under one king. The unification and regeneration of Italy is perhaps the most remarkable page in the political history of Europe of the last fifty years. It was in 1860, when Italy was still, in the famous words of Prince Metternich, only a "geographical expression," that Cavour spoke to the Chamber of Deputies of Turin as follows:—"During the last twelve years the fixed star of King Victor Emanuel was the aspiration after national independence. What will be this star as regards Rome? Our star I openly declare to you is to do in such manner as, that the eternal city on which twenty-five centuries have accumulated every kind of glory, should become the splendid capital of the kingdom of Italy." At that time Cavour's words seemed visionary enough, but they have been literally fulfilled. A few more years of hopes and fears, of patient waiting and sacrifices of every kind sufficed to realize the ardent longings and the dream of many centuries. Italy now is no longer despised, but stands in the front rank of the great powers of Europe. But Cavour was not to see this day. Cut off in the prime of manhood, he died like another Moses, within sight of the Promised Land. But like Moses he will live, and does live, in the hearts of a grateful country. In Turin, as in every other city of Italy, splendid monuments are erected to his memory, and Cavour is as much a household word in Italy as in a few years hence the name of Gladstone will be in England, spite of London clubs and Hyde Park demonstrations. Cavour, as is well known, was the first statesman who tried to carry out the famous formula of a "free Church in a free State."

On leaving Turin, the train passes over the famous battlefield of Marengo, where Napoleon lost one of his bravest Generals—Desaix,

> "Who turned the scale,
> Leaving his life-blood in that famous field."

The country all along to Genoa is fertile and beautiful. Asti,

famous for its wines, and as the birthplace of Alfieri, the great dramatist, is passed. Almost every town or even village in France and Italy has some great name connected with its history. Novi, another famous name in the annals of war, is also passed. For some distance the line runs through ravines and tunnels where the scenery is strikingly beautiful. At a station a few miles from Genoa my pleasant musings on Italian loveliness were sadly disturbed, however, by two peasant girls redolent of garlic, and smeared all over with oil, entering the carriage. It reminded me of some African experiences across the Kei. As a rule this class of people never enter a second class carriage, but on the day in question the train was crowded.

Genoa is called by the Italians "la Superba" on account of its commanding situation on the Mediterranean and its historical renown in the middle ages. But I was disappointed with the place. The houses are very high and the streets narrow and crooked. It is all up and down and very gloomy. As seen from the sea, however, and at a distance, Genoa must indeed show to great advantage. The harbour is a noble one and usually crowded with shipping. Genoa also lays claim to the title of "city of palaces," which to a stranger is especially misleading, for however beautiful these palaces are on the inside, and filled with famous pictures and statues, externally most of them have but a mean appearance. The churches are not very remarkable either. The Annunziata, said to be the richest in Genoa, has no architectural merit, and it was merely by chance I went inside. All the greater, therefore, was my surprise on finding the interior decked out in such profusion of wealth and ornament as to be almost bewildering. The dome is richly gilded and supported by twelve columns of red marble. In fact, were it not for pictures and crosses, with people kneeling before them, one would fancy oneself in some gorgeous theatre rather than in a church. As in all Romish churches, however, the poor, ragged, barefoot beggar can enter at any time he likes and kneel down by the side perhaps of some rich merchant or nobleman without let or hindrance. In leaving the church I passed through the Via Nuova, a street lined with palaces on both sides throughout its whole length, but I doubt whether I would have known this if the guide book did not state it. Genoa is the chief commercial town of Italy and is strongly fortified. Near the railway station there is a beautiful marble monument, consisting of a large statue of Columbus (born somewhere in the neighbourhood of Genoa), surrounded by several allegorical figures. Not far from this stands the noble Doria Palace, presented to him early in the sixteenth century by a grateful people. All this looks grand enough, but no sooner does one enter further into the town but he finds himself lost in a labyrinth of narrow, crooked lanes, with high gloomy houses which almost seem to meet at the top. I fairly lost my way, when a young Italian kindly went with me for about a mile up to the door of the hotel I was staying at, and where they

had given me a room so high up that I got giddy looking down into the street. There is a Tuscan proverb which says that Genoa has "a sea without fish and mountain without trees, men without honour and women without modesty." As far as my experience goes, I can only testify to the truth of the second of these items, but I have no doubt all the rest is a malicious libel. Still, with all its peculiar attractions, Genoa cannot be a very pleasant place to live in, and I believe it is not entirely accidental that George Eliot, in the last work, makes it the scene of one of the most painful tragedies in modern fiction.

On leaving Genoa the train passes through a long narrow tunnel right under the town, and through a hill behind. Unfortunately I had entered a smoking carriage full of passengers, who were smoking away as if for their lives. But I soon forgot all this in the glorious views all along the way. From Genoa to Pisa, a distance of over a hundred miles, the railway nearly all along runs within sight of the blue classic Mediterranean, sometimes so near as almost to touch the waves. There are ninety-seven tunnels and cuttings to pass through in this hundred miles, but most of them are very short, and only add to the romance of this wonderful railway. Numerous towns and villages at the foot of hills covered over with vineyards and orchards follow one and an other in rapid succession, and I doubt if anywhere in the world there can be a day's railway travelling to rival this. La Spezia, famous for its magnificent harbour, and charmingly situated, lies about half way, but I had no time to linger here. Fortunately it was a slow train, stopping at every station, so that I had ample time to look and drink in the exquisite loveliness of the scenery. Further, on when the country became less interesting and tame, I almost felt relieved. At one place the white Carrara marble quarries came into sight, and at the station tremendous square blocks of marble were lying waiting for transportation. These famous mines were discovered in the time of Augustus, and still employ some six thousand workmen. Pisa, so famous in the middle ages, is now a gloomy dull place with a population of 50,000. It has four great sights, all situated in one piazza or square; the Cathedral, the Babtistery, the Leaning Tower, and the Campo Santo. The cathedral, built entirely of white marble, is in the Tuscan style, and more unlike any other cathedral I have seen. Inside hangs the bronze lamp, the swaying of which is said first to have suggested to Galileo the idea of the pendulum. The Babtistery, also of marble, is a circular building of the 12th century, more noted I believe for its peculiar shape and ingenuity of design than for beauty. It contains a beautiful pulpit, however, said to be the finest in the world—by the Pisans, of course. The Leaning Marble Tower, 179 feet high and 13 feet out of the perpendicular, is too well known to be here described. The Campo Santo, or burial-ground, was founded in the 11th century by an archbishop who had fifty shiploads of earth conveyed from Mount Calvary at Jerusalem for good Catholics at Pisa to sleep in.

It contains many chaste marble monuments, sculptures and paintings. Castelar, in his book on "Old Rome and new Italy" goes into raptures about it, but as I am no poet or orator, I must own that I was not much impressed, except that it seemed to me an appropriate resting place for the dead, only too cheerless.

From Pisa to Rome, a long day's journey by rail, the scenery is tame and monotonous, and reminded me a good deal of the Koeberg district late in summer. The stations are small and insignificant, and there are no beautiful towns or villages along the line as everywhere else in Italy. In fact it was the dreariest day of railway travelling I ever had in my life, and I sadly longed for an English express to whirl us along at sixty miles an hour. A young gentleman in the same carriage tried hard to make me speak Italian, but I declined as civilly as I could. At last we were nearing Rome, but it was long after dark before the train stopped at the magnificent station of the Eternal City. I was too tired to look at anything and got cheated as a matter of course by the cab-driver. All the enthusiasm of many years seemed to have evaporated, and I felt as melancholy as if I was entering some dismal sepulchre of the dead with Byron's words ringing in my ears:

> "Oh Rome, my country! city of the soul,
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires, and control
> In their shut hearts their petty misery."

H. T. K.

Cape Supreme Court Reports.*

A VALUABLE legal work has recently appeared, which is deserving of more notice and commendation than it has yet received, probably on account of its more or less thoroughly professional and legal nature. To the practitioner, throughout the land, it has already become, as indeed it could not fail to be, a daily *vade mecum* for reference, but to what may be called the "outside public," it is not so well known, because there is no need of their consulting it so directly.

If the existence of learned and competent courts is a necessity to all classes of the community, their refuge when rights and liberties are threatened or injured, it is of secondary importance only that their proceedings should be carefully, conscientiously, learnedly, reported and preserved. Similar cases to previous ones constantly recur.

* Buchanan's "Digest of Cases decided in the Supreme Court of the Cape of Good Hope." J. C. Juta. 1877.

Questions of importance often hurriedly crop up, and an easy reference to precedents is thus of the highest need.

This was forcibly felt by the late Mr. Justice Menzies, that luminary of the Cape bench. He reported a large number of cases. Next to him came Mr. Justice Watermeyer, whom, but to name, is still to honour, but circumstances prevented the issue of many parts by him. The next to issue these reports was then Mr. Advocate (now Mr. Justice) James Buchanan, who for several years, while practising at the Cape bar, reported the leading cases of the day, and also revised and edited the unpublished cases of Mr. Justice Menzies. On his promotion to the Attorney-Generalship of the Transvaal, the prosecution of this important work devolved upon Mr. Advocate E. J. Buchanan, by whom it now yet conducted.

The reported cases gradually assumed considerable dimensions, scattered over many volumes, and a "Digest" or Synopsis became necessary, some single work for ready reference. One was accordingly compiled, as the work before us states, "by Mr. Justice Buchanan, senior puisne judge of the High Court of the Free State, at the time he was practising at the bar of the Supreme Court of this Colony. At his request, these pages are now published to meet a want frequently expressed.

The book is an octavo of about 250 pages, published by that enterprising publisher, Mr. J. C. Juta, and very well printed in London. Within its covers will be found a synopsis of seven or eight hundred decided cases on every conceivable branch of law.

We do not know any work which is more calculated to be of more immediate and valuable service to the legal practitioners of the Colony, of every grade and class; and through them to the commercial and other classes of the community, who often depend on the readiness and research of the lawyers as a class.

One improvement, however, our, perhaps, unlawyer-like eye would suggest, the compression of the three indexes of cases and the three books of synopsis into one. A lawyer referring in the hurry of the moment, perhaps in the pressure of court practice, to "Bill of Exchange," for instance, has to make three references to three headings of that name before he can satisfy himself or the court. This should be, and easily could be, rectified in a future edition, which will be needed from time to time. All reported cases to date should then be added to make this "Digest" really perfect. In other respects there is nothing to criticise and everything to commend.

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J. Campbell
Sept 28. 1877

[NEW SERIES.]

NO. 82. VOL. XIV.

THE Cape Monthly Magazine.

FEBRUARY, 1877.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
THE SUBJECTION OF AGRICULTURE. A LAY SERMON BY A FRONTIER COLONIST	65
TO SOUTH AFRICA	71
KAFIR NURSERY TALES	72
THE LAND TENURE OF THE COLONY	77
STRAY THOUGHTS	85
A PERILOUS RIDE FOR A WIFE. A COLONIST'S STORY	86
A NATAL ODE	100
ON THREAD AND TAPE-WORMS IN SHEEP. BY DR. W. B. BERRY ..	102
SONG	108
TRANSGARIEP COURTSHIPS	109
LIFE	112
PICTURESQUE HOLLAND	113
REMINISCENCES OF THE 1834 WAR	117
NOTES OF THE MONTH. NEW BOOKS; MAP OF SOUTH AFRICA; A PLAGIARISM; OSCILLATION OF ROTARY AXIS OF THE EARTH; RAIN-FALL IN VICTORIA WEST; ORIGIN OF THE NAME HUGUENOTS	122
METEOROLOGY	127

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1877.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

"THE CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE" now enters upon its Fourteenth Volume of the New Series; and the long period of twenty years has passed since it was first issued in 1857. Its aim throughout has been to evoke and foster literary tastes and talents among our South African population generally; to afford the means of collecting and publishing information respecting the history, traditions, and manners of the people of the Colony and the surrounding States; and to be an organ of communication on subjects of scientific, agricultural, commercial, or social interest. By the generous labour and co-operation of Editors and Contributors, the undertaking has achieved a most gratifying measure of success; it has been steadily growing in public favour from year to year, and is now established with an extensive circulation throughout all South Africa, as well as many supporters in Europe.

Although the circulation is sufficiently large to defray the heavy expenses connected with the undertaking, it is not yet, however, such as to enable the Publisher adequately to reward the literary workers whose contributions enrich the Magazine. But the Publisher is sanguine that with a more liberal and extended support on the part of readers and the Public, he will be enabled to accomplish this most desirable object, which would establish the CAPE MONTHLY on a permanent basis, and still further enhance its attractiveness and utility as a Colonial Literary Periodical.

The rate of Subscription is Twelve Shillings per annum, and One Shilling additional for Postage to the country.

Advertisements for insertion in the Magazine will be received at reasonable rates.

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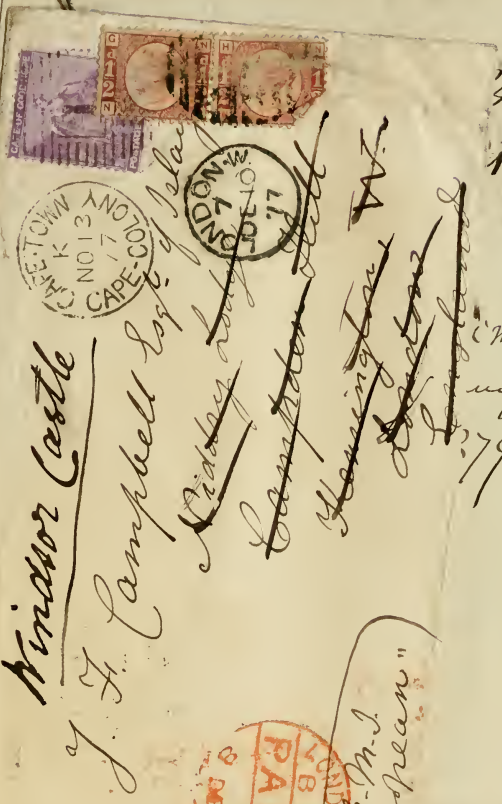
All communications to the Editor, books for review, and contributions to the Magazine should be addressed to the CARE of the Publisher.

J. C. JUTA, Bookseller,
Wale Street, Cape Town.

The March Number of the CAPE MONTHLY will contain:—"Notes of a Journey in the North," by His Excellency Lieut.-General Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B.; "South African Ghost Stories;" "A Frontier Colonist's Lay Sermon" (No. II.); "Charl Cilliers, the Old Voortrekker;" "The Diary of an Idle Hottentot;" "Cowper and Olney;" "Notes on the Colonial Veterinary Surgeon's Report on Red Water," Charades, &c.



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J. H. Campbell Esqre
Cape of Good Hope

Windsor Castle
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Compton Hill
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May 16
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Ballygrant Islay
December 6th 1878

Sir

SOUTH AFRICAN FOLK-LORE.—The existence among the aboriginal nations of South Africa of a very extensive traditionary literature is a well-known fact. Not a few stories forming part of this literature have been written down, and as in some of them terms occur which no longer appear to be used in colloquial language and the meanings of which are in many instances not fully understood, there is no doubt that we meet in them with literary productions of great antiquity, handed down to the present generation in a somewhat similar manner to that in which the Homeric poems reached the age of Pisistratus. But European civilization is gaining ground among the natives, and within a few years the opportunities for collecting South African folk-lore will be, if not altogether lost, at least far less frequent than they are now. This would be a great loss to "the science of Man," particularly as there is much which is exceptionally primitive in the languages and ideas of the South African original races. There are not a few missionaries and other Europeans in South Africa who have ample opportunities for collecting South African folk-lore. Some of these, however, are not aware of the importance of such collections, and those who are would be greatly encouraged in the task of making them if a channel for their speedy publication existed. In the hope of contributing towards the collection of South African traditionary literature, a folk-lore society is in course of formation at Cape Town, which already includes members in distant parts of South Africa. The publication of a small periodical every second month is also proposed by the society. The annual subscription to this periodical will be 4s., exclusive of postage. Folk-lore intended for publication in it should be accurately written down in the language and words of the narrator, and a translation into English or some other well-known European language added. Further information regarding facts illustrative of native life or native literature will also, whenever practicable, be published. The secretary of the South African Folk-lore Society is Miss L. C. Lloyd, Cape Town.

Times
January 16
1879

who told me that he had received a copy of it and that he

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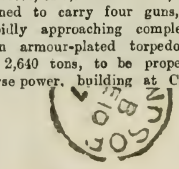
each, and to be provided with engines of 8[illegible]-horse p
the armament of these ships is not yet definitely fixed
contract for their construction has been given t
Thames Shipbuilding Company, at Blackwall.
vessels will be of very light draught, about 9ft.;
length will be 165ft., with a breadth of beam of 29ft.
other vessels building at the various Government
and by private firms, some of which are in a forward
are two double screw iron armour-plated turret-shi
8,492 tons, designed to carry four guns each, and t
furnished with engines of 6,000-horse power. They
be christened Agamemnon and Ajax, and are being
structed at Chatham Dockyard and Pembroke Doc
respectively. A screw corvette, steel and iron cased
wood, of 2,383 tons, to be supplied with engines of
horse power, to be armed with 14 guns (sister ship t
Carysfort, Comus, Cleopatra, Champion, Conquest,
cently launched, and Curaçao) building at Chatham
yard, and to be named the Constance. Four comp
screw sloops, each of 1,124 tons, for engines of 900-
power, to carry six guns each, the Doterel, Miranda,
Phœnix being built at Devonport, and the Kingfish
Sheerness. A double screw armour-plated turret
building at Pembroke, to be named the Majestic.
sailing brigs, with a displacement of 501 tons, to
eight guns each, to be named the Nautilus and I
building at Pembroke. A double-screw iron armour-p
corvette, of 4,720 tons and 3,900 horse power engine
signed to carry four guns, to be christened O
rapidly approaching completion at Poplar. A
iron armour-plated torpedo ram, with a displace
of 2,640 tons, to be propelled by engines of 5
horse power, building at Chatham Dockyard, an



The Marc
contain:—"
Excellency
K.C.B.;" "S
Colonist's L
Old Voortre
"Cowper and Olney;" "Notes on the Colonial Veteri-
nary Surgeon's Report on Red Water," Charades, &c.

Ballygowan Island
December 6th 1877

Sir

I am newly home from a visit to Kildalton parish to enjoy the pleasure of reading your geological paper entitled Na Clatan

I found Mr Thornley who told me that he had received a copy of it and that he

would favour me
with a perusal if I
did not receive one
myself. I write to-
day that this is not
necessary.

I have been told by
Fletcher the farmer
at Yhepals in this neigh
bourhood that shells
whelks - were found
in a marly deposit
at Yhepals and I in-
tend to call on the
old man without

delay to inquire about the matter. I will have a walk to Lochit hill and inquire if any shells have been found either on the hill or anywhere around it.

There is in the Westminster Review of July last an article on Gaelic Culture. It is very complimentary to you and to your West Highland Tales. He evidently (the author)

lins abroad. But I suppose you know the author and that you have also seen the article.

In 'Belgravia' for November I see a story by Cuthbert Bede 'The Gairy-man and the Lady of the Rock' The story you told me once as having got from the late John Maclean Cultour Lays is given but not fully and in a somewhat different way It is

asserted that Lachann.
Leatanach (Gillespie-laird
Lachlan) was the Cutter
of the Maclean that was
killed at Traigh Ghruineart but this I am in-
clined to believe is alto-
gether wrong. At least
I remember reading in
boyhood in the Seanchain
Gaidhealach that it
was otherwise and that
the Maclean who fought
at Balrinnes and fell
at Traigh Ghruineart

who was Glendon to
an Earl of Strye and
ancestor to the Earl of his
own day. was not
nearer than grandson
or great grandson of
Lachann Catanach
and was not a son
of the Lady of the Rock
There is here also a curious
story of Duibh Sith
or Duffith as he is here
called, obtained in Kin-
tyre which I have never
heard. He is said to
have been the son of a

fairy woman in Skintyre.
The writer of the story, train
slaty Judith Fairyman
so he seems to suppose
that the name is a contract
ion of Fairie Lith. But
sent from this view of
the matter Dubh black
is transparent enough
Lith is a hill. In Gaelic
generally the nominative
singular is the same as
the genitive plural and
so Dubh Lith = mean.
Blacks of Hills. Withs
a polar myth? Macbain
the setting sun cut off
from light at Glenmuick

by the Gannaja Hills
A Native man of the name
of Maclean was killed
at Agricultural Circle
Lith Fifth W. my Re-
cal.

I am Sir
Your Sincerely
Hector Maclean

Mr. friend Acton
is infected with
Pundit my Theology Dr. Oh
sith is simply the Island being
men a dwarf archer, & needs
in Solar or lunar
explanation. he is a
fact.

Cape of Good Hope
Folk-lore Society
Cond. Mercy
Grave (Shetl.)

Charlton Hall, Mowbray,
nr. Cape Town.
12 Novbr. 1877.

My dear Sir,

I beg to thank you sincerely for your long and most interesting letter of 18 Septbr., written after the receipt of Mr. Theal's specimens of Kafir Folk-lore which I had ventured to submit to y
I have already had the great pleasure of announcing to him that he may include your name in the list of the subscribers to his projected volume, of which I hope to be able to send you another small specimen shortly. I am, however, very sorry to hear, just recently, from

Mr

W. Theal that, owing to the comparatively small support which he has met with, he does not at present see his way to continue the printing of his works. He tells me that the next few months may hopefully bring a change, (in this latter respect) and he evidently does not give up the hope of ultimately succeeding. I cannot help regretting this delay for, I do not think any one else would be likely to do his collection the justice which he would himself; and really hard workers do not seem to me to be very long-lived, here in South Africa. I suffer from the keen memory of the amount of good work which has arrested (here my brother-in-law

the

The late Dr. Bleek was taken from us, at only 48 years old, gives me an unusual dread of these enforced delays, such as Mr. Theal's present one, & from which Dr. Bleek had also to suffer.

I have been greatly interested in three short translations recently made for me, by a lady acquainted with the Malagasy Language, from the Rev. L. Dahle's "Specimens of Malagasy Folk-lore (Antananarivo, 1877), and am only awaiting the arrival of his permission to get them published in one of our local periodicals. When they are published, I hope to send you a copy, as I am sure you will like to read them. They are quite short stories. One is a legend entitled "The Vazimba" (the

(the name of a small race of men supposed formerly to have inhabited Madagascar). The other is a legend about a large animal called a "Songomby"; and the third is a fable, giving the reason why cats and rats always quarrel, which reminds me somewhat of (the tale giving) the reason why Cats & Dogs quarrel, as given in Bushe's Italian Folk-lore. But I think you will agree that the Madagascar story is much the better of the two (when it reaches you).

In the Bushman Folk-lore there is a monster with a fiery tongue who eats people, & these latter come out from him alive, when he has been killed by the two brave sons

of

of two of the men who have been swallowed by him. It is a fine story. You will find it noticed by Dr. Bleek on page 8 (Par. 10) of his "Brief account of Bushman folk-lore and other texts" (Cape Town, 1875), of which Mrs Bleek (Lucy C.) sent you a copy in 1875 or 1876. In another Bushman story (also briefly noticed by Dr. Bleek on p. 7, Par. 12), an elephant swallows the pet chinglort of the Mantis, which is rescued by the latter after the death of the elephant. Also, a lion swallows a tortoise whole which comes out, somehow, and stands first on one eyebrow of the lion, & then on the other, to the lion's great annoyance: and finally achieves his destruction, by calling out, and warning all the (water) fowl, (Dr. as) they approach, that

The

the lion is coming; the water dries up, & the people, (thinking first of the lion, and then of vanish, that) fame, & food eventually, & defiant, when the lion is starved to death.

What you told me of the way in which you have found popular stories to travel, interested me greatly.

You must have found your late visit to India full of interest in numberless ways. I saw your name mentioned, only a day or two ago, in a paper of Dr. L. Rivett-Carnac's "On Ancient Rock Sculpturings in Kumaon." How interested you would be in seeing our Rock-Paintings here, at the Cape, as well as the Chippings (or Etchings), which are likewise found in various localities

localities. The gentleman (Mr. G. Stow) who has already made a large collection of both Paintings & Etchings in this country, is now doing the same thing in the Orange Free State, and has nearly doubled his former collection, as he lately writes us word. The whole, he hopes eventually to publish.

I should explain, with regard to your very natural mistake concerning my identity (in an age when not many ladies, I think, are found to take much interest in literature), that I am an elder sister of the late S. Bleek's wife, and that I have been living in their house, of late years

personal
with no particular claims upon my time
years, I had the happiness of being
for some years
allowed to act as a kind of Private
Secretary to my late brother-in-law.
My wish to be of some little use to
heavy
him in his labours first led me
to take much interest in those of
his studies which were not too dif-
ficult for me to comprehend, in any
degree; and, by & by, they became also
of great interest to me for their
own sake
little as I can claim to under-
stand of their general bearing in the
world's history & development
I have the honor to be

My dear Sir,

Faithfully yours

L. C. Lloyd

From the Cape Monthly Magazine Vol. X
No. 57, for July 1875 Vol XV

Kafir Nursery Tales.

THE STORY OF SIMBUKUMBUKWANA.

THERE was a man whose wife had no children, so that he was much dissatisfied. At last he went to a wise woman (*Igqirakazi*) and asked her to help him in this matter. She said, "You must bring me a fat calf that I may get its tallow to use with my medicine (or charms—the Kafir word is *Imifizi*)." The man went home and selected a calf without horns or tail, which he took to the wise woman. She said, "Your wife will have a son who will have no arms and no legs, as this calf has no horns and no tail." She told him further that he was not to inform anyone of this.

The man returned to his home and told his friends what was to happen. Not long after this his wife bore a child, but it was a daughter and had arms and legs. The man would not own that child, he said it was not his. He beat his wife, and commanded her to take the child away and leave it to perish. Then he went to the wise woman and told her what had taken place. The wise woman said, "It was because you did not obey my command about keeping this matter to yourself, but your wife will yet have a son without arms and without legs."

It was so. His wife bore another child, which was a boy without arms and without legs, therefore, he was called Simbukumbukwana. He began to speak on the day of his birth. During this time the girl that was first born was growing up in the valley where her mother left her; she lived in a hole in an antheap and ate honey and "nongwes," and gum.

One day the mother of Simbukumbukwana went to work in her garden and left the boy at home with the door fastened. While she was away the girl came; she stood at a distance and said, "Where are the people?" There came a voice from inside which said, "Here am I." She said, "Who are you?" The voice replied, "I am Simbukumbukwana." She said, "Open for me." He answered, "How can I open? I have no legs and no arms." She said, "My mother's Simbukumbukwana, have legs and arms" (*Simbukumbukwana sikama, yiba nemilenze nemikono*). Then legs and arms came on the boy, and he arose and opened for his sister. She went in and swept the floor; then she took millet and ground it and made bread. She told her brother when his parents asked him who did these things to say that he did them himself, and if they should ask him to do them again to reply, "I have done it already." Then she said, "My mother's Simbukumbukwana, sink legs and sink arms." (*Simbukumbukwana sikama, tshona milenze tshona mikono*). Then his legs and arms shrunk up, and his sister went away. After a time his father and his mother came home; they went in and saw the clean floor and bread ready for eating.

They put fat in the kraal the fifth time, and appointed the porcupine (*incanda*) to be the keeper of the gate. The animals went away, and the inkalimeva came as before. It said to the porcupine, "Let us run a race against each other." It let the porcupine beat in this race. Then it said, "I did not think you could run so fast, but let us try again." They ran again, and it allowed the porcupine to beat the second time. They ran till the porcupine was so tired that he said, "Let us rest now." They sat down to rest, and the porcupine went to sleep. Then the inkalimeva rose up and ate all the fat. When it had finished eating it threw a stone at the porcupine, which caused him to jump up. He called out with a loud voice, "The fat belonging to all the animals has been eaten by the inkalimeva." Then the animals came running up, and put the porcupine to death.

They put fat in the kraal the sixth time, and selected the hare (*umvundla*) to be the keeper of the gate. At first the hare would not consent. He said, "The coney is dead, and the muishond is dead, and the duiker is dead, and the bluebuck is dead, and the porcupine is dead, and you will kill me also." They promised him that they would not kill him, and after a good deal of persuasion he at last agreed to keep the gate. When the animals were gone he laid himself down, but he only pretended to be asleep. In a short time the inkalimeva went in, and was just going to take the fat when the hare cried out, "Let the fat alone." The inkalimeva said, "Please let me have this little bit only." The hare answered, mocking, "Please let me have this little bit only." After that they became companions. The hare proposed that they should fasten each other's tail, and the inkalimeva agreed. The inkalimeva fastened the tail of the hare first. The hare said, "Don't tie my tail so tight." Then the hare fastened the tail of the inkalimeva. The inkalimeva said, "Don't tie my tail so tight," but the hare made no answer. After tying the tail of the inkalimeva very fast, the hare took his club and killed it. The hare took the tail of the inkalimeva and ate it, all except a little piece which he hid in the fence. Then he called out, "The fat belonging to all the animals has been eaten by the inkalimeva." The animals came running back, and when they saw that the inkalimeva was dead they rejoiced greatly. They asked the hare for the tail, which should be kept for the chief. The hare replied, "The one I killed had no tail." They said, "How can an inkalimeva be without a tail?" They began to search, and at length they found a piece of the tail in the fence. They told the chief that the hare had eaten the tail. He said, "Bring him to me." All the animals ran after the hare, but he fled, and they could not catch him. The hare ran into a hole, at the mouth of which the animals set a snare, and then went away. The hare remained in the hole for many days, but at length he managed to get out without being caught. He went to a place where he found a bushbuck (*imbabala*) building a hut. There was

a pot with meat in it on the fire. He said to the bushbuck, "Can I take this little piece of meat?" The bushbuck answered, "You must not do it." But he took the meat and ate it all. Afterwards he whistled in a particular manner, and there fell a storm of hail which killed the bushbuck. Then he took the skin of the bushbuck, and made for himself a mantle.

After this the hare went into the forest to procure some weapons to fight with. While he was cutting a stick the monkeys threw leaves upon him. He called to them to come down and beat him. They came down, but he killed them all with his weapons.

[This story terminates so abruptly that I have little doubt about its being merely a fragment. The version here given is only one of several that are commonly told. There is a story very similar to this, in which a pool of water is guarded by different animals in turn, all of which are deceived by the jackal; but I have not yet succeeded in getting two versions of it exactly the same.]

T.

Victoria East.

Damaraland and Great Namaqualand.*

BY W. C. PALGRAVE.

In round numbers it may be stated that Damaraland has an area of 100,000 square miles. Of these 20,000 may be struck out as useless or unknown, coast desert, and other barren tracts; 35,000 square miles are taken up for commonage, and of the remaining 45,000 square miles, one-third should be set aside for the occupation of Berg-Damaras and Bushmen, and those Namaquas, who at the present time, are recognized inhabitants of the country.

In the 30,000 square miles remaining all those who know the country agree that farms for at least four hundred families might be found, and some of them with sufficient water to be sites for villages. My own observation leads me to the same estimate, although I am by no means certain that permanent waters could be found for so many "places." I think, even for stock-farms, and few could be made anything else of, one-half of them would require to have dams constructed.

Suitable pasture is everywhere abundant for oxen, and although the northern part of the country is considered too richly grassed for

* These notes are taken from the very valuable and interesting report of Mr. Palgrave, who at the request of the Cape Government proceeded last year to the country north of the Orange River, both above and below Walwich Bay, visiting the various principal Chiefs and tribes desirous of coming under Colonial rule. The report has just been presented to Parliament, accompanied by a large volume of photographs, illustrative of the features and character of the territory visited and its various products. A copy of the volume of photographs, we are given to understand, has also been presented to the South African Public Library.

sheep and goats, there are considerable tracts of "veldt" like the Karroo, in the Colony, where the Cape sheep is known to thrive admirably, in which it is already in contemplation to place the Merino.

Western and North-western Damaraland, or the Kaoko, is, however, essentially a cattle-breeding country, and when its waste pastures are utilized, should be able to supply four or five thousand oxen annually to the colonial market.

For many years it was held in the highest estimation by the Damaras, and I am at a loss to understand how they came to abandon its healthy, bracing highlands for the plains they now occupy, and desire to retain for their exclusive use.

Mr. Francis Galton, who travelled in Damaraland more than twenty-five years ago, met with natives old enough to remember the time when the Kaoko was full of Damara cattle posts. He writes:—"It appears undoubted that seventy years ago not a single Damara existed in the parts where I had been travelling, but that they all lived in the Kaoko, while tribes of Bushmen and Ghoudamap possessed the entire country between the Orange River and the Ovambo, excepting only the Kaoko on the north-west, and the central Kalahari desert on the east."

And I have already pointed out that the Damaras lived in the northern part of the Kaoko till quite recently, when they sought a refuge from the predatory attacks of members of their own nation by crossing the Cunene, and settling amongst the tribes subject to the Portuguese.

Much of the country is still unexplored by Europeans. The few who have attempted to find in it less distant hunting grounds than those to the north-east have invariably returned disappointed.

They report a well pastured country, such as I have described, mountainous and full of fountains, with no other inhabitants than here and there a few unusually wretched Berg-Damaras and Bushmen. The mountain ranges lie nearly north and south. In the coast desert tract they are all primary rocks. In that next adjoining, these are covered with a series of sandstones in nearly horizontal strata, which further eastward are capped with limestones. Each tract has its peculiar vegetation. The gigantic, weird-looking aloe and euphorbia of the coast desert tract is succeeded by the dwarf bush and scrub so characteristic of the Karroo, whilst further east dense patches of mimosas, almost hidden in the rich profusion of rank grass, alternate with open glades and forests of thorn-trees. The highest altitude is reached between the 16th and 17th degrees of east longitude when mountain ranges cease, and the country eastward slopes gradually towards the great central basin.

Indications of copper abound all through the country, and the Ovambo, who are the workers in this metal, point to several localities in the Kaoko whence, tradition states, in former times, the ore was brought from which the pure metal was smelted. At

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J. C. JUTA,

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fessors of the Veterinary art, and what not. Others, again, look

ore was brought from which the pure metal was smelted. At

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The Subjection of Agriculture.

A Lay Sermon by a Frontier Colonist.

The part of Cassandra in social or political matters is one that is generally tabooed; its occasional utility, however, must be admitted, and in all probability its utility would not be so very occasional were there not a very great difficulty, when the part is taken, in using people and things as though you loved them. In the following remarks, therefore, Cassandra shall be all but dumb, although to us at this moment there seems to be, in matters agricultural, a depression sufficient to excite the very gravest alarm, and a sickness "that doth infect the very life-blood of our enterprise." For in a country such as this, in which manufacturing industries are conspicuous by their absence, and which affords to the generality of its people few possibilities of enrichment by commerce, whatever touches agriculture carries with it damaging influences that penetrate to the very depths of society.

It seems unnecessary to bring forward any evidence in support of the statement that our agriculture has been so touched. From the extreme west, where efforts are being made to improve wine-farming by the formation of companies with capital, to the extreme east where a Cattle Diseases Commission has been for some months pursuing its labours, the statement seems tacitly admitted. Indeed, it is so generally admitted that, though there are a few who, like ostriches in the fabulous tales of travellers, cover up their heads as if afraid to look things in the face, the talk in connection with these matters most frequently turns upon the means best adapted to stay further depression, and to promote recovery. Some believing that the case of agriculture is beyond recovery, have abandoned it and have gone to dig for diamonds or for gold, or have turned their ploughshares and their pruning hooks into canteen-glasses or yard-measures. Some, more hopeful, seek for salvation in the direction of Excise privileges here and elsewhere, or in Fencing and Scab Acts, in Ministers of Agriculture and in professors of the Veterinary art, and what not. Others, again, look

eastwards for help from the nerveless coolie, or demand it from our own Legislature in the form of a compulsory Labour Act, or of some other kind of class legislation. While, lately, a member of the Legislature itself has made the suggestion that a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of an already over-worked Executive, should usher into being a leviathan Agricultural Society, whose heart should pulsate in Cape Town, whose covering fins should spread out over the length and breadth of the land, and whose tail should lash into activity the dreamy occupiers of the "morgen" and payers of quitrent.

There are exceptions to every rule of course. Here and there we find farmers who have held their own amidst difficulties neither few nor insignificant; just as we find a still more limited number that has prospered. But as a rule our agriculturists do not prosper; and, what is worse, large numbers of them have lost heart. Many are known to the writer who, say a dozen years ago, were cheerful, industrious, fairly prosperous men, living on unmortgaged farms, having comfortable homesteads, trim gardens, a mill perhaps, and well-kept and well-filled folds; but who are now dispirited, falling behind with their payments, having mortgages pressing upon them like nightmares, their dwelling-houses, mills and folds in a tumble-down condition, their gardens and lands choked with weeds, and their stock small in number and miserable in appearance. Others, again, are merely farmers in name; owners nominally of a large tract of land; they use it for growing a few cart-loads of vegetables for the market of the neighbouring village, or they use it as grazing for a few spans of oxen, with which they ride transport; or, doing neither of these, they have come to the last resource of cutting down the trees to sell as firewood. While, with reference to the few transfers of land that have been given lately by Europeans to natives, nothing further need be said than that these Europeans found that they could make more by placing the proceeds out at interest in a bank than by cultivating the ground, and that the land so parted with had a higher price offered for it by natives than by Europeans, for the evident reasons that the former had more money to offer and attached more value to the investment.

On the other hand, people following trades or professions mainly supported by farmers, have continued to do fairly well, although not so well as formerly. Plough importers, plough-wrights and cart-wrights still find no difficulty to speak of in earning something more than a living. Places of worship—from such ambitious and almost cloud-capped piles as those of Cradock, to the unpretending but servicable meeting-houses that dot our hill-sides—have been built and paid for out of farmers' money; the pulpits are filled by men who live in comparative comfort from a similar source; doctors have placed their hundreds with their bankers; agents have placed their thousands, and wool-buyers their tens of thousands. The farmers alone have been growing poorer, have been losing their capital, and are at least in as bad a condition as ever they were.

Meanwhile the hopes of many well-meaning men and of would-be benefactors of their species have been rudely shattered. Responsible Government was soon to educate the peasant in the way he should go politically; still, however, talk about a change of ministers is as unintelligible as Greek, or sounds like treason in their hearing. Multiplied churches were to be the means of bringing the consoling and stimulating influences of religion and of culture within easier reach, but worthy members have found that thereby duties have devolved upon them in connection with the spiritual flock in too many cases incompatible with the well-being and the well-doing of the other flock. Doctors being placed as thick as blackberries, the sick were to be speedily healed, or those in pain as speedily relieved, the aggregate comfort of the community being thereby to be largely increased; but farmers have found that for every pain cured by the doctors, a dozen have come in its place, and, worst pain of all, more money has had to be made to pay the fees. By the founding of new villages and the subdivision of large into smaller districts, dispensers of justice were to be made more accessible to long-suffering masters; but instead of these magistrates having become a terror to evil-doers, evil-doers have become a terror to them, while if justice has been brought to every door, this has not been unattended by the escape of bread through the window. Schools were everywhere hailed as the means of bringing the one thing needful to the farmers' children, who were thus sure of becoming comforts and blessings to their parents; but somehow or another, along with much reading and grammar, the boys did not acquire a knack of rearing lambs successfully or an adroitness in the management of *brandzekte;* while the girls, for the flimsy accomplishments of pianoforte playing or flower painting, have bartered a knowledge of the vulgar arts of butter or soap making—boys and girls thus leaving their father and his old-fashioned mate to cope unaided and unsympathised with in their troubles. And, last of all, a plenteous crop of country shops, by supplying his necessities in an economical and convenient way, was to spare the farmer much tear and wear of carts and harness in trips to the still distant town, and was to keep his domestics out of the way of such irresistible temptations as unmeasured bags of sugar and coffee; but little wants kept growing upon the household, and when the wool was taken down to pay for them, the balance to credit was easily carried home; while, by the same means, the opportunities of having a little refreshment, a gossip and a pipe with neighbours, were so facilitated, that in too many cases shopping at the country store soon became the serious business of life.

Meanwhile, also farmers' congresses and cognate bodies, impressed with the conviction that the subjection of agriculture is caused by political evils, are exercised with the needed political reforms. Now if farmers have any special disabilities traceable to errors in our political system, it is in the highest degree

expedient that these should be discussed with a view to their being rectified; and we are free to confess that our political system is not so perfect but what some of the troubles of farmers may be justly attributable to such a cause. But in such discussions there has been a tendency to attribute to such imperfect adjustments a significance which to thoughtful men in other classes has appeared exaggerated and illegitimate, and which has too often diverted men's minds from truer sources of calamity. We remember, for instance, some weeks ago listening to a farmer at a farmers' meeting speaking to a motion that a Minister of Agriculture ought to exist in this country. In the opinion of the speaker, almost every ill, past, present, or prospective, that agriculturists had suffered or were likely to suffer from in this Colony, from bad grass up to locusts and the dreaded Colorado beetle, could have been, and was indeed still to be removed or prevented by the appointment of such a minister. "But what is the use" said the speaker, "of my making known our grievances or our wants? We suffer from one overwhelming misfortune in this Colony, and that misfortune is that we are whites. If we farmers were only black—not painted black, for we are that, but born black—Government would soon take an interest in us; but as we are naughty whites, we are nobody's children, and therefore uncared for." And in addition to this, when they have met together as members or as representatives of a class, presumably therefore to deal with questions affecting them as such, farmers have shown some tendency to discuss questions which do not so affect them exclusively, but which concern them only in common with all the other members of the body politic. In this way they have incurred blame as meddlers and busybodies; they have forgotten that the agricultural interest, large and important though it be, is not co-extensive with the State.

In all probability much of the present depression is to be explained by the fact that agriculture in this country is in a transition epoch. This epoch is marked on the one hand by the passing of that period in which produce could be raised or stock profitably kept by the observance of a rude, simple and primitive method in which rule of thumb practice was sufficient to ensure success; and on the other hand by the near prospect of another period the characteristics of which are increasing difficulties in the way of maintaining production at its proper level, and the necessity of larger supplies of labour, capital, and intelligence to make such production profitable. The problem for solution therefore seems to be of this nature, to maintain and even to increase production, with a gradually diminishing area suitable for our one industry of depasturing sheep, with a diminished capital in the coffers of those who follow that industry, their average intelligence being at the same time not higher than it was when the simple and easier method was all-sufficient. And if this is the problem, it must at once appear that our situation is a very grave one. No adequate solution of the problem is here professed to be

offered, for rightly to handle it, there is need of a much greater ability than belongs to the writer. He will be content to throw out a few remarks, in the hope that others may be induced to reflect upon the question, and thus draw to the subject the interest and attention which it deserves. Into the merits of such suggested restoratives as Fencing Acts, stringent Scab Acts, and Masters and Servants' Acts, &c., it is not proposed to enter. Readers of our Parliamentary debates are already familiar with all that can be said about them. We believe that such measures, if not likely to be altogether barren of result in the present juncture, at all events have had their value over-rated ; but we leave our reasons for saying so to be inferred rather than directly put. Nevertheless it will not do to stand still with our arms folded and to allow things to take their course. The time may have come also when it is necessary that some views which have long been accepted should be reconsidered.

Is it sound policy, for instance, that so many of our farmers, and especially those who have but a small capital, should be the real or nominal owners of large tracts of country? Doubtless those who have command of a fair amount of capital may be justified in working as large a concern as they can possibly acquire ; but whatever opinion we may entertain on the expediency of large as opposed to small holdings, it can scarcely be sound that men with small capital should invest that in land which has to be mortgaged, at rates which are certainly high when we consider the value of the produce, in order to obtain money for the purchase of implements and stock. Such a system cannot be remunerative unless prices should be much more favourable to producers than they have been. And there can be but little doubt that this system has been very disastrous of late, more especially in some parts of the Frontier. Many, for instance, have in these parts lost all their sheep by disease, and, with them have lost what may be called their working capital. Then, before any endeavour was made to find out the cause of the mortality, these have been replaced by others, or perhaps with ostriches or goats, and by means of money raised on mortgage. The new stock has again been carried off by similar disease, and the farmers have been ruined; they have been victimised because they did not know what to do.

Granting that no one could have foreseen these disasters, which is questionable, with the experience we have now had, would it not be better for those who hereafter meet with such losses, at once to have their land divided into small holdings and sold, one such holding with a suitable grazing patch being retained, which, with the capital thus raised, could be worked to the best advantage until a season of prosperity set in again? There are hundreds, and perhaps thousands of natives who would gladly buy and who can pay for such small holdings ; while, if there was an invincible dislike to selling, the holdings could for a time be let to tenants of the same class, and if we could but rid ourselves of some of our prejudices and suspicions, we should in all probability find

that such an arrangement would be to the common advantage, for the Kafir in his own country is not a bad agriculturist, and by mixing more with his betters he would improve more quickly and would also all the sooner acquire tastes which would make him a more profitable member of the State.

Further, the cry is for increased population and for white immigrants, but what sort of white immigrants will be tempted to our shores if we have no land to offer them? One difficulty in the way of increasing the Frontier Armed and Mounted Police is that when their time is up, there are no lands on which they can be located, and that there is therefore the danger of the time-expired men swelling the ranks of the loafers. Is it utterly impracticable and visionary—for that is the favourite word with the immovable routinists—for the Orphan Chamber, for instance, or for some large and well-organised land company, or even for the State, to select such holdings and to offer them to immigrants on easy terms?

Must we go on for ever living in a feverish dread of what old women of both sexes call organic change, and which they label "the way to madness?" The reply generally made is that there is no market for the produce. But has this country ever suffered from over production? Would there be more or less comfort in the land if the prices of food were just a trifle lower all round? Besides, railways are costing us millions, and surely we ought to be able to do something more with them than to run a few bales of wool down to port and to bring back a few more notions. But how are we to produce in any abundance when landowners retain four or five times more land than they can manage, when white agricultural labourers refuse to leave their own country unless they can by so doing cease to be labourers, and when our natives are indifferent about hiring themselves for service? Along the routes of projected railways no signs are visible of preparations for taking advantage of them. Further still, we hear it constantly said that the number of sheep-runs no longer fit to maintain sheep, is on the increase; yet their owners continue to work on in the old groove.

If we cannot change with the times, we shall certainly suffer the fate of all organisms that are too rigid and unyielding. Nature, like fire, is a good servant but a bad master; and if she shows signs of becoming dominant under one system, then that system must be changed, and more intelligence must be imported to cope with her blind and apparently purposeless agencies.

(*To be continued.*)

Charlton House
Rondebosch
nr. Cape Town,
South Africa:
23 July 1877.

Dear Sir,

Before proceeding to the reason of my present letter, I must thank you very much for the kind and friendly reply to my former communication, which reached me rather more than a year ago, and to which I hoped, long before now, to be able to send a practical answer (in the shape of [illegible] Post upon our Bashmen Collection),

for

J. F. Campbell Esq.[illegible] of Islay

continued & deplorable

for your perusal. The neglect of the Colonial Authorities to provide a fitting Custodian for the Grey Library, and the consequent necessity for the prolongation of my temporary services there, in the official vacancy has, however, rendered this, at present impossible for me to achieve.

I merely write, now, to say, that I do myself the pleasure of forwarding to you, by the outgoing mail, two numbers of the "Cape Monthly Magazine" containing specimens of Kafir folk-lore, and enclose, in this letter, a proof of a third number, for the same lately-published reason. I also enclose the advertisement of the gentlemen who contributed these "Kafir Nursery Tales"

to

to the Magazine; from which you will perceive, that, should he succeed in meeting with a sufficient number of subscribers, he wishes to publish a volume of "Stories of the Amazons." I thought that it was possible that you yourself might desire to have a copy of the work (to which I happen to know that H. E. Sir Barth Frere has already subscribed for six copies);—or that you might perhaps be able to bring the projected publication to the knowledge of some of your fellow-workers in the field of Folk-

lore

Folk-lore. Knowing that Dr. Gleed thought highly of the genuineness and worth of Mr. Theal's former contributions of this nature to the Cape Monthly Magazine, I am anxious to render him any little assistance which may be within my power, in bringing his intended work to the knowledge of Folk-lore students in Europe. Trusting that your kind influence on behalf of a fellow-labourer will prove of much assistance to him in his endeavours, if you can kindly spare him a little of it, without too much loss of time to yourself, and begging to be myself permitted to be a subscriber to your next volumes of Zadig Tales, whenever they are published by you, I have the honor to be,

dear Sir,
many faithfully yours
L. C. Lloyd

To South Africa.

(1877.)

Land of the three oceans, England's coming Eden,
Earth's long duty-bounden daughter, Heaven's long-decreed on,
Holy Union stalketh hither, thee at length to lead on ;
Thee at length looks at and loves,
Thee at length inspires and moves,
Breaketh up at length the rock of rage around thy heart,
Poureth oil in whilom wounds and sorrow in the smart,
And bindeth up thy charms in bonds too brave for common death to part.

Land of the vine and fig-tree, thou art all awearied ;
Waiter and watcher thou thereunder, what time ne'er appeared
Over the sea a gleam for thee of love from thine endeared ;
She, thy mother, she, thine other,
Thought and bought for son and brother;
Thou, their daughter, was the cast-off, caricatured, accurst,
Thou, the unconsidered, never wast by mother nursed;
A wonder thou art to thyself that God had saved thee from His worst.

Land of the late rejoicing, hope of the new ages,
Bury and set seal upon thy death and sorrow pages,
See at the last how great a good thine equal soul engages ;
Comes apace thy bridal hour,
Thou, the beautiful by dower,
Never hast lost the charm which now shall never know remove;
I see thee lift thy jewel-eyes unto thy Sun ; unglove
And give thy finger, maiden,—thou, the bridegroom—Empire's latest love.

H.

Graham's Town.

Kafir Nursery Tales.

THE STORY OF THE CANNIBAL MOTHER AND HER CHILDREN.

THERE was once a man and a woman who had two children, a son and a daughter. These children lived with their grandfather. Their mother was a cannibal, but not their father. One day they said to their grandfather, "we have been long with you, we would like very much to go and see our parents." Their grandfather said, "Ho! will you be able to come back? Don't you know your mother is a cannibal?" After a time he consented. He said, "You must leave at such a time that you may arrive there in the evening, so that your mother may not see you, only your father."

The boy's name was Hinazinci. He said, "Let us go now, my sister." They started when the sun was set. When they arrived at their father's house, they listened outside to find out if their mother was there. They heard the voice of their father only, so they called to him. He came out, and when he saw them he was sorry and said, "Why did you come here, my dear children, don't you know your mother is a cannibal?"

Just then they heard a noise like thunder. It was the coming of their mother. Their father took them inside and put them in a dark corner, where he covered them with skins. Their mother came in with an animal and the body of a man. She stood and said, "there's something here, what a nice smell it has!" She said to her husband, "Sohinazinci, what have you to tell me about this nice smell that is in my house? You must tell me whether my children are here." Her husband answered, "what are you dreaming about? They are not here."

She went to the corner where they were, and took the skins away. When she saw them, she said, "my children, I am very sorry that you are here, because I must eat people." She cooked for them and their father the animal she had brought home, and the dead man for herself. After they had eaten, she went out.

Then their father said to them, "When we lie down to sleep you must be watchful. You will hear a dancing of people, a roaring of wild beasts, and a barking of dogs in your mother's stomach. You will know by that she is sleeping, and you must then rise at once and get away."

They lay down, but the man and the children only pretended to go to sleep. They were listening for those sounds. After a while they heard a dancing of people, a roaring of wild beasts, and a barking of dogs. Then their father shook them, and said they must go while their mother was sleeping. They bade their father farewell and crept out quietly, that their mother might not hear them.

At midnight the woman woke up, and when she found the children were gone she took her axe and went after them. They were

already a long way on their journey when they saw her following them. They were so tired that they could not run. When she was near them, the boy said to the girl, "My sister, sing your melodious song; perhaps when she hears it she will be sorry, and go home without hurting us." The girl replied, "She will not listen to anything now, because she is in want of meat." Hinazinci said, "Try my sister, it may not be in vain."

So she sang her song, and when the cannibal heard it, she ran backwards to her own house. There she fell upon her husband and wanted to cut him with the axe. Her husband caught hold of her arm and said, "Ho! if you put me to death who will be your husband?" Then she left him, and ran after the children again.

They were near their grandfather's village, and were very weak when their mother overtook them. The girl fell down, and the cannibal caught her and swallowed her. She then ran after the boy. He fell just at the entrance of his grandfather's house, and she picked him up and swallowed him also. She found only the old people and the children of the village at home, all the others being at work in the gardens. She ate all the people that were at home and also all the cattle that were there.

Towards evening she left to go to her own home. There was a deep valley in the way, and when she came to it she saw a very beautiful bird. As she approached it, the bird got bigger and bigger, until at last when she was very near it, it was as big as a house, (*i.e.*, a native hut).

Then the bird began to sing its song The woman looked at it, and said to herself, "I shall take this bird home to my husband." The bird continued its song, and sang, "I am a pretty bird of the valley, you come to make a disturbance at my place." The bird went slowly towards her, still singing its song. When they met, the bird took the axe from the woman, and still sang the same song.

The cannibal began to be afraid. She said to the bird, "Give me my axe, I do not wish for your flesh now." The bird tore one of her arms. She said, "I am going away now; give me what is mine." The bird would not listen to her, but continued its song. She said again, "Give me my axe and let me go. My husband at home is very hungry, I want to go and cook food for him." The bird sang more loudly than before, and tore one of her legs.

She fell down and cried out, "My master, I am in a hurry to go home. I don't want anything that is yours." She saw that she was in danger. She said to the bird again, "You don't know how to sing your song nicely, let me go and I will sing it for you." The bird opened its wings wide, and tore open her stomach. Many people came forth, most of them alive, but some were dead. As they came forth, she caught them and swallowed them again. The two children were alive, and they ran away. At last the woman died.

There was great rejoicing in that country. The children returned to their grandfather, and the people came there and made them rulers

of the country, because it was through them the cannibal was brought to death. The girl was afterwards married to a son of the great chief, and Hinazinci had for his wife the daughter of that great one.

[I first heard the above story from a Tembu child, and concluded that it was nothing more than a Tembu version of the common Kaffir story published in one of the numbers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for 1875, under the title of "The Runaway Children, or the Wonderful Feather." But I have since been led to doubt that such is the case, though there are several strong points of resemblance between the two. The actors are the same, viz., a cannibal woman, a boy, a girl and a bird. The axe (or cutting instrument of the natives which has been replaced by the axe) enters into both stories. But the narrative differs in every way, and as both these stories are sometimes told by the same person, we may conclude that they are distinct from each other. The story here given is not one of the best known among the frontier clans. Among fifty or sixty children, drawn together from different parts of the country, to whom I repeated it, only two had heard it before at their own homes. The one which follows is pretty generally known, and is decidedly one of the best told to little folks.]

THE STORY OF KENKEBE.

There was once a great famine in a certain country, and the people were obliged to eat wild plants to keep themselves alive. Their principal food during this time was nougwes (*Hypoxis*, page 385, "Harvey's Gen. S.A. Plants"), which they dug out of the ground. There was living at that place a man called Kenkebe, and one day his wife said to him, "My husband, go to my father and ask him to give us some corn." The man said, "Yes, I will go."

So he rose up early in the morning, and went on till he arrived at his father-in-law's village, where he was received with every mark of kindness. A very large ox was killed for his entertainment. It was so large that it was six days before it was all eaten. His father-in-law asked of him the news. He said, "there is no news to tell to friends. All the news is this, that at my home there is not a grain to be eaten. Famine is over our heads. Will you give us some corn, for we are dying?"

His father-in-law gave him seven bags, *i.e.*, skins of animals dressed entire, full of millet, and his wife's sisters went with him to carry them. When they came to a valley close by his home, he told his sisters-in-law that they could now go back to their father. They said, "how will you be able to carry all these bags alone?" He replied, "I will be able to carry them all now, because we are not far from my home." So those girls went back to their father.

Then he carried the bags one by one, and hid them in a cave under a great rock that was there. Afterwards he took some of the millet and ground it. When it was ground very fine he made it into

cakes just like nougwes. Then he dug some nougwes out of the ground, and went home to his wife. He said to her, "there is a great famine at your father's also. I found the people there eating themselves."

He told his wife to make a fire. Then he pretended to cut a piece of meat from his thigh, and said, "so are they doing at your father's village. Now, my wife, let us do the same." His wife cut a piece from her leg and roasted it. The piece that Kenkebe put on the fire was some that he had brought home with him.

The little boy of Kenkebe said, "Why does my father's meat smell nice in roasting, and my mother's meat does not smell nice?" Kenkebe answered, "It is because it is taken from the leg of a man." After this he gave to his wife some nougwes to roast. He took for himself some of those he had made of corn. The little boy said, "Why do my father's nougwes smell nice in roasting, and my mother's do not smell nice?" Kenkebe said, "It is because they were dug by a man." After eating, he went outside, but he had dropped one of his nougwes by the fire. When he went out, the boy found the nougwe. He broke it in two and gave half to his mother. He said, "there is a difference between our nougwes and those of my father." His mother said, "Yes, my child, this one is made of corn."

The next morning, just at the first beginning of dawn, Kenkebe got up and went away with a pot in his hand. The boy was awake, and saw his father go out. So he called to his mother, and said, "Mother, mother, wake, my father is going away with the pot in his hand." So she got up, and they followed after Kenkebe. They saw him go to the cave, where he took some corn out of one of the bags and began to grind it. Then they went on top of the rock, and rolled a big stone over.

When Kenkebe saw the stone coming he ran away, but it followed close behind him. He ran down the valley, the stone kept running too. He jumped into a deep hole in the river, down went the stone too. He ran up the hill, up went the stone also. He ran over the plain, but whenever he turned to look, the stone was there just behind him. So it continued all that day. At night he reached his own house, and then the stone stopped. His wife had already gone home, and had taken with her one of the bags of corn.

Kenkebe came in crying. His wife said to him, "Why do you cry as if you were a child?" He said, "Because I am very tired and very hungry." She said, "Where are your clothes and your bag?" He replied, "I was crossing a river, and I fell down. The stream took my mantle, and my bag, and my kerries, and everything that was mine, away with it." Then his wife gave him his mantle, which she had picked up when he was running away, and she said to him, "You are foolish to do such things. There is no food for you to-night."

The next morning Kenkebe rose early and went out to hunt with his two dogs. The name of the one was Tumtumse, and the name of the other was Mbambozozele. He found an eland with a young calf, which he drove to his place. He cut an ear off the calf and roasted it in the fire. It was fat, and he liked it so much that he cut the other ear off and cooked it also. Then he wished to kill the calf, but he said to himself, "If I kill this calf I shall not be able to get milk from the eland."

So he called his two dogs, and said to the one, "Tumtumse, my dog, if I kill this calf, will you imitate it and suck the eland for me?" The dog said, "No, I will bark like a dog." Kenkebe said, "Get out of my sight and never come near me again, you ugly, useless animal" He said to the other, "Mbambozozele, my dog, if I kill this calf, will you imitate it and suck the eland for me?" The dog said, "I will do so."

Then he killed the calf and ate it. He took the skin and put it upon Mbambozozele, so that the eland thought it was her calf that sucked before Kenkebe milked her. But one day the dog was sucking too long, and Kenkebe wanted him to leave off. He tried to drink just a few drops more, when his master got angry and struck him with a stick. Thereupon the dog began to houl, and the eland saw how she had been deceived. At once she ran after Kenkebe and tried to stick him with her horns. He ran one way and the eland ran after him, then he ran another way, and still the eland chased him. His wife came out and saw him running. She cried out to him, "jump up quickly on the big stone." He did so, and the eland ran with such fury against that stone that it broke its head and fell down dead.

They then cut the eland up and wanted to cook it, but there was no fire. Kenkebe said to his son, "Go to the village of the cannibals that is on that hill over the valley, and ask for some fire; but do not take any meat with you, that they may not smell it" The boy went, but he hid a piece of meat and took it with him. When he got to the first house he asked for fire, but they sent him to the next. At the next they sent him further, and so he had to go to the house that was furthest away. An old woman lived there. The boy gave her a little piece of meat, and said, "do not cook it till I am far away with the fire." But as soon as the boy was gone, she put it on the coals. The smell came to the noses of the cannibals, and they ran to the place and swallowed the old woman, and the meat, and the fire, and even the ashes.

Then they ran after the boy. When he approached his own house, he cried out, "Hide yourselves you that are at home." His father said, "my son is saying we must gather wood that will make coals." His mother said, "No, he is saying we must hide ourselves." The boy cried again, "Hide yourselves." Then his mother hid herself in a bush; an old woman that was there covered herself with ashes, and Kenkebe climbed up into a tree, with the breast of the

eland in his hand. The boy slipped into a hole that was by the side of the path.

The cannibals came to the place. First they ate the eland. Then one of them said, "Search under the ashes." There they found the old woman, and they ate her. Then he said, "search in the tree." There they found Kenkebe. He cried very much, but they would not spare him. They ate him and the breast of the eland. Then the wise one said, "look in the bush." They looked there and found the wife of Kenkebe. They said, "we will eat her another time," and so they took her home with them. They did not look for the boy.

The woman made a plan to escape. She made beer for the cannibals, and they all came to drink. They sat together in a big house, and drank very much beer. Then she said, "can I go out?" They said, "you can go, but come back quickly." She said, "shall I close the entrance?" They said, "close it." Then she took fire and put on the house, and all those cannibals were burned to death. So the woman escaped, and afterwards lived happily with her son.

Stories of the Amaxosa.

T.

AMONG the native races on our eastern border there is a vast amount of Folklore, which it seems desirable should be collected and preserved. The changes that are taking place in the condition of these people are of such a nature that unless this is done without delay, large portion of what is most interesting and useful in their tales will probably be lost. Already many of them have been so modified by people who have grown up on Mission Stations as to make them useless as guides to original Native ideas.

If a number of subscribers, large enough to warrant the undertaking can be obtained, it is the intention of the undersigned to send to press, about the 1st of August next, a collection of *Stories of the Amaxosa*, such as are known by almost all the old people, and can be easily be verified. They will be given in the original language, with literal English translations and explanatory English notes. Stories will be excluded which contain expressions that might be considered objectionable by any English reader.

The assistance of several educated natives has been promised in revising and arranging these tales, so that while their originality will be preserved, repetitions will be avoided, and much that is redundant in some of them will be rejected.

The size of the volume will depend upon the number of subscribers. It will be neatly printed at the Lovedale Institution Press. At least five hundred subscribers will be needed, at six shillings per copy, to cover the expense of printing and binding a volume of three hundred pages octavo.

Persons who feel disposed to aid in this matter are requested to address

GEO. M. THEAL,
Lovedale Missionary Institution,
Victoria East.

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The next morning Kenkebe rose early and went out to hunt with his two dogs. The name of the one was Tumtumse, and the name of the other was Mbambozozele. He found an eland with a young calf, which he drove to his place. He cut an ear off the calf and roasted it in the fire. It was fat, and he liked it so much that he cut the other ear off and cooked it also. Then he wished to kill the calf, but he said to himself, "If I kill this calf I shall not be able to get milk from the eland."

So he called his two dogs, and said to the one, "Tumtumse, my dog, if I kill this calf, will you imitate it and suck the eland for me?" The dog said, "No, I will bark like a dog." Kenkebe said, "Get out of my sight and never come near me again, you ugly, useless animal" He said to the other, "Mbambozozele, my dog, if I kill this calf, will you imitate it and suck the eland for me?" The dog said, "I will do so."

Then he killed the calf and ate it. He took the skin and put it upon Mbambozozele, so that the eland thought it was her calf that sucked before Kenkebe milked sucking too long, and Kenkebe v to drink just a few drops more, v him with a stick. Thereupon tl saw how she had been deceived. and tried to stick him with her hc ran after him, then he ran anoth him. His wife came out and sa "jump up quickly on the big st with such fury against that ston dead.

They then cut the eland was no fire. Kenkebe said the cannibals that is on that hill fire; but do not take any mea it" The boy went, but he hic him. When he got to the first him to the next. At the next to go to the house that was fu there. The boy gave her a lit cook it till I am far away with was gone, she put it on the coz the cannibals, and they ran woman, and the meat, and the

Then they ran after the b house, he cried out, "Hide yo father said, "my son is saying coals." His mother said, "N The boy cried again, "Hide herself in a bush; an old wom ashes, and Kenkebe climbed u

2—Florence, CRMSt (582 tons), J D Natal and intermediate ports, to this port general. Anderson & Murison, agents.
2—Catherine Marie, Dan sch (94 tons), I from Mossel Bay June 27, to this port. Cargo Poppe & Co, agents.

TABLE BAY.—DEPARTURES.

June 30—Cupido, sch, to Monte Video.
30—Sea Bird, sch, to Sandwich Harbou
July 1—Melrose, CRMSt, to Algoa Bay.
1—Hilaion, bk, to Mauritius.
1—Juliane, sch, to Algoa Bay.

VESSELS IN ROADSTEAD—4.

WITH CLASS, TONNAGE, DESTINATION AND AG

Cambay, bk, 795, J Rees, cleared, Rangoo Anderson & Co
Catherine Marie, Dan sch, 94, L Cornet, dis c Poppe & Co
European, RMSt, 2,273, Robt Ker, RNR, rec Algoa Bay—Union Steamship Co
Royal Alexandra, sh, 1,333, W H Humphrey Calcutta—Jas Flower & Sons

VESSELS IN DOCK—31.

ALONGSIDE SOUTH-EAST QUAY.

Duke of Richmond, sch, 291, J Gordon, rep Cadiz—Thomson, Watson & Co
Idnna, bk, 342, Colpitts, cleared, Mauritius Flower & Son
Julia A Brown, Am 3-mst sch, 343, Nickerso cargo, Sydney—Philip Bros
Kermaria, Fr bk, 443, Aubry, rec cargo, Mossel I Jas Scaright & Co
Maggie, sch, 266, C H Innes, rec cargo, Algoa I Jos Grady & Co

NORTH QUAY

Courland, CMSt, 1,241, Ed Griffin, RNR, dis c Algoa Bay—Anderson & Murison
Edinburgh Castle, CRMSt, 2,678, E Jones, RNR cargo, London—Anderson & Murison
Florence, CRMSt, 382, J Harrison, RNR, dis c Natal—Anderson & Murison

WEST QUAY.

Ambassador, bk, 269, Wm Begget, reparing, Melbo —Thomas Watson & Co
Charlotte Croom, sh, 1,664, Auld, dis cargo—Capta
Edward Albro, bk, 394, Reimer cleared, New Yor Boston—Jos Grady & Co
Glendovey, bk, 389, Williams, dis cargo—J M Brow Son
Green Jacket, sh, 1,054, A Donaldson, dis cargo

eland in his hand. The boy slipped into a hole that was by the side of the path.

The cannibals came to the place. First they ate the eland. Then one of them said, "Search under the ashes." There they found the old woman, and they ate her. Then he said, "search in the tree." There they found Kenkebe. He cried very much, but they would not spare him. They ate him and the breast of the eland. Then the wise one said, "look in the bush." They looked there and found the wife of Kenkebe. They said, "we will eat her another time," and so they took her home with them. They did not look for the boy.

The woman made a plan to escape. She made beer for the cannibals, and they all came to drink. They sat together in a big house, and drank very much beer. Then she said, "can I go out?" They said, "you can go, but come back quickly." She said, "shall I close the entrance?" They said, "close it." Then she took fire and put on the house, and all those cannibals were burned to death. So the woman escaped, and afterwards lived happily with her son.

T.

Victoria East, December, 1876.

The Land Tenure of the Colony.

Five years after the occupation of the Cape by the Dutch East India Company, in 1652, the first distribution of land to European settlers took place. The peninsula, extending as far as Salt River and the sandy waste forming the isthmus separating Table Bay from False Bay, comprised the whole Colony. The exact number of settlers at that time was 144—one hundred of these being paid servants of the Company, ten burghers (citizens or freemen), six married women, twelve children and the remainder a few convicts and slaves. For the advancement of agriculture, in order to raise the needful supplies for the Company's ships, the burghers were placed on the grounds skirting Table Mountain which were granted to them *in freehold*, or "full property." At the outset they were, for a few years, exempted from the payment of all taxes; but subsequently they were liable to an assessment, the Company exacting a tenth of what they raised from their lands, as well as that all their produce or stock should be disposed of at such prices as the Company considered "fair and reasonable."

Adjacent to these freehold properties, or cultivated lands, there were patches of ground which were given, as an addition, *on loan* for pasturing stock or other purposes, but which still remained the property of the Company.

As the settlement extended, larger places were granted for grazing purposes, subject generally to a small annual payment or "recognitie." These "loan-leases" or "request places" were usually issued upon the description of the applicant, without previous inquiry by the authorities; but all contained a condition that the lands should not be "too near" to the Company's farm close to Cape Town, although the situation of some of them was beyond the Gouritz River, more than a hundred miles away!

How the European population thus spread, without plan or order, during the past century may be inferred from the remarks of Governor Janssens in 1804. Writing to his friend, the Baron van Hogendorp (who had consulted him on a scheme of introducing emigrants from Holland), Janssens drew the following picture of the irregular manner in which the country was colonised:—

"Anyone desiring a loan farm, selects the spot he deems suitable, plants his mark, and puts down his name for it, for a while to make trial of it, or to see whether anyone has ground for objection, if not, he gets it on loan, on an annual permission. The rights thus possessed, extend a half-hour in all directions round his mark. From these circumstances, from the sterility of the dry ground, and the nakedness of the hills it results—that a population of about 20,000 (Hottentots and slaves not included) have *almost occupied the whole country*. It is evident that each person wishing to establish himself, sought for a place where there was an abundant supply of water. Few of these were to be had, that had not been secured in the first instance. . . . . In later days spots were taken with avidity where there was water for only a part of the year. . . . Many persons have three, four, five or more farms. From this mode of allowing farms to be selected it arises that *much ground remains, and must remain undisposed of*. For instance, a mark stands an hour-and-a-half from the next. The intermediate space is too small for a farm, and though anyone should be content with it, it would be unfit for the purpose, as, almost to a certainty, the water will be found within the bounds of the adjoining farms. The want of farms is already so great, that hardly a rill of water issues from a hill, provided it runs constantly, but a farm is taken there on loan. On my journey many hundred applications were made to me for lands as well beyond the boundaries, as in places within them, where corn could be sown, or cattle kept for a part of the year. Of those remaining within the limits very few could be granted without 'injury to the neighbours.' Here you have a brief sketch of the character of the country. Were there disposable land in the interior a few people might derive from it an indolent subsistence, but it would return nothing to the absent proprietor. . . . Of all the articles that can be produced here, there is nothing, in my opinion, more likely to answer than the introduction of Spanish sheep. The wool that has been grown is of superior quality, and capable of becoming our best export."

Besides the grant of freeholds and the occupation of the loan-places before-mentioned, another tenure also existed during the Dutch Company's administration of the Colony. This was a system of quitrent leases, limited to fifteen years, at the termination of which period (unless the lease was renewed) the lands reverted back to the Company, the out-going tenant, however, receiving a proper valuation for any buildings or plantations.

When the British Goverment took over the country, one of the early Governors, Sir John Cradock, considered that the loan tenure was injurious to the public interest, inasmuch as it maintained an uncertainty with regard to proprietorship which prevented the holders from applying their means to such improvement and cultivation of their land as they would do in case they had no right of re-assumption to apprehend. It was then resolved in 1813 to grant to the occupiers of all lands on loan, who chose to apply for the same, their places or holdings on "perpetual quitrent"—an annual payment, dependent on the value and circumstances of the land—which is the essential feature of the present land laws of the Colony.

Such, in brief, is a re-capitulation of the different tenures of landed property at the Cape from the earliest period to the present time.

Our attention has been directed to this subject by a very interesting report contained in the Blue-book recently issued by the Surveyor-General, Mr. A. de Smidt. It contains a *fac simile* and copy of the different forms of grants issued at various times, and also a valuable memorandum prepared by Mr. L. Marquard, Examiner of Diagrams, giving the substance of the correspondence between Governor Cradock and Sir John Truter on the origin and rights of loan-places and quitrent grants.

The first title to land on the freehold tenure, it appears, was issued in 1657, but no registry, survey or deed of conveyance was made until 1685, when our admirable Colonial Deeds Registry was commenced. "These freehold grants," says Mr. de Smidt, "were upon no fixed principle as regards payment. In some cases payment was demanded; in many cases they were made in consideration of services rendered to the Government, and in some cases gratuitously, so far as the title-deeds themselves show. The conditions attached to these grants were in most cases very stringent. For instance, the grantee was obliged to deliver into the Company's magazines the tenth of the harvest of grain; to allow thoroughfare, in the majority of cases without compensation; he was compelled to cultivate to the full extent of the capability of the land, to plant trees, and prohibited from cutting the latter unless he planted other trees in their stead. For breach of any of these conditions the land was forfeited. There are very few instances of grants in absolute fee simple; the words "vollen en vryen eigendom" (full and free property) are indeed used, but the tenure was burthened with what must have been, even in those days of patient submission to rigid paternal rule, irritating and difficult conditions."

The following is a translation of the "Earliest Property Title":—

"By the Commander and Council of the Castle of Good Hope, at the Cape of Good Hope, has been granted and allowed, as by this is granted, allowed, and given to Jacob Cloeten, of Cologne, free burger at this place, at his request, in full property, certain piece of land situated in the great field on the pass between Table Bay and False Bay, behind the Table, and eastwards of the Bush Mountains on the other or east side of the fresh river called Liesbeek, bounded on the north by the uncultivated lands between Steven Jansz and this Jacob Cloeten, to the south by Harmen Remaijenne, to the west by the said Liesbeek, and to the east by the sandy and waste land, with the view to the above and the mountains of Africa on the other side, straight east, to the north and west to the south on the south side (broad, one hundred and ninety-five roods), and on the north side, almost of the same extent, but becoming a little narrow on account of the river (broad, one hundred and seventy-seven roods), on the east end, south-south west, and north-north east (eighty roods), and also on the west side of the said river south to the west and north to the east (fifty-seven roods), thus making altogether twelve thousand square roods, or twenty morgen of land, as is shown by the pertinent drawings made of it in the above figure, No. 9, by Pieter Potter, the Company's surveyor; with authorisation, by virtue of this, to sow on the said piece of land, wheat, rye, barley, oats, peas, beans, rice, and other grain, and to take full possession of it and keep it; and this without the least taxes, for a period of twelve years, expect the little corners and nooks of land situated along the river-side, which he shall, in addition, have in loan, and shall remain the property of the Hon. Company; but, like other free men, he shall be at liberty to use the same for gardening, &c., and also for building his house and barns on, after the survey, to be made by the said Company's surveyor; provided that he shall not be allowed to sell, let, or alienate any part of it, nor any uncultivated land in his possession, and that also with the knowledge and with communication of the Hon. Commander and Council aforesaid in the place of a bond of hypothecation; and, also, that he, like other free men, further, after the expiration of the aforesaid twelve years, shall remain subject to pay such impositions and duties; also, that he shall allow all such public roads, as by the authorities here, with the approval of our Lords principal, may be made on the same, or hereafter still may be planned or ordained to be constructed for the service of the Hon. Company and the common good; he remaining bound to keep and watch all such redoubts and watch houses as have already been made by the Hon. Company for the protection of the lands of the free men, and may still be made; everything subject to the approval and pleasure of our Lords and Masters aforesaid."

Below stood: Given in the Castle Good Hope, adj., 10th October, 1657, and was signed J. van Riebeek, and on the margin was the seal of the Company in red sealing wax, under which stood: By order of the above-mentioned Masters by me, and was signed Abraham Gablena, Secretary.

Concordat,

(Signed) J. C. de Grevenbroek, Secretary.

Mr. Moodie records that Jacob Cloeten, to whom the above grant was made, was very favourably noticed by Van Riebeek. He was one of the most respectable colonists of the time; none other cultivated so much land. In 1664, he was illegally fined, without being even named in the indictment, for an offence confessedly committed by others (perhaps in his employ), but who could not pay like him. In 1668, again, he, in common with others, was convicted of the heinous offence of "buying cattle from the natives at five times the rate paid by the company." He was then not only fined in the large sum of 50 rix dollars, but also sentenced to the "infamous punishment" of flogging, although the lash was remitted, at the intercession of good friends.

In the year 1732 the tenure of quit-rent was introduced under authority of a notice or placaat issued by "Our Lords and Masters," the Company. The main principle of this tenure was that "de Heer behoudt zyn recht," which means that the Sovereign remained the rightful lord of the soil so long as no part of it was granted in absolute freehold. The term of the quitrent leases was fifteen years, and the rent varied according to capability; but the ordinary rate was from four to six skillings ($2\frac{1}{4}$ pence) per morgen. With respect to this tenure, Fiscal Truter states in his letter to Deputy Colonial Secretary Bird, dated 11th February, 1812, "Quitrent is not resumable annually, but expires at the end of fifteen years, after which the Government has the right to resume the land without paying anything more to the tenant than the value of the buildings and plantations." The leases were made renewable for the same term by two successive Regulations, dated respectively 4th April, 1747, and 11th May, 1762. There was not the same systematic registry of these leases as became the practice in the beginning of the present century. From the 1st January, 1808, during the government of the Earl of Caledon, the lands on this tenure were surveyed and a lease, with a diagram annexed, formed the record (exactly as in the case of the Freehold Tenure), a duplicate of which was issued to the lessee. In 1821 there were two hundred and seven holdings of this description, but since the operation of the law for the conversion of all revertible tenures no renewals have been allowed; but the tenures were converted, in a few cases, into freehold, and in the great majority of cases into perpetual quitrent, on the same terms as were prescribed with regard to loan places in the Proclamation of 6th August, 1813.

The system of "Loan Freeholds" or "Perpetual Loans" *(Leenings eigendom)* was authorised by instructions issued by Governor-General Imhoff in 1743. In terms of this tenure the area formerly held on loan within a circumference of three hours' walking, and which was by the Proclamation of 1813 defined as equivalent to three thousand morgen, was reduced to sixty morgen with a reserve of the same annual rent as a recognition of the supreme rights of the Sovereign; and it may be easily conceived that

the grantees, habituated to the use of the larger extent, in almost every case continued such occupation, and in many cases claimed the right to do so. They averred, with some show of reason, that the greatly reduced extent was accepted on the understanding that pasturage for the cattle required to comply with the obligation to cultivate the land to the full extent of its capability could not be found within the measured limits, as the local circumstances were not favourable to the making of artificial meadows.

The following is a copy of the grant of a perpetual loan-place :—

HENDRIK SWELLENGREBEL, Councillor Extraordinary of Netherlands, India, and also Governor on account of the United Netherlands' East India Company at the Cape of Good Hope, &c., and this Council make known :—

That, according to the qualification granted us thereto by His Honour Governor-General Gustaaf Willem Baron van Imhoff, and the subsequent approval of their Honours the Chamber of seventeen, have granted, ceded, and given, at her request to Maria van Alewijk, widow of Pieter Jurgen van der Heijdi, certain cattle farm, according to a resolution of the 16th February of this year, and we grant, cede, and give in full property by this the said farm, measuring sixty morgen and three hundred and twenty square roods, extending E.S.E. towards Hartebeest Kraal, W.N.W. towards the farm of Andries Jonker, N.N.E. towards the Woeste Mountains, and S.S.W. towards Zoetemelks River, with power and authority to sow, plant, and build on the said farms, and also afterwards, being disposed to do so, to sell, let, or alienate it by communication with the authorities here, provided she be bound, besides her corn or other land, to allow for her own benefit, as well as that of the inhabitants, the use of a common wagon road, as also a thoroughfare at least three roods wide ; and, also, instead of the chopped wood, always to plant again in the ground young oak trees or any other wood ; and besides, on this condition, that she shall not only for this grant pay an annual recognition of twenty-four rix-dollars, but also, as an acknowledgment of the receipt of the property to the Government or the Hon. Company for the proprietorship of the farm, a sum of three hundred guilders Indian valuation, or two hundred and forty Caroly guilders ; and she has further to contribute the tenth-part of the grain she shall reap, on forfeiture of the land granted, if she be found to have transgressed this order ; or if she shall not cultivate the land in accordance with the edicts, in which case the authorities shall be at liberty to take away the said land from her again and give it to any other person—the Hon. Company still reserving to themselves the right and power, if they consider the said farm to be necessary for their use and service, to take it back to them at any time or against a proper valuation, she being further subject to such taxes and duties, and obliged to allow such public roads as are fixed by the authorities here, or might hereafter be fixed for the Service of the Hon. Company and for the common good.

Thus granted and given in the Castle Good Hope, this 14th of March, 1746.

(Signed) H. SWELLENGREBEL.

Notwithstanding the uncertain and precarious character of the "loan" tenure, the tenants seem to have felt themselves tolerably secure in their possession, and employed their industry and pecuniary resources in the building of homesteads and other improvements. The buildings were called the "Opstal," and the sale or bequest of the Opstal was indirectly allowed by the Government by the imposition of a transfer duty of 2½ per cent.; but though the buyer of the Opstal was permitted to take over the lease, he obtained no legal right to the land, which continued to be held on the same tenure, resumable for public purposes, and with no obligation on the part of the Government to compensate the tenant for his improvements, or even to recoup him in his outlay in the purchase of the Opstal. "It was never allowed to any man possessing a loan-place to sell or transfer it, but only the premises or Opstal. The grant of a renewed lease was, however, never refused to a purchaser or legatee. The confidence of the loan-tenant did not consist in the certainty of any actual right, but only in the hope of meeting with the indulgence of that Government which as yet did not deem it necessary to make use of such right for the public good." This clearly indicates the relation between the Government and the loan-holder. "In point of fact" (says Mr. De Smidt), "there are several instances of resumption of loan places on record. Some of these were on the ground of public necessity or convenience, and others on the ground of breach of condition of loan. When it was decided to establish 'Drostdyen,' *i.e.*, Landdrosts' residences, at Tulbagh, Uitenhage, Graaff-Reinet, and Jan Dissel's Vley (now Clanwilliam), the loan-leases of these places were revoked on indemnification to the holders for their improvements. Also on the ground of breach of contract I find a case of resumption noted by Fiscal van Ryneveld, viz., the loan-place 'Onder Kluitjeskraal,' in Tulbagh, forfeited for neglect to pay the rent."

When the great measure of granting land in perpetuity was introduced in 1813, Sir John Cradock declared in his Proclamation: —"I feel the highest gratification in giving effect to these beneficent and paternal designs of His Majesty's Government, and persuade myself that the gratitude of the inhabitants of this Colony will be equal to the value of the inestimable gift extended to them on the part of the Crown, which by graciously offering for their acceptance a perfect title to lands that enables them to provide for their children and descendants, and dispose of them as they please, grants to them, in fact, possession of an estate, and the high character and station of 'a real landholder.'"

The following is a copy of the earliest grant of this nature:—

I do hereby grant on Perpetual Quitrent unto Joseph Davy, a piece of two morgen and thirty-six square roods of land, situated near the Uitspan-place, at the Liesbeek's River. Extending north-west towards the land of Mr. Truter, south towards the land of Mr. Blankenberg,

south-east towards that of Mr. Dirk van Renen, and east north-east towards the buildings of Mr. Shencke, as will further appear by the above diagram, framed by the Surveyor, on condition that the road between this land and the place of Mr. H. Truter shall remain free and open of his punctually paying, or causing to be paid, at the expiration of every twelfth month, from the date of these presents, unto the Receiver-General of Land Revenues, the sum of two rix-dollars for each morgen of the land thus ceded to him, and be bound (according to the existing laws of this settlement) to have the boundaries properly traced out and the land brought into such a state of cultivation as it is capable of, within the first three years, previous to the expiration of which period this lease will not be transferable; the land thus granted being further subject to all such duties and regulations as either already or shall in future be established respecting lands granted under similar tenure.

Given under my Hand and Seal, in the Castle of Good Hope, this First day of June, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Twelve.

(Signed) J. F. Cradock.

This title corresponds exactly with those of a later date, and is to a great extent a modification of the former system, much of the phraseology usual in property grants, from the earliest times, being retained, and no special reference to the Proclamation of 1813 being made in them; but a general proviso occurs in all quitrent grants and in every deed of grant of whatever tenure, as follows:—"The land thus granted being further subject to all such duties and regulations as either are already or shall in future be established respecting lands granted under similar tenure."

The meaning and effect of this clause have given rise to much discussion. It has until lately been considered in the case of perpetual quitrent grants to render the land subject to the Proclamation of 1813, that is, to confer on the grantee all the privileges and render him liable to all the reservations contained in that proclamation. The chief of these reservations consists in the right expressed in the fourth clause on the part of the Government to make roads and to take material for that purpose without compensation. This right was freely exercised in the construction of public roads and railways, and submitted to without opposition by the owners, until the question was raised in the Supreme Court in the suit between De Villiers and the Cape Divisional Council to recover damages for an alleged trespass on the plaintiff's quitrent land, situated in the Cape Division, and removing gravel.

The majority of the court (Judges Denyssen and Fitzpatrick) held that the burthens imposed by the Proclamation of 1813 did not apply to original quitrent properties such as the land in question, but only to "loan-places" converted into "perpetual quitrent;" while, on the other side, the Chief Justice was of opinion that the duties mentioned in the grant were intended by the grantee to in-

clude the right of the Government to take gravel from the land for road purposes. The Surveyor-General remarks that the effect of the Court's decision, if not reversed in the appeal to the Privy Council, will be to augment enormously the cost of railway construction in this colony in the payment of compensation for ground and materials taken on quitrent lands—that is to say, lands granted originally on quitrent.

Stray Thoughts.

We shrink at bee or nettle's sting,
And nerveless quake
At shadows on a moon-lit lake ;
A look will make us sigh or sing.

And all is changed at seeming chance,
For what are we
But atoms on the boundless sea
Of time and circumstance,

Tossed by the current of the hour,
Passion or pain,
Yet with the heaving motion gain
The knowledge of resistless power

Within for good or ill—the leaf
In crimson falls,
The emerald moss on mouldring walls,
Or massy cave and sea-beat reef,

To one is all it seems, no more,
Another's eye
Hath landscapes vast whose outlines lie
Like shadows on a distant shore.

A sweet-scent bud, the dawn-bird's wail,
A lightning flash,
A surging ocean's frenzy crash,
And writhing 'neath life's scourging flail,

Again vibrates the soul—or bright
Eyes glisten; gleams
Of faces only seen in dreams
Flash like a meteor through the night.

We are and seem not; noblest lives
Are masked ; the lid
Was burnished, yet Pandora hid
Beneath it all that soothes or strives.

Z.

A Perilous Ride for a Wife.

In the year 1836 I was a gay and somewhat thoughtless stripling in the employ of the firm of Wilmer & Co., in Cape Town, having shortly before bade adieu to Old England for a season, to hunt for the fickle favours of Dame Fortune in South Africa. At that time the Cape was very different in many respects from what it is now, for it was the half-way station between England and India, as the Suez Canal was then not dreamt of.

Although of gentle birth and good education, I was not born with a silver spoon in my month, and as the youngest son of an officer's widow with a large family, I had no prospect of much pecuniary aid from the family estate. The crush of competition among the starving thousands of the "genteel" professions was even then beginning to make itself felt in England. I accordingly resolved to try my luck in a sphere where there was more room. Having bid adieu to my widowed mother, who dismissed me with tearful eyes, a good outfit, £50, and her blessing— all she had to give me, poor soul—I left London one foggy day in November, in the good ship "Flying Squirrel," bound for the Cape. Never did a ship more belie her name, for after a voyage of eighty-one days, during which I suffered inconceivable horrors from sea-sickness, we at last anchored in Table Bay. I went ashore as soon as possible, and being furnished with excellent testimonials to a cousin of my mother, I was warmly received by him, and introduced without delay to the senior partner in the firm of Wilmer & Co., at that time the principal merchants in the city.

Mr. Wilmer was a ruddy-faced portly gentleman of the old school. He gave me a seat in his office as assistant bookkeeper, at a salary of £8 per month, which was at that time a very fair remuneration for such services, promising me, if I discharged my duties faithfully, to increase it to £10 at the end of six months. With that courtesy which always characterized his dealings, he invited me to dine with him on the first Sunday after I entered his service. He lived in affluence and comfort in a fine old roomy house, in what was then the best part of the town—in the Heerengracht. I went and was much charmed with the cordiality of my reception The old gentleman seemed to take a fancy to me, for after that I was a constant guest at his table. So things went on for about twelve months; my salary had been increased and I was in very comfortable circumstances.

Almost from the time of my first visit I had been greatly struck with the affability, gentleness, and beauty of Christina, the only daughter of my employer; and she on her part was by no means wanting in a hearty reception of me whenever I was invited to her father's house. It will not, therefore, surprise my readers to know that within a very few months I was desperately in love with the kind and gentle girl who had always shown herself my friend since my introduction to her. Aware that she was a reputed heiress, and that

she had long been sought in marriage by the colonel of one of the regiments then stationed in Cape Town, a man of good family, with a private fortune, and greatly esteemed, I felt from the first that it was a piece of sheer madness on my part to cherish a hope of ever making her my wife ; for how could I expect that I, only a humble clerk in her father's warehouse, could succeed in ousting such a formidable rival. Still, like the moth that flutters round the flame until by an unguarded swoop it is pulverized in a moment by the scorching of the lambent light, I could not tear myself away from the house of my beloved, although the colonel, who, I am certain, never guessed the real state of my feelings, was visiting there three or four times a week. I fell into a most unamiable frame of mind. Two ideas incessantly possessed me : the one that without Christina's love, no matter to what future position I might attain, my heart would feel a dreary void, the incurable pang of isolation from the object of my love ; the other the apparent impossibility of my ever leading Christina to the altar.

But " there is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," and one day when I was sitting at my desk more miserable than usual, for the next day was a public holiday and I dreaded the torture of its weary hours in my solitary chamber, Mr. Wilmer entered the room in a state of excitement bordering on frenzy. His face was haggard beyond description, he trembled violently, and could hardly speak. Scarcely aware of what I was doing I seized him by the arm, and pushed rather than drew him into his private office, forcing him into a chair The first thing I did was to administer a glass of the strongest brandy at hand, which brought the colour back to his blanched cheeks, and appeared to restore his self-control.

" Arthur," he said, speaking very low and rapidly, " I fear I am a ruined man. That rascal Smerensky, our shipping clerk, has bolted, and I believe broke open the safe last night and took with him the cash-box and bank-notes and the letters of credit which I had to send to England in a month's time to take up Smith & Co.'s acceptances."

" How much has he taken altogether ? " I inquired.

" At least £20,000, which it is impossible for me to replace, and even if I could do so I fear I should not be able to get the money in time enough to prevent the ruin of my credit."

" Are you sure," I asked, " that Smerensky went off yesterday ? "

Mr. Wilmer was unable to answer this ; but, on inquiring at Smerensky's lodgings, we found that he had not been home for three days, and that therefore, probably, he had four days' start of us. This arose from the fact that Mr. Wilmer had been nearly five days absent from the office on a visit to his son in the country, and the safe being kept in the old gentleman's private office the audacious robber had effected an entrance through the skylight, and had from the Saturday night till the Monday morning in which to accomplish

his purpose undisturbed, for Mr. Wilmer always carried the key of his private room in his pocket, and there was no one resident on the premises. The Cape Town police were not then so numerous or so active as they are now, and I knew that to place any reliance upon their discovery of the criminal or which way he had gone, would be as useless as looking for clover in a field of barley. There was no doubt that Smerensky had forced the safe, for close by it Mr. Wilmer found a very curious antique seal, which the Pole wore upon his watch-chain, and always refused to part with, saying that it was an amulet given to him by his mother.

Mr. Wilmer covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud. I had, however, the courage of despair, and a thought flashed across my mind, which, with the sanguine ardour natural to youth, I immediately turned to a practical account.

"Mr. Wilmer," I said, "I know no more of this affair than you do; but why not follow Smerensky and recover your stolen property?"

"Would it were possible! No one knows where the scoundrel has gone, and who could find him?"

"I will."

"You, Arthur?' responded the old man, with trembling but eager voice. "Why, if you do this and succeed, you can ask me for anything?"

"Might I ask you for leave to pay my addresses to Miss Wilmer?"

A curious light shone in Mr. Wilmer's eyes, and a smile, in spite of his agitation, overspread his features as he answered slowly: "With all my heart, you shall have my leave; and if you can place in my hands within a month what the rascal has run away with you shall be my partner also; but it seems to me impossible that you can succeed in so doubtful and perilous an undertaking."

"By no means" I replied, "but you must supply me with funds —the expenses will be very heavy."

"You shall have all you want," said my employer, "though I fear it is a waste of money. When do you start?"

"To-night, I hope, for I think I shall be able to find out in a few hours which way Smerensky has gone."

Indeed this was a matter of no great difficulty, for Cape Town was then very small and the facilities for getting away from it, except in the direction of the sea, few and far between. The arrangements were thereupon concluded; Mr. Wilmer, at my special request, undertaking to give Miss Wilmer a full account of my aim and object, under promise of secresy of course. I shook the old man warmly by the hand, and having been supplied with the requisite funds, partly in cash and partly in drafts on our up-country agents, I started for home, which was not far from my office.

A few minutes sufficed to collect the few articles I actually required for my journey, and I sallied off to a part of the town where I knew I could find the men for my purpose. In a few words I explained to

them that I would give £50 to the first who brought me information as to when Smerensky had last been seen leaving the city. A description of him was unnecessary, for he had been some years in Cape Town, and his hook-nose, beetle brows, and shuffling gait were as well-known as the South-easters. I had often wondered why such a sinister-looking foreigner had been kept so long in the employ of such a keen man of business as Mr. Wilmer, but the Pole had no indoor work, or at all events very little, to do, and his knowledge of all the languages of maritime Europe was invaluable at a period when linguistic acquirements were rare at the Cape.

It was about five p.m when I left Mr. Wilmer, and by ten o'clock that night I received positive information that Smerensky had sailed from Cape Town to Port Elizabeth in a small but swift coaster, and would probably reach Algoa Bay before I could by any means overtake him. By eleven o'clock I was in the saddle, armed with a pair of loaded pistols, a powder horn and bullet pouch, and a piece of catgut. The latter article may seem to have been unnecessary, but its use I will explain hereafter. I also slung a rifle over my shoulder, and stuffed my pocket with rifle cartridges. In my top-boots, long over-coat, and leathern cap, I could defy the weather, and I had bought the best horse procurable in town, which I had to give a "fancy" price for, on account of his great speed and endurance. I had not neglected to get the necessary powers to travel armed and to arrest the thief, and I was nerved to the utmost exertion, for I felt that on the result of this enterprise depended the whole future of my life. I was young, strong, and active, and I knew that, if I failed, no other man in the Colony could catch Smerensky. A brilliant moonlight shone on the road as my horse's hoofs clattered along the streets, and a few minutes took me out of the municipal boundary. How fervently I prayed for the success of my quest it is hardly necessary to chronicle, or how earnestly I longed for a contrary wind to detain the "Susan Jane" along the coast, so that I could forestall her at Port Elizabeth.

You wonder, perhaps, good reader, why I did not put the authorities on the track of my quarry. It was because I knew that nobody but myself was sufficiently acquainted with Smerensky to be able to detect the man under the disguise or disguises he was sure to assume as soon as he got fairly away from Cape Town. He spoke both Dutch and German so perfectly that his Polish nationality would have never been detected from his accent, while his knowledge of English was so great as to enable him easily to impose himself upon the country people as a stranger from England. But I was well acquainted with him, and especially with the wonderful trick he had of disguising his voice, for he had considerable power in that direction and was an expert ventriloquist.

The road to the Interior in those days was not what it is now. The only pass in the mountain-range was the Franschhoek Kloof, which was made during the administration of Lord Charles Somerset,

and named the Cape Simplon. Not a single river along the route was bridged ; and frequently the so-called main road was furrowed with ruts, or rather chasms. The perils of travelling would seem incredible without the testimony of one's own eyes as to its dangers. Riding very hard across the tedious and heavy Flats, I reached Field-cornet Hugo's under the Franschhoek Kloef the first evening, and there got explicit directions as to the path before me. Traversing the Pass next morning I pushed on and entered the Swellendam district, which then included Caledon, Robertson, and Riversdale. The inhabitants of the farms everywhere gave me a hospitable reception, forage for my horse, and food for myself, for which they refused to receive any pecuniary acknowledgment, but they were evidently as displeased as they were astonished at my haste and anxiety to push on from stage to stage. "Een van de Gouvernments menschen" was the conclusion they came to respecting me, and which I encouraged, when these good fellows gave me a parting shake of the hand, and in their hearty way wished me a "plezierig rij." No adventure worth speaking of happened until the evening of the third or fourth day. I was told I could reach the Gouritz River by night ; but a heavy rain was falling, and darkness set in so early that I feared I had lost my way. At length, the distant noise of rushing waters assured me I was on the right road ; and as I gained the heights overlooking the river I could discover the broad and powerful stream before me. Some lights, as from a dwelling, or an outspan fire, now and again glimmered, apparently from the opposite side of the river ; and I fired off my rifle at intervals with the view of calling the attention of anyone who might be within hearing, for I had been warned of the danger of crossing in the dark, more especially when the water was in any height and force. All my attempts to direct notice to my position seemed fruitless, and I determined to take my chance of crossing on horseback Scarce had my plucky steed plunged in than I found him rapidly carried away by the powerful current ; the trunk of a tree floating past, caught against my leg, brusing and cutting it, and nearly dragging me off my seat ; but my gallant horse plunged himself free, and after a while I was able to land him on the sandy banks, close to where the lights I had seen were burning. As I led my poor exhausted nag up to the spot, I felt that I had experienced the most narrow escape I ever had in my life ; and the occupier of the dwelling, who had been a resident there for many years, assured me that never had he known of an instance of any man or horse escaping with their lives from the river in such a state of flood as it was then.

The long and hurried ride, and the exhaustion of crossing the river had told upon my horse ; he was no longer the mettled charger that had trotted with me out of Cape Town ; and I had to leave him with a farmer, the worthy Eckiel Müller, who willingly gave me in exchange a hardy-looking animal, which he guaranteed in his expressive way as a *canniet doodnie*, and right well-pleased was I

with him. He kept along at an untiring though not very speedy gallop day and night, with only short intervals of off-saddling; and four days afterwards,—the seventh from my starting,—I reached Uitenhage, and on the following morning was at the "Baai," as the Boers named Port Elizabeth.

Port Elizabeth was a very different place then from the Cape Liverpool of to-day. A few straggling houses playing at hide and seek in a wilderness of sand, and hardly a blade of grass to be seen, constituted the now famous seaport. Although I had performed my journey with the utmost speed, the little coaster had outstripped my horses, and on arriving at Algoa Bay I had the mortification of finding myself nearly two days behind the schooner. A casual inquiry or two resulted in my finding that a person answering in height to Smerensky, but not in general appearance, had purchased a cart and four fleet horses, and engaged the services of a well-known Hottentot whip to drive him up country at a certain sum per day, no mention being made of where the journey was to end, or for how many days the man would be required. I learnt also, beyond all doubt, that the two men had with them a small but very heavy parcel, and that they were travelling armed to the teeth. However, I had no time to lose, for if my game got into the preserves of the native tribes before me, a judicious expenditure of ready money in bribes would secure their safe concealment for any length of time, or, more likely still, pay their fare along some underground railroad to Natal or even further into the Interior.

It was a part of my plan that no one but myself should have any hand in the capture of the stolen property, for I had risked everything that I held most dear. With one man I could easily deal, but how to manage two was the difficulty, as I might be shot down by one while the other was driving the horses. My only chance was to follow the spoor as rapidly as possible, and to come up with Smerensky and his associate unheard and unperceived by them. To do this was more difficult than overcoming any of the numerous obstacles which I had already vanquished, and I had not an hour to spare. At last my plans were laid. I slipped round to the store and purchased a box of blacking, a Kafir blanket, a hammer, some nails, and a piece of felt. Then I returned to the house where I had just dined, and with great difficulty persuaded a farmer, who had come down to the port with his wagon, to give me a lift for a few miles to a farm-house where I was informed I could buy a fresh horse. At nine o'clock that night we started, reaching the farm-house at breakfast-time next day. I had cashed a draft at our agents at Port Elizabeth, which gave me sufficient cash for all my purposes. When we arrived at the farm I soon made a bargain for an animal that his owner declared he would not have sold to anyone else for £100. It took me some time to find out the reason of this, for a more awkward-looking animated bone-bag I have never seen. At a little distance off you could hardly distinguish him from a camel. His giraffe-like neck, his round

back, which had a decided hump on the spine, his spider legs and huge feet, combined with his fearful stride when in motion, all impressed one with the conviction that animals of his pattern could belong to nothing but a species of disorganized dromedary. The hair was completely worn off on several parts of his body, the small amount of tail which he occasionally wriggled to show that he was not deprived, as the spectator might think, of the rudimentary portion of a caudal appendage, was reduced to almost a hairless stump, and to crown all there was one peculiarity about him which nobody could ever account for, a peculiarity which filled a white man with surprise and wonder not unmixed with merriment—it was a severe strabismus. It was the uncontestable fact that he squinted. But he was docile, sure-footed, and hardy, and when once in motion was said to be able to run down an ostrich. I found he was rather hard-mouthed, and as he had a jaw as tough as a rib of whalebone, I would not venture to ride him until I had fixed a very strong curb to his bit. He could jump like a springbok, swim like a dog, and run like a camel, but I venture to say that seldom, if ever, in the history of horseflesh has such an extraordinary nondescript distuibed the brain of any Alderman Gobblin after a hearty banquet. The squint, which was at once his greatest peculiarity and most comical singularity, was also an irremovable mark of his identity, which, in a country where horsestealing was pursued by the natives as rather a pleasant pastime than anything else, was not altogether to be objected to: besides, this squinting horse was looked upon by the superstitious natives as "betoovered" or bewitched, and they would none of them have him at any price: as to stealing him they could never get near enough to him for that; for another of his eccentricities was his unconquerable aversion to black or coloured people, caused no doubt by his keenness of scent, as he had a nose like a rat and strong odours always made him restive and uneasy. His colour was yellowish grey and his height about sixteen hands. I have been very particular about describing this horse, for I had him for many years after this and a better servant no man ever possessed, although till his dying day, when the lids closed for ever upon the weird, squinting eyes, I could never look at his face without a laugh. To his speed, endurance, and pluck, and his indomitable courage, I owe all that is most dear to me in this world.

Having saddled up I started again in pursuit. When about ten miles distant from the farm I dismounted and found that the saddle was galling my horse's back, so I placed my spare blanket underneath it and rode on. It is needless to relate all the obstacles I had to encounter; suffice it to say that my extraordinary horse continued on mile after mile, at a pace which could not have been less than seven miles per hour, over a heavy and broken country. Rivers he swam like an otter, and his great weight and strength of barrel enabled him to obtain a sure footing in scrambling up and down the banks of rivers which a first inspection of his queer lanky legs went hard to disprove. They looked more like sticks of sealing wax than anything else

But on close examination it was seen that the muscles and sinews were incredibly hard and compact, which accounted for the great length of his stride, or, more properly speaking, hops over the ground; his gigantic strength in the hind quarters enabled him to jump more than a yard further than any horse I ever knew could. On the evening of the third day occurred what I, adopting the language of Oliver Cromwell with regard to one of his great battles against the Royalists, have always called my crowning mercy. The most terrible hail storm that had ever visited the district, swept over the country with unexampled fury. For many years after the farmers used to relate how hail stones as large as eggs destroyed vast numbers of sheep and cattle, and killed many native servants on the open veld. During this storm, myself and my horse were providentially under the shelter of a cave in the mountain side, but Smerenksy and his companion were overtaken by it in the open plains, and two of their horses killed.

Inquiring as I went on among native wayfarers, I found out the precise direction taken by the fugitives, and I started off on their track.

On the evening of the fourth day from that of the storm, I came in sight of a cart drawn by two horses, and containing two men, one of whom was lashing the horses at intervals. I immediately saw that by taking a short cut and crossing a river I could overtake them just as they were entering on a very rocky piece of country. This manœuvre would give me the additional advantage of not being seen by the runaways, as the ground fell very considerably between the route they were taking and that which I saw was best for me. I was now sure of coming up with my quarry at the utmost in a few hours, for both myself and my horse had been refreshed by a long sleep that afternoon, which I judged indispensable for both of us I dismounted and after a great deal of trouble succeeded in shoeing my horse's feet with the felt which I had bought for that purpose. This was a wrinkle I had got when I was a boy from the "adventures of a famous highwayman," who by this means was enabled to approach his victims noiselessly. Having accomplished this task by throwing my horse by main force on a soft hillock of sand, and tying his feet together to prevent his kicking my brains out, and then nailing on the felt, I resumed my journey, but before doing so put fresh powder to my pistol pans and examined my rifle. My horse was now trotting briskly and without the slightest noise over a stony country, and in two hours, as I judged, I should come up with the cart.

Having gone a few miles further I dismounted, blacked my hands and face and slipped my head through a hole which I had cut in the blanket. The conspicuous colour of my horse I could not help, but as the moon was up it did not so much signify since that part of the country was full of stones of yellowish colour. My horse was rapidly cutting down the distance between us, and in a few minutes I should be alongside of the cart. My heart jumped audibly in my bosom, and I was quivering from head to foot with excitement and anxiety. A few

moments more would in all probability terminate the existence of one of us three men. Nearer and nearer my horse drew to them, when with one plunging bound he cannoned against the near side horse, causing him to fall on his knees and stop the cart. Instantly, quick as thought, one of the men drew a pistol and fired at me point blank. The ball grazed my shoulder, carrying away a piece of the blanket. Ere the man could fire again I had returned his shot, which took effect on the unfortunate Hottentot, the ball entering at his mouth and passing out at the back of his neck. With a yell like that of an exorcised demon he fell back dead in the cart, tumbling over his companion. The horses were kicking and plunging fearfully, but I placed them *hors de combat* by shooting one though the head and hitting the other with the butt end of my rifle. Meanwhile Smerensky, for I could plainly distinguish his features, had freed himself from the weight of the dead man, and had sprung from the cart and confronted me. With a roar like that of a wounded tiger he sprang towards me, levelling a second pistol at my head, at the same time a blow from the butt end of my rifle knocked the pistol from his hand and discharged it in the air. "Stand and deliver, Smerensky," I cried, "or the pressure of my finger this moment sends your guilty soul to judgment."

"Are you man or devil?" he roared in German.

"I arrest you," I cried, "for burglary in Cape Town when and where you know. I am fully prepared for any resistance you may make, and if you offer to raise your hand or to stir from that spot, I will shoot you down like a dog. I have shot your companion and killed your horses and will kill you next. You know me. I am Arthur Jermyn, and have pursued you from Cape Town, riding day and night on your track. I want you to come back with me, and I want what you have robbed your employer of." "Never!" he roared, and rushed again at me. I fired and broke his jaw, but he thrust savagely at me with his long knife, cutting my right leg and slightly wounding my horse. I did not dare dismount, for I knew that if I did, he, an ex-Polish lancer and a most accomplished equestrian, would be on my horse in a moment and vanish instantly. I did not want to kill him but to take him alive, so again struck him with my rifle butt, this time on the head, and stunned him. I then immediately dismounted and tied his thumbs together behind his back with the piece of catgut I had brought, in such a way that he could not possibly get loose or away from the small but mighty bond, without tearing his thumbs from their sockets. Then binding up his face I put him into the cart from which I had removed the dead Hottentot, and sat down to reflect.

What was I to do? By hard riding I might yet be in time to save Mr. Wilmer from ruin, for I had found all the securities inside the parcel in the cart. I wanted two horses to harness to the vehicle. My steed would not carry two persons, and was already showing signs of exhaustion. If I placed Smerensky on my horse and led him, going on foot myself, I should never reach my journey's end in time. For-

tunately, the horse I had knocked on the head had recovered from his fright and was again available. I removed the harness from the dead horse and managed to attach my own, together with the other. Smerensky was senseless for some hours, and lay bound hand and foot at the bottom of the vehicle. I had loaded my pistols again, and let him see that I wore them so in my breast. He could not escape, and his hands and feet were too securely bound for him to do any mischief.

It would be useless for me to attempt to describe the astonishment of the inhabitants as we returned. A few words at each house explained all.

On arriving at the first magistrate's place I procured a guard of two white men, who escorted the villainous Pole to Algoa Bay by easy stages, for his broken jaw could not be touched and gave him inconceivable pain. I was told that several times on the journey down he attempted to commit suicide, in different ways, and would have succeeded had he not been carefully watched day and night by his escort. I pushed on at once to Algoa Bay, and was so lucky as to find a vessel just starting for Cape Town. An offer of £50 to the captain prevailed upon him to wait twenty-four hours until my prisoner arrived and was put on board, together with the recovered securities, which the captain took charge of. He was a very worthy Scotchman, well known to Mr. Wilmer, and was thunderstruck when he heard my story. We had a quick run down to Table Bay, but were obliged to keep Smerensky in the hold, and ironed, as he tried to jump overboard. Anxiety and the fearful strain on my body and mind had quite prostrated me, and I did not lift my head from my bunk until we reached Cape Town.

On the very day the mail left for England we anchored in Table Bay, only two hours before it started. Old Wilmer had seen our special signals, for we were agents for the Isabella, and rushing down to the landing place almost flew towards me, as I held out to him the parcel I had brought.

"What have you done?" he almost gasped.

"All is here." I replied, "You have not a moment to lose. Quick! quick! the mail will leave almost directly."

Then he turned deadly pale, but recovered himself, and turning to one of the clerks who had accompanied him, he bade him attend to me, and having wrung my hand disappeared up Heerengracht with the parcel. He was so beside himself with excitement and surprise that he never even asked what had become of Smerensky. Without loss of time I dispatched a messenger to the authorities, and two trusty guardians of the municipal peace soon came down with orders to look after my Polish acquaintance, and to introduce him to the Tronk without delay. That worthy had to be conveyed to the shore at the bottom of a boat, for he was so frantic that he would have thrown himself into the sea, and must soon have sunk, because I knew he could not swim a stroke. Despite his ravings and strugglings, he was conveyed ashore,

cursing, and blaspheming fearfully; and as he would not walk but tried to kick his escort, he was considerately put into a cart, and carried into durance vile to await his trial.

Leaning on the arm of the clerk referred to, I crawled rather than walked to our office, and found Mr. Wilmer gone to the postmaster to get him to send a parcel for him as a favour, because the mail at the Post office was closed. After waiting about an hour, during which I suffered all the pangs of suspense, Mr. Wilmer returned. He was in a state of great commotion, alternately laughing and crying like a hysterical woman. Then he would get up and dance around me, wringing my hands, calling me all the endearing names he could think of. At last, to my utter surprise he finished—yes he really did—by grasping me to his breast and hugging me as I should imagine an old American grizzly bear would embrace a foe. Then for some time he would be unable to utter a word, and it was not until we had disposed of two or three bottles of champagne (then a very expensive and rare wine in the colony), that he found control over his voice.

"Tell me all about it!" he cried. "Tell me all about it! How did you manage it? Where did you catch him? and what have you done to yourself? for you look more like a ghost than a human being."

I replied faintly, that I would tell him all about it by and by. The excitement, however, had been too much for me, and when I saw how overjoyed my old friend was, and heard him ejaculate, "Thank God, I am saved!" I could hear no more and sank back fainting on my chair.

Then came a long, dreary blank, and when I woke, I found myself in a bed. A sweet low voice said, "He's better now, papa." Something moved me to put my hand to my head; it was wrapped in a wet cloth, and altogether I felt very ill. A confused, dizzy feeling overpowered me, but I was revived by a strong cordial which a friendly hand poured down my throat.

"We shall soon be all right again," said a grave but not stern voice, which I fancied I recognized as that of Dr. B—— of Cape Town, "but we mustn't move and we mustn't talk: we must lie quiet and do as we are told. We are still very weak from the fever."

Languidly turning my head, I caught the eye of Dr. B—— fixed upon me. With a great effort I said, "Where am I, and what is the matter with me?"

"You are in our house, Arthur," replied the cheery voice of Mrs. Wilmer.

"And you have had brain fever, and we were afraid you would die!" said the same sweet low voice that first addressed me.

Turning round I saw the beloved of my heart at the bedside. She gave me her hand, which I raised to my lips.

'If you promise not to talk," said Mrs. Wilmer, "Christina will stay with you for a bit, while I go and look after your jelly."

My eyes said "yes," and in a moment I was alone with Miss Wil-

mer. For a long time neither of us spoke. Then gradually, and like the remembrance of a long-forgotten dream, the mist seemed to clear away from my brain : I tried to collect my scattered senses, and made an effort to sit up. Gently, but firmly, Christina's soft white hand was laid upon my own.

"You must not move!" she said, "If you do I shall go away. Besides, you promised to be a good boy and yet you begin by disobeying me and breaking your promise. Lie still now. In a few days I hope you will be well enough to get up."

"But my head?" I asked.

"Yes, I know," she laughed. "We had to get it shaved, and keep wet towels on it. Your hair will soon grow again now that you are better." I winced at this, for I was very proud of my curly black hair.

"But you must take your medicine now," said Miss Wilmer, and the next moment she had poured a very nasty mixture down my throat, and laughed heartily at the wry face I made over it. Then she sat down and read to me from the local paper (there was but one in those days) an account of my exploits, rather overdrawn, perhaps, and coloured very highly in some parts of it ; but news was a scarce commodity at the Cape then, and the editor was glad to make the most of such a godsend to our dull town as my adventure was to him.

As I listened, every detail came back to me ; and long before she had finished, I had turned round in the bed towards the reader, when I saw for the first time that her eyes were red with weeping, and that she was pale as a lily. I noticed also that she tried, but in vain, to conceal the tremour in her voice, and that she frequently turned aside her head that I might not see her emotion. I essayed to speak to her, but her agitation unmanned me, and at the end of the story of my exploits she, as she suddenly lifted her eyes to mine, saw the tears trickling down my cheeks, for I did not try to hide them.

"Arthur," she said very softly, "you are naughty again. If you don't stop crying I shall go. You'll make yourself ill again."

I tried to raise the ghost of a smile, but could not. But there we sat, hand in hand, both silent, although our eyes were talking. Then Mrs. Wilmer came in and insisted on feeding me with the jelly, I did not want any, but took some to please her.

About five o'clock in the afternoon old Wilmer and his two sons came in. George, the eldest, came straight up to the bed. "Arthur," said he, as he grasped my hand in his broad palm, "I can't tell you how much I thank you!"

"And I," said Frank, as he came to the other side of the bed, "can't thank you as much as I would. I must leave that to Chrissy!"

She blushed like the dawn of a summer's morning, and playfully pinched Frank's arm, but she looked rather pleased, I thought.

"Arthur," said the old gentleman, "you know I can't tell

you a quarter of what I feel about the service you have done me and mine. I can never repay it. But we will talk of that when you are better, and if my old eyes don't deceive me very much, I think the same day that saved my fortune will make yours, and accomplish the dearest wish of your heart and now, I must say, also of mine!" Then he turned to Miss Wilmer, and said, "Don't let him talk and don't talk too much to him. People who have had brain fever must be kept quiet."

I need not tell you that it took many weeks before I was thoroughly well again. Strong as I naturally was, the pursuit and capture of Smerensky, combined with the exposure I had undergone, had brought on an attack of the most virulent brain fever, which must have carried me off, had it not been for the unwearied attention and kindness I received from Mr. Wilmer and his family. At last I was fairly recovered, and able once more to attend to office duties.

Ah! strange human nature! Strange heart of mine! During all this time I had never once talked of love to Christina. We were constantly together. The colonel had nearly ceased his visits, and I knew that I was loved almost as much as I loved. My darling and I talked about every subject imaginable except our loves. Even the tender passion, as it afflicted our friends and acquaintances, we conversed upon freely; but with regard to the affection which each knew that the other reciprocated, we maintained an obstinate silence. I was too timid to confess it, and she was too shy to mention it. But the old proverb says "Murder will out," and so it had to be in my case. I shall never forget it. I had taken up my abode permanently with the Wilmers, which they had compelled me to do by the simple process of transporting, while I was ill, all my personal effects from my lodgings to the room—Christina's room as I afterwards found out—which I was occupying as an invalid in their house. It was at the dear girl's own suggestion that this room had been given up to me, as it opened upon a verandah at the back of the house, and was cheerful and airy.

Well, one evening we were sitting in this verandah, just after dinner. The family had gone out to visit a neighbour, and Christina had stayed at home to keep me company, as I pleaded that I had letters to write—an ingenious but transparent excuse for securing her society that evening, as I told her she would not be at all in the way, and that I hated to be alone.

The evening shadows had deepened into darkness, and still we sat talking. Christina had her guitar on her knee and was playing that beautiful and plaintive air, "La dove prende." The music of the divine Mozart seemed to give me courage. I asked her if she knew the duet "La ci darem la mano," from the same opera. She immediately began to play it and I to sing. When it came to the second part I asked her to join in, but she could not. Then occurred one of those awkward silences which happen occasionally in the best regulated families. How long it would have continued I do not

know, if a large black rat had not dropped upon her foot from the verandah overhead. She jumped up with a scream, and in a moment I had set my foot on the more free than welcome visitor and crushed the life out of him.

Christina was trembling all over. I had caught her in my arms, and her beautiful head, with its ample dower of lustrous black curls, had sunk, quite naturally as I thought, upon my shoulder. The ice was broken now, and a few words sufficed to relieve my pent-up feelings of the wild torrent of words of ardent love which had been hanging on the tip of my tongue for so many weeks past unable to find utterance.

Then I heard from the lips of her I loved more than anything else in the world, what I had long known was the true state of her feelings towards me. She told me that she had always loved me, that since she had become acquainted with me she had steadily discouraged the colonel's advances, in which she had been backed up by her mother with whom I had been always a special favourite. In a few words she told me of the intense pain she had felt during our separation, from the thought that I might fall by the hand of the desperate Pole who, she was certain, would make every effort to get clear off with his ill-gotten booty. She told me also how she alone, of all her family and friends, had believed I should successfully accomplish the capture of Smerensky. She told me of the frightful sufferings she endured during the ten days that I was tossing about in the wild delirium of brain fever, and how her spirits revived when at last I was pronounced out of danger. She told me how I lay babbling of the sunny plains of India, where indeed I was born, of the green fields of England, and of the games and studies of the dear old school at Harrow where I passed my youth. She told me of the delight with which she had, day by day, seen health returning to my cheeks and strength to my limbs. She reproached me tenderly for having so long concealed from her the passionate love she knew I felt towards her, and wondered, in the innocent simplicity of her heart, as many of her sex have often done, how it was that a man who did not scruple to face the pistols of a desperado and to swim rapid and swollen rivers, should not have courage enough to woo a harmless girl whose only feelings towards me had ever been those of the deepest affection. There in the glorious moonlight of our Southern Hemisphere we stood and plighted our troth and exchanged certain confidences which do not concern anybody but the giver and receiver. We stood there so long that we did not observe ourselves to be the cynosure of the admiring eyes of the whole family, who had returned and, wisely considering that, under the circumstances, more than two would not be company on the verandah, kindly refrained from interrupting us.

The rest of my story is soon told. Within a week from that date I was admitted a partner in the firm of Wilmer & Co., and within two months Christina became my wife; and as I stood beside her at the altar, I knew that her heart was brighter and purer than even

the sunlight which illumined her eyes, or the rich lace veil in which her noble features were enveloped. There was but one drop of bitterness in my cup that day—that my dear mother was not present at the ceremony. But I had written in ample time beforehand to apprise her of the coming happy event and knew that at the moment when the priest joined our hands in that most happy and sacred of unions where "both hearts and hands combine," my beloved mother in the silence of her chamber, was lifting up her heart to God in prayer that His choicest blessings might descend upon her darling son and his angel wife.

Smerensky was never brought to trial: disappointment, rage and despair, had all thrown him into a high fever, under which he sank so rapidly that all efforts to save him were useless. The articles which I had abandoned with the body of the dead Hottentot when I caught Smerensky, I afterwards heard had been found by the Field-cornet of the district, who had buried the body of the Hottentot near the place where the things were found.

My adventure was a nine days' wonder, but my conjugal happiness has been permanent.

I am an old man now, with children and grandchildren about me, and although time has silvered the locks of my dear helpmate, and I am as grey as a badger, I have never once, thank God, had reason to regret the way in which, forty years ago, I undertook the perilous ride which gained me my wife.

A Natal Ode.

'Jamque dies, nisi fallor, adest quem semper acerbum,
Semper honoratum—sic dî voluistis—rabebo."
VIRGIL "ÆNEID" V., 49.

"The very source and fount of Day
Is dashed with wandering isles of night"
TENNYSON—"IN MEMORIAM," XXIV.

Once more comes round that favour'd hour,
Which gave you birth;
Which saw your pure young soul alight,
Like snowflake on this earth.

Comes round that honour'd day, which, each
Succeeding year,
Beholds your sweet expanding life
Towards its fulfilment near.

When last it came, rejoiced was I
To mark the day;
For new-born Hope within my breast
Shed its reviving ray.

But now, alas! it brings but gloom,
An aching chill;
The good I dreamed has disappeared,
And left a vague, dread ill.

'Tis said the mariner of yore
Would find an isle
In some new clime, where azure skies
And verdant scenes e'er smile;

Would note the little paradise
Upon his chart,
To guide him in his future course
To busy port or mart.

But when he traversed next those seas,
No longer there,
Its absence weird would awe his soul
And plunge it in despair.

In place, perchance, some rock unseen
Would sink his bark;
A victim to the floating isle,
Unknown his fate and dark.

So live I, like this mariner
(My landmark gone),
In this sad weary voyage of life,
No hope to steer upon.

I strike against the stern hard rock
Of cynic mood;
And sink amidst relentless waves
Incredulous of good.

But, oh! Latona's son, who rul'st
Nine muses o'er,
Who first didst see thy native light
On Delos' errant shore

Oh! grant that these few feeble lines
Such power may hold,
That my dear maid may be to me
Just what she was of old.

CLIOPHILUS.

9th October, 1876.

On Thread and Tape-worms in Sheep.

By W. Bisset Berry, M.D.

I have recently been furnished with two samples of thread-worms from sheep. One sample was supplied by a farmer residing on Bontebok Flats, who obtained them from the *manyphis* of a sheep, which showed signs of disease and was slaughtered for examination. The farmer informed me that these thread-worms were lying on the folds of the manyphis so thickly as almost to cover the surfaces of the folds. The worms were literally in thousands. They were preserved for me, by my suggestion, in glycerine. The other sample was handed to me by Mr. Hellier, of Queen's Town, who obtained them from a distance preserved in spirit. The worms in both bottles proved to be identical in species. Most of them were about three-quarters of an inch long, tapering to a point at both ends from about the middle of the body, where they were about as stout as a good sized pin. To the naked eye they looked exactly like the small thread-worms, well known to parents as tormentors of children, and not unknown to the physician as sometimes met with in the human adult. Examined with magnifying power, thread-worms from the sheep present some differences from those seen in mankind, differences, however, which are perhaps more interesting to the helminthologist than important to the agriculturist. They present the generic characters of the *Oxyuridæ*, which belong to the Nematode group of internal parasites. Oxyuris is a bisexual worm, which may be found in any or every part of the intestinal canal, and which produces innumerable minute eggs which do not appear to develop in the host, but are carried out with the dung. Though these worms have been known to men of science for more than two thousand years, the history of the development of their eggs after expulsion from the host, and the manner of their re-introduction are still unknown; but analogy would lead to the belief that the eggs, for months after expulsion, undergo changes, and are again brought back, though still in an immature state, with the water or food. The presence of thread-worms in the intestines does not appear to have the same grave significance as the presence of fluke in the liver has; still, when they are present in large numbers, and particularly when they occupy in myriads such an important part of the economy as the manyphis, they seem to cause, as they did in the case of the sheep slaughtered on Bontebok Flats, a very similar condition: dropsical swellings appearing, the wool deteriorating, the flesh looking flabby, and death not infrequently supervening.

When thread-worms are known or suspected to be present in the stomachs of the sheep, the solution of salt is recommended by veterinarians as a cure. Great difficulty and not a little risk to sheep life seems to attend the administration of this solution. Several farmers

have told me that all the sheep to which they had given the salt solution had died almost immediately; while the process of pouring the solution down the throats of the animals is always a very troublesome one. I would be glad to see the following method of giving the solution tried:—A gag made of hard wood, about six inches long and half an inch thick at the ends, rounded and smooth or covered with leather, and having a rounded opening in the middle about half an inch in diameter, should be placed in the sheep's mouth. The ends of the gag should project on either side between the jaws, the rounded opening should be in the middle of the mouth above the tongue, and in a line with the gullet. It should be retained there by the operator and an assistant. Then an elastic tube, like a catheter, should be passed through the rounded opening into the gullet, and, being guided by the fingers of the left hand from entering the windpipe, should be gently pushed down as far as it will easily go. To the end still projecting out of the mouth a Higginson's syringe should be attached already freed from air by being charged with a portion of the solution to be administered, when the proper quantity of salt solution should then be slowly and gently injected. In some such way as this the salt solution can be safely and speedily carried to the stomachs, and the temptation to administer it, for expedition's sake, in too concentrated and irritating a form, avoided. Little good can be done by giving strong solutions of salt; and half an ounce dissolved in twelve ounces, or a small beer bottleful, of tepid water, should answer every requirement.

Neither is this occasional use of the salt solution to supersede on any account the daily use of salt as an indispensable article of diet and as a valuable *Oxyuridæ* or thread-worm killer.

And, in my opinion, salt is not to be trusted to entirely. In addition, though perhaps subordinately, to this article, flockmasters should devote attention to the cultivation of aromatic herbs such as sheep will eat, and such as are known to have a generally stimulating and even a worm-killing effect within the whole digesting apparatus. The lethal power of the drug called *Santonine* over thread-worms in the human species, which is one of the few generally admitted facts in therapeutics, affords a hint which may be of some value. This drug is obtained from nearly all the species of a genus of plants, *Artemisia*, and notably from the *A. Santonica*, which grows abundantly in Russia. In this Colony this genus is well represented by the *A. Afra*, the African wormwood, which must be well known, for I often find it used as a domestic remedy in various disorders. Dr. Pappe, formerly Colonial Botanist, in his "Enumeration of South African Medicinal Plants," says "the whole of the wormwood has a strong, balmy smell, and a bitter, aromatic but nauseous taste, owing to a green essential oil which it contains. . . . . Its efficacy as a vermifuge is generally admitted." Belonging to the same natural order of plants, and having similar properties, is the common tansy of Britain, long favourably known and, where not indigenous,

often cultivated on account of its worm-killing virtues. There is another species of this genus *(Tanacetum multiflorum)* growing in many parts of this colony, the *worm-kruid* of colonists, which is equally efficacious, and concerning which Dr. Pappe says, "It grows very abundantly in sandy soil, close to the sea shore." I have been told that sheep will eat the wormwood *(Artemisia)* readily, but I have never heard that they will eat the *worm-kruid* or tansy. Flock-masters can easily find out whether sheep eat these plants or not; and if they do, the propriety of cultivating these herbs extensively and of allowing sheep to eat of them periodically will be apparent. But if sheep will not eat these plants, the farmer may still cultivate them for occasional medicinal use, when salt, instead of being dissolved in plain water, as already recommended for injection into the stomach, may be dissolved in an infusion of one or other of these herbs. For such a purpose, a suitable infusion may be prepared by pouring a gallon of boiling water upon one pound of the recently dried herbs, letting it stand for an hour. Twelve ounces of this infusion may be used as a solvent for the salt. In his work on *Entozoa*, Cobbold mentions an Indian plant, the *Keera-mer*, as an excellent thread-worm killer. This is a plant of the Birthwort genus (known amongst botanists as *Aristolochea bracteata)*. It is given in the form of infusion, but, as the plant seems to lose much of its virtue by being kept, perhaps it may be worth while cultivating it in this country. If the qualities ascribed to this genus of plants by the ancients really belong to it, some discretion would have to be shown in administering it in the case of ewes and lambs. I give prominence to these few details because I am convinced that there is now no royal road to health in stock. On the contrary sheep-farming has become an industry which can be made remunerative only by an intelligent, careful, and *persistent* attention to the laws of life.

Tape-worm is too familiarly known to need any description. It is now of very common occurrence in sheep of all ages in this country. I am not aware that salt, in anything like possible doses, has any power as a tape-killer. The male fern, especially in the form of a liquid extract, which can be bought of any respectable druggist, is one of the most approved tape-killers. The utility of this preparation, however, is seriously impaired by its costliness; for about twenty shillings worth of this extract would be needed to dose a hundred sheep. By those who do not consider this cost too high, a fair trial should be given to the liquid extract of male fern. The animals to be experimented upon may advantageously be shut up in an enclosure and fed on pumpkin pips for one day before the drug is given. For use, take a drachm and a half of the liquid extract and shake it up in a small vial with two ounces of a *newly made* solution of gum. The gum of the mimosa will do. Or take the same quantity of the extract and shake it up with the yolk of an egg and afterwards add a little milk. Pour the draught so prepared slowly down the throat. A cheaper and valuable remedy is the bark of the

fresh root of the pomegranate. Half a pound of this root-bark should be boiled in a gallon of water to one half; and two wineglassfuls of this decoction would be a dose. In all probability this medicine will have to be given two or three times in twenty-four hours to be successful. Pumpkin pips are known to be such a valuable tape-killer that no farmer should throw away the inside of a single pumpkin. I have treated tape-worm in man with these pips successfully. They are all the better for being bruised before being given: and, as recommended with the extract of male fern, so should they be given as food while the pomegranate decoction is being used. Ostriches affected with tape-worm should be confined for a few days and fed with pumpkin pips. For tape-worm in these animals I have tried the extract of fern, Kousso and Kamela, in large doses without any effect. In an American medical journal there lately appeared a notice of the successful treatment of tape-worm in a man by carbolic acid, after failures with extract of male fern and pumpkin pips, singly and combined. Five drops of the pure acid were given three times a day in a little water. The treatment was kept up for some days. A like quantity of the acid, or even rather more, could be given to an ostrich.

I would remark that when stock are infested with parasites, farmers cannot be too particular in causing all dung to be thoroughly destroyed by fire. The carcases of all animals dying from any variety of worm disease, and the offal of all such as may be slaughtered for use, should be buried or cremated. On no account should such centres of propagation be left unattended to.

For some years the periodical burning of grass has been going out of fashion. Certainly grass fires are neither so general nor extensive as they used to be: and we sometimes see people charged criminally for this alleged offence. In my own mind, I cannot help attaching some significance to the circumstance that the decadence of this practice of grass-burning, and the alarming spread of parasitic disease have occurred together. Something more than a mere coincidence may be here. The evils of grass-burning are serious and many, consequently the practice of it is not to be lightly encouraged. But the sudden, widespread, and almost unique success in the struggle for life achieved by the various forms of parasites in this country, points unmistakably to an equally sudden and widespread change of environment, by means of which, at some period or another of their unascertained metamorphosis, these parasites have escaped agencies which formerly acted as adequate checks upon their disastrous increase. That the neglect of grass-burning has been the single cause of the worm plague is not to be believed; that it has been an important factor in the production of the evil, and that an opposite line of action may be found essential to its eradication or diminution, there may, however, be some grounds for asserting.

Queen's Town, 21st December, 1876.

P.S.—Two days after posting the foregoing note to the Editor of the *Cape Monthly*, I had an opportunity afforded me of verifying an opinion I have long held, to the effect that the mutton of this country contains a "measle," or Cysticercus, which, when incautiously eaten by man will communicate to him the common tape-worm of South Africa, viz., the Tænia mediocanellata. Some years ago I was called upon to report upon some pork which was exposed for sale on the public market here, and which I had to condemn as measled. This pork had been fed by a farmer who was widely and favourably known as a careful, scrupulous and energetic producer. He had never seen measled pork before, and was naturally very much annoyed by my report, telling me that he did not believe me when I explained that pork so measled would produce tapeworm in the consumer. However, he did not stop here, but, with true Baconian instinct, took the pork home and gave it to some dogs that he knew to be free from tapeworm, and which he carefully guarded from all sources of infection until a sufficient time elapsed, when, fortunately for science, he saw enough in his *post-mortem* examinations to remove his scepticism. From that time anything connected with tape-worms had plenty of interest for him. I renewed my acquaintance with him some months ago when he was mentally exercised as to the sudden and, in several instances fatal, occurrence of tape-worm in young calves from thoroughbred and imported stock. Drinking as these calves did from the little river which flows past this town and carries down with it much that is objectionable, he attributed the appearance of the tape-worms to this cause. I could hardly coincide in this opinion, but asked him to bring to me any specimen of tape-worm he should thereafter meet with in any of his young stock. Accordingly, on the day before Christmas, he turned up with about a pint of tape-worms which he had just removed from the intestines of a four-months' old lamb which he had slaughtered for the morrow's dinner. He had begun to think that the doctor's ideas about the development of tape-worm from measled pork were in need of correction, inasmuch as calves and lambs are in the matter of that favourite food, as guileless as any Israelite.

Now I had long known for certain that even very young lambs were often affected with tape-worm. I had examined several, but, for the reason apparently that the worms had been roughly removed from the living host, I had always failed to find the head of one; and, unless that part has been under his microscope, it is almost impossible for any one not a specialist, to make out the species in a trustworthy manner. I was of opinion that the species of tape-worm so infecting lambs was the Tænia mediocanellata; but I hesitated to express such an opinion, inasmuch as the authorities were against it. For instance, Dr. Cobbold, at page 238 of his *Entozoa*, after stating his own opinion that the measle (cysticercus) of the T. mediocanellata is to be found only in veal and beef, thus proceeds:—"In all probability, other animals are not liable to harbour the cysticercus of

the T. mediocanellata; for Leuckart also tried to infect a sheep (to which he administered about sixty proglottides), but on examining the flesh after the lapse of eight weeks, he failed to detect the presence of a single cysticercus vesicle. Again at page 75 (Appendix) of his smaller work "Human Entozoa," Cobbold says:—"I think all candid investigators will in future admit that the human body is the exclusive home and the legitimate territory of at least two species of entozoa—one of these forms being procured, as is generally allowed, by our eating pork, the other, as is not generally known, by our eating beef,"—that is to say, the Tænia solium and T. mediocanellata. While in the same work, a little further on, the same writer, with perhaps an unconscious bias, says he believes that an armed cysticercus, taken from the interior of a mutton chop and sent to him by a friend for examination, represents a distinct form of tape-worm, either his own T. lophosoma, or a species altogether new to helminthologists. But my doubts on this interesting point were now dissipated; for in the mass of tape-worms brought to me from the slaughtered lamb, I was fortunate enough to find four perfect heads, all of which with a linear magnifying power of 100, I found to be the hookless, proboscis-wanting heads of Tænia mediocanellata.

But how comes T. mediocanellata in the bowel of the lamb? The commonly received opinion, as already indicated, is that the measle is swallowed while still viable, along with the veal or beef in which it is located, and, finding its proper nidus in the intestine, develops there into the perfect tape-worm. This may be truth, but it is not the whole truth. It can scarcely be supposed that in its still earlier and embryonic, or pre-measle stage, the parasite comes into the intestine of the lamb along with the water it drinks or the grass it eats, and that, once there, the measle-stage is quickly passed, the perfect tape-worm being the result. For not only would this supposition be in direct contradition to the ascertained history of its metamorphoses, but, if I am correctly informed, segments of sexually mature tape-worms are shed by lambs too soon after their birth to admit of these metamorphoses having taken place in the interim. There being no escape from the opinion that there must be an intermediate host for the measle, nor from the fact that the lamb does not eat any portion of that host, I incline to the belief, which I shall hold until a better one appears, that the embryo of Tænia mediocanellata passes into the stomarch of the sheep, that the juvenile parasite, being there freed of its envelope by the solvent powers of the gastric juice, bores its erratic way into the tissues, or into a blood vessel by whose stream it may be carried to the remotest parts, there to be developed into the measle; that in the case of ewes in lambs these vagrants find their way into the gravid womb where they meet in the first instance with a structure which permits of the perfection of the measle-stage, but which structure becoming in the ordinary course of intra-uterine development the

intestine of the fœtus, thereby allows the final passage of the parasite from the measle-stage into the tape-worm even while the lamb is unborn. In some such way as this is the occurrence of tape-worms in the intestines of recently born lambs to be accounted for; while in the case of such as do not show them until the fourth month or later, their presence in all probability is to be accounted for by the passage of the vagrant parasite, either by boring, or along with a blood current into the udder, from which, after a time, the measle is dislodged and swallowed by the sucking lamb, thus again reaching the intestine, where, in due course, the perfect tape-worm will be found.

From these marks two useful hints may be obtained; the one consolatory to the breeder, the other cautionary to the eater of mutton. Consolatory is the probability that it is the hookless and not the hooked tape-worm that infests the lambs, inasmuch as the former is much more easily dislodged from its lair than the latter. Cautionary is the very strong probability that the measle of Tænia mediocanellata lurks in our table mutton; wherefore such as would gladly escape such unwelcome guests, will do well to see to it that their chops are rather over than under-done; for the viability of cysticercus ovis resists not efficient grilling. W. B. B.

Song.

Gay voices rose in melody,
As up and down the wave-lashed strand
We paced, a gay and youthful band,
And gazed upon the moonlit sea;
I saw three letters on a wall—
Three pencill'd letters—that was all—
But, ah! It was enough for me.

The beating waves fell mournfully,
The stars looked dim, the moon grew pale;
The song subsided to a wail,
Or so it seemed to me,
A sweet wan face, pale—pale—and fair—
All haloed round with golden hair—
Was all that I could see.

I tread the paths she trod before;
The paths her childhood loved to roam—
How thick the rushing mem'ries come
Of hopes whose date is o'er.
And from the card her features start,
Her eyes seem gazing on the heart
Which mourns her evermore.

PLORATOR

Trans-Gariep Courtships.

I SUPPOSE we may take it for a fact that every nation and people have some distinctive characteristics or local habits which become an universal feature. Even the countenance is not unfrequently a safe indication of latitude. Englishmen, it is alleged, have a partiality for beef-eating, while sour kraut sounds purely of Saxon dietry. The dandified Frenchman can be distinguished by his *tout ensemble*; and the Yankee can be picked out of a crowd, not only from the assimilation of his beard with that of the goat, but also from the nasal twang which seems inseparable from his talk. Our Republican friends north of the Orange River, if they do not boast of some particularly-defined type of features or national vagaries, rejoice, at least, in some peculiarities distinguishable from that of more advanced communities.

Courtship in the Trans-Gariep territory is reduced to zero, as far as regards the poetical or romantic sentiment affecting the mass. No troubadour ever touched guitar to his lady-love in Boerdom. To serenade under the lattice of the hallowed bedroom where his Saraha or Rachel lay would be to qualify the eccentric swain for a residence on Robben Island, at least in the eyes of the simple-minded burghers of the Free States. The nativity of the muses is as far from them as are the two poles. An elopement would be looked upon as a presage of the end of time, and a Gretna Green held in as much dread as is that historical region which is said to be warmer than the Cape. The amorous youth who becomes a candidate for hymeneal honours hides all display of the tender passion under a calm, undemonstrative surface. No quick pulsation of the heart—no flurried mien, no nervous anxiety betrays his hopes or fears—no artistical arrangement of the moustache, no adjustment of his scarf; but there he will sit, inquring from herself how many sheep or goats his unimpassioned Saraha possesses If he has just arrived, his horse will be led up and down in front of the house, to show the fringe and tasselled drapery of his saddle, for in this respect he is as vain as a Spanish Don; and scarcely will he have overcome his unemotional greeting, and quietly seated himself on a veld stool or hard-bottomed chair, when he whips out a small comb from his jacket pocket, and begins his toilet in the *voerhuis*. The history of almost all nations point to—through the worship of the Golden Calf—the mating of youth to old age. However suicidal the sacrifice is, the Free State can record her instances of this power of Mammon.

Not many years ago, in a small township of the Republic, the writer witnessed the union of a summer blossom and a winter leaf. It is true the bride could not be called a Venus, nor could the bridegroom justly be dubbed a Bluebeard, though twice he had draped his hat, and tried to mourn the loss of departed spouses; and

from his apparent indifference in wooing a third, he seemed equal to the occasion of adding to the number of those who had gone; and yet Richard was himself again—not the slightest index of feeling was manifested in his stoical face. The many inflictions of Job, converged into one great calamity, would seemingly hardly have exacted a sigh from this withered bridegroom. Equally unmoved by the merry laughter of youth, or the smile of beauty, his life had become dull and Boerish. As to her, it was merely a bartering of youth and freedom to share in the herds and flocks of her patriarchal husband. A similar instance was that of old Klaas, who had well nigh reached his seventieth summer. Klaas was one of those thick-set semi-Doppers, whose ablutions were about as seldom performed as that of a Palestine Jew, and whose unkempt hair would have taxed the ingenuity of Mr. Penfold to have defined a parting. Klaas was rich after the manner of the ancient Hebrews, for on his broad acres grazed vast herds of cattle. His *inamorata* was a tall, somewhat stately widow of about half his age, a toiling, thrifty woman, possessing a rare amount of shrewdness, which merged itself into low cunning. During the life of her first husband, she rather despised old Klaas as an odd specimen of the *genus homo*, but now she laid siege to this antique flockmaster. The advances on both sides for a time were of a passive nature, for old Klaas was constitutionally nervous; but Meetje kept her speculative organ on the land and the lambs, bowed herself to the force of circumstances, and did sacrifice unto Klaas. The courtship was devoid of a single spark of sentiment. On an old fashioned *rustbank* the two would sit bolt upright, with one palm overlapping the other, in the most listless, apathetic manner; not a word would escape from either of them for considerable intervals, and their speechless, rigid attitude might have been taken for models of phlegmatic indifference. At length the colossal bulk of Meetje would edge nearer to old Klaas—for she might have answered to the description of fair, fat, and forty—which the old fellow would recognise by heaving a deep-drawn sigh, but whether it was in anticipating coming joy, or in apprehension of some pending danger, it was difficult to construe; a subdued glance over the left from old Klaas towards the bride elect was about the only external sign of reciprocity, and thus hours and days passed, till Mammon secured its victim.

A similar sameness characterises the match-making of the beardless striplings of our northern Republics, who take a wife with as little ceremony in the wooing as many have in the purchase of a horse. Scholastic acquirements do not burden the brain in Boerdom, and writing, as an art, is but little practised. Until recently a *billet-doux* was about as great a stranger in the house of a Free State rustic as a costly fan or fine painting would be. To master the mysteries of the *vraagboekje* was about the maximum attainment aspired to, hence the young ladies grew up in bucolic innocence of sensational novels, and the emotional acting portrayed of some favourite hero or

heroine was as little known to them as the histories of the first Napoleon or Mary Stuart. There may be bliss in this primitive ignorance, but if Byron's Phœbe be taken as a not unexceptional representative, he would be a bold philosopher who would assert that acquaintance with the highly-wrought passions of dramatic writing would but mark the folly of wisdom. The blank, aimless, monotony of such lives are spent in one dull round of eating and sleeping. To them time has as little value as it had to Robinson Crusoe in his solitary island, and marked by about as few episodes. The age of puberty is barely reached, when some neighbour's son, whose teeth are longer than his beard, considers his Eden requires an Eve, and in the most simple off-handed manner intimates the fact, and suggests to his future bride the amalgamation of their stock in a joint proprietorship. No formal trammel of civilisation pervades the atmosphere there; no interchange of presents, no premature development of poetical genius displays itself in the dedication of sentimental twaddle to relieve the surcharged feelings; and even that almost universal symbol—the wedding ring—is dispensed with in the majority of cases. Ante-nuptial contracts and marriage settlements are considered as unnecessary in such engagements as winning the affections, and making provisions for the future. A tent or outside room is apportioned as a residence, and with 100 sheep and a few cows the young couple start life, whilst the boy-husband, relying on his hardy pony and trusty rifle, keeps his larder in a similar state to that of the widow's cruise of oil.

Not many years ago, the writer had pointed out to him a married pair in the Free State whose united ages amounted to twenty-nine. The young wife was a young mother, and her age was but fourteen. As to her capabilities of house management, and taking upon herself the early cares of paternity, I will leave the fair portion of my readers to criticise the first, and question the propriety of the second. This may be an exceptional case as to youth, but fifteen and sixteen years are by no means singular ages for Free State girls to get married at, for then they are often grown into big, buxom women, while their chosen lords are generally but a very few years their seniors.

It would be easy to assign a cause for such an effect. Isolated, exclusive habits are forced ingredients of farm life, all the more vitally apparent in a country where the profession of the land surveyor is supplanted by the brisk trot of a company of Boers in the allotment of a farm. Miles upon miles intervene between the farmstead, visits of neighbours are periodical undertakings, and the arrival of a stranger is held as an advent of importance. Thrown back on their own untutored resources of amusement, made companions of and fellow-workers with the parents from infancy, the mushroom-like qualities of the girls bloom into womanhood with tropic fertility, and the first adventurous candidate for the Benedictine order finds that nature and local circumstances have predisposed this

prairie flower to a change of name, without much change of social condition.

It would be useless to mourn with the poet—

> "That the saddest sight of all was a gay and girlish thing,
> Cast aside her maiden gladness for a name and for a ring,"

for this overgrown child, of a semi-civilized state, knows naught of gaiety—the romping, laughing, girlish days of European maidenhood have no counterpart, or even equivalent here. The metamorphosis is sudden—the days that should have been devoted to decorating the handiwork of the German artisan have scarcely dawned, when they are cast aside for the matronly duties of attending to the first-born. The hypothesis that these early marriages have caused deterioration in the present colonist I will leave for the biologist to decide. Climatic influences, doubtless, plays its part with the youthful Dopper and others, who embrace wedlock in our neighbouring Republics; and, recognizing the prevalence of the fact, the natural deduction is an effeminating tendency of the race. M.

Life.

Toiling always, reaping naught,
Never finding what is sought,
Life with all unrest is fraught.
Pain with joy walks hand in hand,
Casting shadows o'er the land,
A mysterious, mocking band.
Love draws but a fitful breath:
Hate soon steals her rosy wreath.
Life springs forth from ghastly Death.
How to part the tangled thread,
Which before me now is spread,
I cannot tell. In pious dread
At the footstool of my King
I will leave all questioning,
All my vain unravelling.

Mu.

Picturesque Holland.*

A RECENT writer in one of the leading newspapers of Cape Town in attempting to describe Holland said :—"It is known that Holland produces every year prodigious quantities of cheese, butter, and herrings, with something considerable in the way of cattle, and out of the profits of such commercial undertakings, Mynheer continues to cut more dykes and build more dams, to erect quaint summer-houses on the banks of his canals with 'Lust en Rust,' written over the door, to smoke innumerable pipes and to drink copious potations of schiedam."

If there were any doubt of the writer's utter ignorance of the Dutch and their habits, it would be removed by the last words of the passage quoted. For the fact is that, with exception of the lowest classes, the Dutchman never smokes pipes and never drinks schiedam. The Dutchman smokes cigars, and if young England and young Africa were to appear in the streets of Holland with their pipes in their mouths, they would attract as much attention as a Dog Rib Indian in his native costume. Gin and water, the favourite beverage in so many other countries, is an unheard of liquor in Holland. The respectable Dutchman takes no gin except in the shape of bitters before dinner. I still vividly recollect how completely a Cape gentleman knocked the breath out of the body of a hotelkeeper in Holland, when he ordered him to bring in gin and water for some friends who called on him in the evening. That Cape gentleman, on that occasion discovered, what the writer just quoted has not yet found out, that the Dutch esteem gin and water rather less highly than the English our Cape wines; and that we must not judge a nation by the witty stories circulated about it. Visiting a country, forming personal acquaintance with its people, afford a safer means of arriving at correct conclusions.

And this is what Mr. Henry Havard, the author of "Picturesque Holland" has done. He did not go for the purpose of verifying stories about Dutch pipe-smoking and gin-drinking, but he undertook the journey because he found a most extraordinary statement about the Netherlands in a German Handbook of Geography. In that handbook he found the Netherlands described as forming part of Germany, a doctrine which to him sounded so strange, that he determined to see before he believed. He went and the above mentioned book is the result. It is a thoroughly French book. It does not appear whether it was originally written in English or whether it is a translation, but in either case, the language and style are French. Here and there a little less enthusiasm and exaggeration would perhaps have been desirable. Those who have seen the towns of Hindeloopen and Enkhuizen will agree with me when I say that one must be

* "Picturesque Holland." By HENRY HAVARD: London, R. Bentley & Son, 1876.

gifted with a rather lively imagination, if he calls those towns "royal cities;" this we find on page 10, and if we read, on the very next page, of "cows, buried up to their middle in herbage," we involuntarily think of the *granum salis*.

The Dutch words and names occurring in the book are somewhat better spelt than in other English works, but there is still room for great improvement in this respect. If the author had asked his Dutch fellow traveller Baron de Constant Rebecque to revise the proof sheets we would not find "Jabriek schoof" (page 247) for Fabriekschol, and a score of similar mistakes or misprints. The greatest fault of the book is that it says too little of the manners, customs, and mode of life of the people, and contains too minute descriptions of old buildings, fortifications, and especially churches. Lovers of antiquity may find all this interesting enough, but ordinary readers do not care to have the description of every village church and every cathedral to be seen in the provinces of Friesland, Groningen, Drenthe, Overyssel, and Gelderland. These church descriptions become so tedious and tiresome that the reader is brought to regard lines as the following as an oasis in a desert; (page 149) "The Lords of Heiden in the good old times enjoyed a curious privilege. Each newly-married peasant who became a father before the regular time—that is to say, whose wife increased the population in less than nine months after the nuptial benediction—had to work for the Counts of Heiden for as long a time as they were in advance of the prescribed period. As these things, it appears, happened pretty frequently, the Lords of Laarwoud had always a numerous company at work on their estates. It was certainly very hard upon the poor husbands thus to render them responsible for the caprices of nature."

To attain his object, namely that of ascertaining the relationship between the Dutch and the Germans, Mr. Havard had to direct his steps in the first place to the Dutch provinces bordering on Germany, and this is one reason why his book is not so interesting as it otherwise might have been. Of the Holland *κατ' ἐξοχην*, of the heart of Holland, he says nothing The provinces of North and South Holland and Utrecht, which contain the most populous cities, and the most remarkable institutions, are not noticed. Yet he finds even in the most northern and border districts enough to admire and to praise. In an out-of-the-way village in the province of Groningen he finds a school so admirably conducted that he cannot forbear saying: "It would be well if French villages were thus happily provided." (page 133).

Later on (page 163), he tells us of his visit to the penitentiary or Veinhuizen, an agricultural colony, where persons convicted of mendicancy are detained. It is situated in a desert, but 100,000 acres of the desert have been reclaimed, and are now under high cultivation. Vagabondage is thus put an end to. Those guilty of it are converted into useful citizens, and the country profits by their labours. One cannot help thinking why in every country in the world something

similar is not established, and why steps should not be taken to make the loafers and beggars of Cape Town cultivate the Cape Flats. By such a course they would be rescued from degradation, and the Colony would be benefited.

At Groningen he notices the Deaf and Dumb Institute, which ranks there in importance to similar establishments in Europe (page 103). It is only excelled by those in Paris and St. Petersburg. A long and interesting description is given (page 238 to 399) of an institution near Zutphen, called "Nederlandsch Mettray." Its inmates are children who have committed offences for which they are not responsible, owing to their tender age, and also orphans. Here also the principle is "to improve the earth by man, and man by means of the earth." The children are chiefly taught gardening and useful trades. At the Cape juvenile offenders are cast in prison, brought into daily contact with hardened criminals, and naturally, at the expiration of their sentence, they are worse than they were on the day when they received their sentence; and most of them are ruined for life by the teaching and example of their fellow prisoners. A similar establishment for older lads convicted of more serious crimes is noticed by the author (page 260). It is the Kruïsberg near Doetinchem, and a little further on (page 263) he mentions the Kolonial Militair Invalidenhuis, near Arnhem, which seems to be a little paradise for the old invalids, where they enjoy a well merited rest after the fatigues and perils of the battle-field and of the East and West Indian Colonies.

As was stated before, the origin of the book was Mr. Havard's desire to become acquainted with the feelings entertained in the Dutch border districts towards the neighbouring Germans; and to find out whether the language, the customs, the pursuits, and the sentiments of the Dutch were such as to justify the assertion that they are not a different nationality, and that they virtually do form part, or ought to form part of the German Empire. That a Frenchman of to-day should be elated at discovering that the Dutch claim entire independence of Germany, and object very strongly against being annexed and swallowed up, is easily understood. The instances he gives of the want of cordiality between the two nations, are not always very striking and not always very appropriate and well chosen. But the fact will not be denied by any one acquainted with Holland and the Dutch. The spirit of independence is still as strong as ever it was. And I do not hesitate for a moment to say, that if matters came to such a pass that annexation of Holland became unavoidable, if it were left for the Dutch to choose they would infinitely rather be annexed to France than to Germany,—to Germany, which is but another name for Prussia. It is not exaggeration to say that the Dutchman hates Prussia—hates Bismarck. Bismarck is to the Dutchman the personification of despotism, and in Holland despotism never found favour. On page 134, Mr. Havard tells us that at Nieuw Schans he was informed by a Dutchman that formerly

Germans used to cross the frontier and work on the Dutch farms. But since 1866 it no longer happens. The German labourers are no longer civilly received, and the relationships between the borderers are altogether broken. "All is now Prussian," and this wrought the change.

On page 250 he says that the manufacturers of Almelo formerly were in the habit of paying their workmen in German coin. Some years ago the workmen refused to receive German thalers any longer, and struck. "Their patriotism," says Havard, "was stronger than their personal interests." On page 274 he speaks of a splendid estate, the Biljoen, near Arnhem, which was sold some years ago and bought by a German. "A foreigner arrived on the scene, a German, devoid of any love of art, of country and of nature. The precious treasures were dispersed to the four winds. Trees, a century old, were cut down, and the old manor converted into a common dwelling, and the forest became a desert. 'Only one of them came into the country, and yet you see everything is destroyed,' remarked M. van T——, 'imagine what would happen if our poor Gelderland were invaded by a number of them!'" On page 291 he says: "Water is not much drunk in Arnhem. 'I taste that water!' said one to me; 'when I think that, may be, Germans have bathed in its coolness,—ponah—it makes me sick!'"

The proofs Mr. Havard gives of the antipathy existing between Holland and Prussia, may be thought to have a touch of the trivial and the ridiculous about them, but the fact of its existence is, for all that, indisputable. The Holland of to-day may seem shorn of its pristine glory and power, it may indeed possess "very little current history," it may seem an easy thing and a charitable act to annex it to some great power, but when the attempt is made to blot out that nation, to rob it of its liberty, it will be seen that the motto of the town of Nynegen, is still the motto of the United Netherlands: "*Melius est bellico·a libertas quam pacifica servitas.*" Though it was in an after-dinner toast, Mr. Havard did not overdraw when he said: "The old Batavian blood is in full flow on your blessed soil, and the good heart of this country beats in unison with those of all her children! And yet the individuality of this heroic corner of the world is disputed. Men have said that it was part of a great whole, without reflecting that it was itself complete, an indivisible unity twice conquered by your ancestors, first from the elements and then from foreign domination. And where would justice be if a capricious stroke of the pen, wielded by a fanatic savant, or if an unscrupulous political reign could extinguish the sacrifices and the holy immolations of ages?"

F.

Reminiscences of the 1834 War.*

The following morning, Major Gregory started for Graham's Town with the greater part of the patrol, while the rest, who were nearly all of them Lower Albany men, were left at Bathurst with the double object of protecting the village from being destroyed, and to guard the cattle.

This duty, as the larger portion of the cattle belonged to our family, we, as in duty bound, willingly undertook, though we longed to be in a more stirring and active position, for I must say the unprovoked inroad made upon the colonists by the Kafirs had aroused a feeling within us to pay them back again for their cruelty and destruction of the lives and property of the settlers in such a manner as they would not forget in a hurry. To stay at Bathurst therefore, and turn cattle-herds day and night for weeks, was to us very dull work, when preparation was being made to invade Kafirland and fighting was going on in many parts of the country; and what made things more tiresome was we had no men to spare to ride expresses, and our communications with Graham's Town were few and far between.

One day when we were all anxious for news, as we had been evry quiet, and we had heard nothing for some time, we were startled with the booming of cannon in the direction of the Fish River, near Trompetter's Drift. Shot after shot kept echoing over the hills during a good part of the day, letting us know that a fight of some kind was going on, but with what result we could only guess, though we never for a moment fancied that our troops and burghers were doing otherwise than giving the Kafirs a licking.

It was some days before we heard the news that the Kafirs had been attacked in the Fish River bush by the troops and burghers, who had killed a number of Kafirs, though not without some loss of life on our side; that a number of cattle had been taken by our poeple, and that one of the officers fresh from England, who had never before seen so many cattle in one lot, exclaimed "Surely there were enough cattle in that lot to pay all the colonists' losses.'

About this time we got a reinforcement from town to our little band at Bathurst. A Captain Forbes and his company were sent down, and some of the Lower Albany people taking advantage of the military escort, came back from town.

Not many days after, the Kafirs made a real attack upon the cattle kraal, and by creeping up quietly had succeeded in removing some of the posts of the enclosure, when they were discovered and fired upon by one of the sentries. As only one shot was fired they called to each other to rush in and drive out the cattle, and were rushing in through the opening they had made for the purpose, when

* Continued from the *Cape Monthly*, December, 1876.

the other men on guard came up and gave them a volley knocking over some of them. At this there was a great cry of "koka" which is a pretty sure sign that some one is hurt, as it is only when a Kafir is wounded that from a sort of inherent or natural propensity for falsehood, he tries to make you believe by singing out "koka" that he is all right. No sooner did the Kafirs find out that they would have to fight for the cattle, which it seems they hardly expected, than they at once ran away, taking their wounded with them. The cattle, with the noise of the Kafirs and the flashing and reports of the guns rushed down toward the house so thick that there was some difficulty in getting through them, the guard-house being in the cattle enclosure, so that by the time the rest of the guard got through the cattle the Kafirs were out of sight. The next morning we found by the blood about the opening that they had made in the kraal and also upon their spoor in running away, that some of them were seriously damaged. One dead Kafir was afterwards found in the direction they fled. Whether more than this one was killed we never heard except that some time afterwards the body of a Kafir was discovered in the bush with some dry meat that appeared to have been roasted lying near him, also a tin containing water, showing he had been unable to follow his companions, and they had left him to his fate after providing for him as I have stated. It was supposed by those who found him that he had not been able to help himself to either the food or water kindly provided by his friends. How long he may have lived all alone in this helpless condition is one of the things that remains untold. It was, however, one of the sad effects of war even in a mild form, such as we had it at Bathurst; and such almost unknown suffering must have frequently been the case in the wooded and rugged kloofs of the frontier, where small fights, as I have said, in detail, were of almost daily occurrence.

After the Kafirs had failed in their attempt on the cattle kraal they gave up annoying us and things were much more quiet than we liked, for the people bagan to grow careless, and often wandered away from the village to their houses and gardens to look for vegetables. Some of the houses had not been burnt by the Kafirs, though they sometimes slept in them. They did not care to set them on fire as it would have betrayed their movements and shown us where they were,—a thing they took particular care not to let us know if possible. The cattle were always guarded by a party of mounted men, and a part of these men frequently went some distance from the cattle to seek for Kafir "spoors" which we used to find at times, but seldom more than two or three—just a few Kafirs lurking about in the hopes of getting hold of a few stray cattle or a horse or two; but we took good care they never got any stray cattle, and these Kafirs must often have had a hungry time of it poking about in the bush. Finding the people were daily getting less careful in their visits to the gardens, we were under the necessity of going in for a hoax or

false alarm to frighten them, as we felt sure some of them would get killed; so we devised a plan which we carried out in a most successful manner. The house and enclosure where the guard stayed with the cattle at night was about two hundred yards from the church, and the plan of alarm was as follows: – Half a dozen of our men unknown to the sentries on cattle-guard were sent round to a ditch and bank about fifty yards from the cattle kraal. The spot was selected the day before. The bank faced the kraal with the ditch beyond. These men on taking up their position began firing over the kraal and the bullets went whizzing from them over the church. The sentries in the kraal returned the fire, not knowing but what it was Kafirs attacking them. Our men, of course, kept behind the bank, putting up the muzzles of their guns, and fired over the kraal. This firing was kept up by the sentries until the rest of us came up, when a regular volly was fired, of course, in the air; in the mean time Captain Forbes and his company turned up to help, Forbes crying out "Where are the rascals?" He was soon made aware of their whereabouts, as some more shots were fired from the bank, and the shots went whizzing over our heads high in the air, Forbes remarking "the fellows had got the wrong range." He then called out to us to charge. This we were quite ready for and all those up to the secret charged the bank and ditch, and as agreed upon as soon as we got there our men joined us and we fired a few shots across the field beyond, and then returned and reported the Kafirs had fled from the trench without waiting for us to come upon them, and that we supposed from the position they had taken behind the bank, none of them had been killed that we could see. This was not very satisfactory to Captain Forbes, who wished some of the rascals had been killed. Forbes and the men from the church then went back, though before he went back the sentries were ordered to be doubled. This we promised to attend to. The next day an express was sent to town with an account of the affair, and the Graham's Town papers had quite an exciting description of the brilliant affair at Bathurst. The next day Kafir "spoors" were seen in all directions, and there was no more going to the gardens to forage for potatoes or other vegetables, so the attack had the desired effect, and people shouldered their guns and buckled on their bandoliers and pistols and looked as fierce as though they intended doing something desperate.

A few days after, we received the news that the Governor Sir B. D'Urban, and Colonel Smith, were almost ready to enter Kafirland with the troops and burghers. This quite upset all the Bathurst arrangements, as the greater part of the young men there at once said they would go as volunteers to Kafirland. Not caring to prevent this move in any way, as we had resolved to volunteer ourselves, we sent our cattle back to the farm with some of the brothers and a few Basutos we had in our service, and who stuck to us manfully all through the war and did good service. The rest of us (four) stayed

to join the "Bathurst Volunteers," as they styled themselves. After seeing the cattle sent away, we bid adieu to Bathurst for a time, and under the orders of my brother William, who was made captain without pay or commission, we started for Graham's Town, which we found barricaded and guarded as though in a state of siege. We took up our quarters in the town for a short time and provded ourselves with such things as we required for our use in the field. While in town, we almost lost our Captain in a strange way. Going along Bathurst-street one night to where our parents were staying, he was challenged by a man on guard, who called out "Who goes there?" he replied "A friend," and walked on, "Who goes there?" was repeated again in double quick time. He then replied in a loud voice "A friend," at the same time he heard the man cock his gun. He then said "Are you mad, or what is the matter with you?" to which the sentry replied "Law! I nearly shot you." "It was just as well you did not try, or I would certainly have shot you; but could you not hear me say I was a friend in plain English?" "I didn't hear you, sir; I'm deaf." After this we came to the conclusion we would be safer in Kafirland, and shortly after this we started to join the invading force who were encamped near Fort Wiltshire. From here as the slaughter cattle were getting short, a large patrol under Colonel Smith crossed the Keiskamma in the night, and at day-light the next morning we came upon a lot of Kafirs, and cattle Shooting a few Kafirs, and taking about three hundred head of cattle, we returned to the camp the same evening with them, which quite set up our Commissariat Department with beef, many of the cattle being in fine condition for killing. One of my brothers was taken ill with fever and had to be taken to the hospital at Fort Wiltshire, and another brother had to stay as nurse, there being no regular hospital there at the time; so William and I were all of the brothers left to go with the volunteers, or, as we were now called, the "Corp of Guides." Soon after this the invading force broke up their camp in the night and proceeded towards Kafirland. On passing by Fort Wiltshire, my brother and I left the rest of our party and went to say "good bye" to the two brothers we were leaving at the fort. We obtained admission and said good bye, and were just going out of the gateway in the grey dawn of the morning when up came Colonel Smith, "Hollo, you d—— confounded rascals, what are you doing here? Come to see your poor brother, I suppose. How is he? God bless him." To this we replied we thought he was somewhat better. "That's all right, now go and join the rest of the men of your corp, you will find them with Sir Benjamin Durban." So away we went and soon joined the "Corp of Guides." This corp being composed of Kafir traders or young farmers, knew as much about riding in military order as a lot of Kafirs, and we often rode in anything but an orderly manner. On the line of march as we were going quietly along the road, up came Colonel Smith. "Halt! Stop! for I do not think

you know what 'halt' means. Fall in three and three." So we at once got into threes as well as we could, and rode on, but sometimes a bush or more than one threw us out of order, so we were not very successful in keeping up a proper military form. "There you go again, all in a heap like a lot of sheep or bucks; well, if you ride like that the Kafirs will shoot or assegai you all in a heap some fine day; but I'll learn you how to ride before we get back, see if I don't." I have left out some portions of the speech as not necessary to the sense. After this, to please the Colonel, where the ground admitted of our doing so, we used to ride as directed, and he used to swear at us sometimes, and say "We were good fellows and were beginning to see the value of order and regularity." The army halted for a few days at what is now called Fort White, near the Debe Neck. That night a Kafir creeping up to have a look at us was shot by one of the Corp of Guides. From here part of the invading force entered the Keiskamma Hoek, expecting to have a brush with the Kafirs there, but the Kafirs, though we passed a number of kraals, were nowhere to be seen except an odd one here and there who called out from the hills above, asking us "What we came there for?" Did we not know that the country and cattle belonged to them, and why were we all come there to be killed; and such like questions. Finding no cattle or Kafirs we began our return back down the Keiskamma toward the mission station of "Burn's Hill." On the way down we saw a small lot of cattle on a ridge beyond the river and Colonel Smith called out, "Now, Bowker, your men are the fellows for cattle, go and take that lot and as many more as you can find." So Bowker with about ten others crossed the Keiskamma, and took the cattle on the ridge. When looking over towards the bush we saw a considerable number of cattle just below us. The footpaths we found trodden quite soft with Kafir "spoor;" so we concluded that these cattle were a trap set for us. Brother William said to me, "Shall we go down, and get that lot?" I, who had just come on all the Kafir spoor showed them to him, and said, "If you wish never to get back again we can go." To this he replied he had not quite made up his mind to do that, but regretted all the men had not come, though he said in excuse he supposed they thought we were quite enough to take such a small lot of cattle. So we turned back with the first lot we had taken to the troops, and we had hardly turned round when we heard quite a yell of disappointment from the Kafirs in the Hoek below. When we got back Colonel Smith wanted to know if those were all the cattle we could find. We said no, we had seen a large lot in the Hoek beyond us, and "Why did you not bring them?" To this my brother replied "We did not care to leave ourselves there, or we might have tried." While the colonel was speaking, some Kafirs came out on the ridge where we took the cattle from, and asked us "Why we had not come and taken the other lot below us?" We answered we were not blind, but would come for them another day. As we went down the

river the Kafirs fired at us, and were very impertinent; said we were going away with only a few cattle, and if we did not take great care of them they would have them back before we got to the camp. Shortly after passing Burn's Hill the Kafirs shot a young man of the name of Lloyd by firing from the bush. He was not killed on the spot, but was mortally wounded, and died a few days after from the wound as the ball which had injured the back-bo ne could notbe extracted.

B.

Notes of the Month.

NEW BOOKS.

AMONG the new books issued, the Life of Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley, and Canon of Chester Cathedral, will be heartily welcomed by the public. His bio grapher is Mrs. Kingsley, who allows him to explain his motives and tell the story of his life by his own admirable letters, which have much of the charm and vivacity of his writings.

Kingsley was a West countryman, bred and born. Speaking to Mr. Francis Galton in reference to his book on "Hereditary Genius," in which the Kingsley family are spoken of, he said, "We are the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and had every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quiet, extraordinary, practical, and administrative power." He was born of these parents at Holne Vicarage, under the brow of Dartmoor, on the 12th June, 1819. As a child he was delicate and precocious, and began to preach sermons and write poems (examples of both of which are published) between the the ages of four and five. His parents left Dartmoor when he was eleven, and removed for a time to the Fens of Lincolnshire, then in something of their primæval state. From thence they went to the lovely village of Clovelly, in Cornwall, where the family remained till they removed to the rectory of St. Luke's, Chelsea, in 1836. The influence of the fen scenery can be seen in his works, and of Cornwall he himself said to his wife, "Now you have seen Clovelly, you know what was the inspiration of my life before I met you."

Having studied at Cambridge and taken holy orders, he was offered the curacy of Eversley, and went there in 1842. He was twenty-three when he settled down among the country people, and he soon won great power over them. "He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the haymakers in the pasture. From knowing every fox-earth on the moor, the reedy hover of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he had always a word of sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher." He lived in a small thatched cottage in the roughest fashion, meanwhile going through much inward struggle in which he fought his doubts and gathered strength. His marriage to Miss Grenfell and his appointment to the Rectory of Eversley came nearly together, and soon after—in 1846– his life of St. Elizabeth, begun in prose in 1842, was finished and published as "The Saint's Tragedy." This poem at once gave him a literary position. Bunsen regarded it and "Hypatia" as the most important and perfect of his works. In the same year of gloom and distress in public affairs "Yeast" appeared in *Frazer's Magazine*. His contribu-

tions to "Politics for the People," his letters signed "Parson Lot," and the active sympathy they showed with the popular discontent, exposed him to much misapprehension even from friends. His health became affected by the anxiety caused by remonstrances from well meaning people on one hand, and on the other his profound feeling for the agricultural poor in that time of general distress. He made, however, many friends about this period, among them Bishop Stanley, Archdeacon Hare, Sir Arthur Helps, Mr. Hullah, Mr. Froude, Mr. J. M. Ludlow, and Mr. T. Hughes. A little earlier than this he had come under the influence of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, whom he speaks of as his "master."

Another very strong influence on Kingsley's mind was that of Mr. Carlyle, whose works laid the foundation to which Coleridge's "Aids" and Maurice's writings were the superstructure. His personal communications with Mr. Carlyle seem to have begun about the time of the publication of "Alton Locke," respecting which work the following characteristic letter was written by the sage of Chelsea, in acknowledgment of a copy sent as soon as it was out:—

Chelsea, October, 31, 1850.

It is now a great many weeks that I have been your debtor for a book which in various senses was very welcome to me. "Alton Locke" arrived in Annandale, by post from my wife, early in September, and was swiftly read by me, under the bright sunshine, by the sound of rushing brooks and other rural accompaniments. I believe the book is still doing duty in these parts; for I had to leave it behind me on loan, to satisfy the public demand. Forgive me, that I have not, even by a word, thanked you for this favour. Continual shifting and moving ever since, not under the best omens, has hindered me from wr'ting almost on any subject or to any person.

Apart from the treatment of my own poor self (on which subject let me not venture to speak at all), I found plenty to like and be grateful for in the book: abundance, nay exuberance of generous zeal; headlong impetuosity of determination towards the manful side on all manner of questions; snatches of excellent poetic description, occasional sunbursts of noble insight; everywhere a certain wild intensity, which holds the reader fast as by a spell: these surely are good qualities, and pregnant omens in a man of your seniority in the regiment! At the same time, I am bound to say, the book is definable as *crude*; by no manner of means the best we expect of you—if you will resolutely temper your fire. But to make the malt sweet, the fire should and must be slow: so says the proverb, and now, as before, I include all duties for you under that one! "Saunders Mackaye," my invaluable countryman in this book, is nearly perfect; indeed, I greatly wonder how you did contrive to manage him—his very dialect is as if a native had done it, and the whole existence of the rugged old hero is a wonderfully splendid and coherent piece of Scotch bravura. In both of your women, too, I find some grand poetic features; but neither of them is worked out into the "Daughter of the Sun" she might have been; indeed, nothing is worked out anywhere in comparison with "Saunders;" and the impression is of a fervid creation still left half chaotic. That is my literary verdict, both the black of it and the white.

Of the grand social and moral questions we will say nothing whatever at present: any time within the next two centuries, it is like, there will be enough to say about them! On the whole, you will have to persist; like a cannon-ball that is shot, you will have to go to your mark, whatever that be. I stipulate farther that you come and see me when you are at Chelsea; and that you pay no attention at all to the foolish clamour of reviewers, whether laudatory or condemnatory.

Yours with true wishes,

T. Carlyle.

This criticism seems to have had its effect. In later works Mr. Kingsley did resolutely temper his fire, and did better, if not the best that was expected of him. The controversies which were provoked by "Yeast" raged even more fiercely over "Alton Locke," and Mr. Kingsley found refuge from them in parochial duties, in the vast private correspondence his books brought, and in

further literary effort. "Hypatia" was published in 1853, and was followed by "Alexandria and her Schools." All this time multitudes of strangers came to the village church to hear him, and he was constantly called on for all kinds of public work His wife says of these public appearances that he seldom returned from them without showing that so much life had gone out of him, "not only from the strain of brain and heart, but from the painful sense of antagonism which his startling mode of stating things called out among his hearers, and of which he was keenly conscious at the time." He was one of those men who must express what he felt.

Mrs. Kingsley, in these volumes, supplies us with an intermediate verse which her husband wrote with the two well-known verses beginning "My fairest child." The lines were written in 1856, and addressed to his niece, but the second verse has not been published until now:—

My fairest child I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray,
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy down;
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakspeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and the vast for ever
One grand sweet song.

THE Cape Colonist (Miss Byrne), who made her *début* as an authoress, last year, in the two volume novel, "Ingram Place," published by Messrs. Longman & Co., has now completed another work, entitled, "Power's Partner," in three volumes. We have not yet seen a copy of the work in the Colony; but it is thus reviewed by the *Academy*:—"The style lacks calmness and strength, yet there is much feeling, and an almost unlimited supply of words. The hero is an old clerk in an office, who is wrongfully accused of stealing, and sent to prison for the fault of another. When he is set free he goes to the Diamond-fields, and really becomes dishonest and cheats his partner by keeping a prodigiously large diamond to himself. With his ill-gotten gains he becomes a millionaire in five years, and gives fashionable parties in Dublin, to which his former partner comes, accompanied by the man who has wronged him in bygone times. The passion for wealth, produced by an undue and morbid susceptibility to the deprivations of poverty, is as strong in Miriam Dwyer, the daughter, as in her father, the convict clerk, and very nearly wrecks her life; but she rises superior to it at length, and does tardy justice to the man whom her father has cheated. The story is a dreary one, and, we think, chiefly so on account of the morbid way in which poverty is regarded in it. Poverty need not be the degradation which this writer makes it appear; it may have its hardships, but they need not necessarily debase the nature, and it will only be an unmitigated evil as long as those who have to bear it regard it as such. If the style of this writer was pruned and restrained, she has talent enough to produce a much stronger story than "Power's Partner."

OSCILLATION OF THE ROTARY AXIS OF THE EARTH.

OUR respected contributor H. W. P., sends us the following note:—

For a long time past I have had a feeling, rather than a conviction, that, in order to account for some of the geological phenomena of the earth's surface, a translation or oscillation of the rotary axis could alone be satisfactory. And recently I have observed that amongst European geologists there is a growing tendency in the same direction.

The discovery of fossil remains of animals, far removed from the zones in which, when living, such animals could have existed, has in a great measure given birth to this idea; and the fact that large deposits of coal exist in regions far removed from the latitude in which vegetation is sufficiently luxuriant to supply the materials from which coal is understood to be derived, naturally suggests that the localities in which they are now found must at one time or other have been under the influence of a tropical climate, and, if so, the reasonable inference must be that these localities have been removed from their original position by oscillations of the rotary axis.

To my mind there appears to be nothing unreasonable in such a hypothesis, for if we go back in imagination to the assumed origin of the world, there can be no difficulty in conceiving such occurrences. The earth, it is supposed, is formed from a condensation of gaseous vapours by precipitation or congelation. The ponderous matter thus derived gradually accumulating to form a globe comprising air, earth, and water, each separated from the other by their various densities, under the action of axial rotation (throwing off force) and the force of gravity to the centre. The solid material would naturally, as it accumulated, take the form of a spheroid having its greatest diameter at the equator, where at last would be formed an elevated belt of dry land rising above the water, and sloping off to lower levels towards the north and south. This natural, or, so to call, primitive form, I imagine was afterwards broken up into irregular surfaces by oscillation of the rotary poles; by which means the original equatorial belt of dry land was placed in a position of resistance or antagonism to the force of rotation, and the force and direction of the tidal currents producing in consequence that irregularity and unequal distribution of land and water which now exists.

Another fact that would seem to favour this supposition is, the position of the magnetic axis, which is divergent from that of rotation. That the true north and south poles should not be also the magnetic poles is inexplicable, unless the oscillation of the axis of rotation be admitted.

The view I take of it is doubtless very theoretical, and may be wide of the truth; but there is something in it very like inductive reasoning. For instance, I cannot conceive it possible that the earth can turn on its axis with such velocity as it does, without external friction, such as to induce electricity in it and its atmosphere, much in the same manner as electricity is generated by a cylindrical electric machine, the fluid from which conducted round certain dense bodies, induces in them various effects of magnetism By analogy, therefore, I imagine that the electricity caused by the friction of rotation, circling round the dense nucleus of the earth must induce magnetism in it, the poles being co-incident with those of the rotary axis. Now if this idea be admitted and that magnetism was induced in the earth during the period of its original consolidation, it is obvious that a divergence of anything less than 90° from its original position would not deprive the axis of its magnetic character, although it might modify it. Slaty cleavage and the divisional planes in crystalline rocks appear to me more explicable under these views than any other. They appear to have some subordination to magnetism and yet must have taken effect under the influence as well of the great forces of gravity and rotation. Of course I imagine many oscillations, whether gradual or sudden, to account for the upheaval and derangement of the stratified deposits, now forming mountain ranges and valleys, with lakes, rivers, and estuaries, &c, as well as for the otherwise unaccountable position of many coal deposits and fossils.

H. W. P.

BAINES' MAP.

We have been favoured with a copy of the map which is to accompany the late Mr. Thomas Baines' book on the Gold-fields of Southern Africa. This is incomparably the best geographical work on South Africa that has as yet been published. It is compiled from the late traveller's own observations, assisted by

Messrs. J. Chapman, Henry Hartley, Captain Elton, St. Vincent Erskine, E. Mohr, R. Jewell, A. Bellville, R. J. Miller, and other friends, and has been issued under the supervision of Henry Hall, Esq., from the excellent establishment of Mr. Stanford, Charing Cross. The whole of the territories from the Cape to the Zambezi are represented with a fulness of topographical detail which gives a thoroughly complete idea of the country; and the various localities in which gold has been found are marked in colour,—extending from Zululand through the Transvaal, and the Kingdoms of Lobengula and Umzila, to the auriferous districts of the Zambezi—the Monomatopa of mediæval geographers.

A PLAGIARISM.

Several correspondents have directed our attention to a gross case of plagiarism committed by the contributor of the verses "A Scene in the Desert," which appeared in the last pages of the January number of the *Magazine*. The composition, which was handed to us as original, we now find has been made up (with a few verbal alterations) of J. C. Mangans' translation of Freligrath's "Gericht des Reisenden," and Dr. A. Baskerville's translation of Freligrath's "Lowenritt;" the first three stanzas from the former and the remaining stanzas (not including the fourth) from the latter. It would be improper to withhold from our contributor the discreditable notoriety which is his due. His card bears the address,—A. H. Nellmapius, Royal Portuguese Vice-Consul, Pilgrim's Rest.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME HUGUENOTS.

The origin of this name is curious; it is not from the German *Eidegenossen*, as has been supposed. Reguier de la Planche accounts for it as follows:—"The name *huguenand* was given to those of the religion during the affair of Amboyse, and they have retained it ever since. I'll say a word about it to settle the doubts of those who have strayed in seeking its origin. The superstition of our ancestors, to within twenty or thirty years thereabouts, was such that in almost all the towns in the kingdom they had a notion that certain spirits underwent their Purgatory in this world after death, and that they went about the town during the night, striking and outraging many people whom they found in the streets. But the light of the Gospel has made them vanish, and teaches us that these spirits were street-strollers and ruffians. At Paris the spirit was called *le moine bourré*; at Orleans, *le mulet odet*; at Blois, *le loup garon*; at Tours, *le Roy Huguet*; and so on in other places. Now, it happens that those whom they called Lutherans were at that time so narrowly watched during the day that they were forced to wait till night to assemble, for the purpose of praying to God, for preaching and receiving the Holy Sacrament; so that although they did not frighten nor hurt anybody, the priests, through mockery, made them the successors of those spirits which roamed the night; and thus that name being quite common in the mouth of the populace, to designate the evangelical *huguenands* in the country of Tourraine and Amboyse, it became in vogue after that enterprise."—*De l' Estat de France*. An. 1560 (Pauth Litt.) S. F.

RAIN FALL IN THE VICTORIA WEST KARROO.

Mr. S. Jackson, in forwarding a register of the rain-fall in the Victoria West district, sends the following note:—

Below, I beg to hand you a report of the rainfall at Brakfontein, Victoria West, for the last four years. You may perhaps deem the report worthy of a corner in the *Cape Monthly*, since upon the rain-fall depend both the prosperity of the

farmers and merchants in these parts, and the price of mutton in Cape Town and Port Elizabeth :—

	1873.	1874.	1875.	1876.	Totals.
January	1·20	·27	·67	5·35	8·19
February	1·98	2·27	1·85	2·69	8·79
March	1·31	1·80	1·23	2·58	6·92
April	·22	·75	·92	·42	2·31
May	1·77	·00	1·55	1·35	4·67
June	·00	·00	1·04	·54	1·58
July	·18	·43	·11	·17	·89
August	·07	·04	·13	·00	·24
September	·09	·05	·00	1·50	1·64
October	·20	·28	·81	·43	1·72
November	2·05	2·44	3·55	·88	8·92
December	·39	2·56	2·89	·00	5·84
Totals	9·46	11·59	14·75	15·91	...
Total of four years...	...	...	...	...	51·71
Average of four years	...	...	...	...	12·9275

It will be at once perceived that the summer is our rainy season, as the winter is yours. But when it rains in the upper country—and so long as it rains there—it very seldom rains here. It follows, of course, that when your rainy season is prolonged beyond its usual time, we invariably suffer from drought.

Again, winter rains in Cape Town are often simultaneous with high north-west wind in this quarter; and our summer rains rarely set in until the Cape south-easters have begun to blow.

From the above figures, it also appears that, as regards the quantity of rain, the months stand in the following order, viz., November, February, January, March, December, May, April, October, September, June, July, August. January, however, would not show so high an average but for an exceptionally heavy fall last year of four inches in the short space of two hours.

I have, &c.,

SIDNEY JACKSON.

Brakfontein, 3rd January, 1877.

Meteorology.

FROM RETURNS FURNISHED BY THE COLONIAL METEOROLOGICAL COMMISSION.

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity, complete saturation equals 100.
ROYAL OBSERVATORY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	30·119	56·8	63·3	50·9	70·3	20th.. ..	43·4	17th.. ..	1·871	8	80
October	30·049	61·4	69·7	53·8	81·7	24th.. ..	45·1	13th.. ..	1·122	7	75

1876, Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Rain-fall	Number of days on which rain fell.	Mean Humidity, complete Saturation equals 100.
						WYNBERG.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Octobe	29·797	61·0	75·1	51·6	88·0	29th.. ..	46·0	13th.. ..	1·075	4	76
						SIMON'S TOWN.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	..	59·8	67·4	54·9	74·0	5th and 6th	50·0	29th	0·630	2	70
October	..	64·6	72·8	57·0	85·0	16th	50·0	10th	1·900	3	67
						PORT ELIZABETH.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	30·187	58·6	64·1	54·3	71·0	21st	49·0	17th	1·300	3	82
October	30·150	63·1	71·8	56·2	100·5	29th	49·5	1st	0·590	2	75
						HUGUENOT SEMINARY, WELLINGTON.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	28·722	55·7	68·1	49·2	74·0	6th, 10th 11th 20th & 22nd	41·0	17th	1·320	7	82
October	28·656	63·9	77·3	53·9	92·0	28th.. ..	45·0	13th.. ..	1·070	5	71
						WORCESTER.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
Sept. ..	29·298	57·2	69·9	48·4	86·0	21st	37·0	17th.. ..	3·350	6	70
October	29·283	63·7	80·0	58·0	99·0	29th.. ..	40·0	13th.. ..	0·400	1	63
						KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August	28·490	51·9	66·8	35·6	82·0	8th.. ..	29·0	4th, 13th, 19th & 30th	0·420	3	74
Sept. ..	28·425	56·9	67·9	43·4	82·0	1st	30·0	24th.. ..	2·970	12	85
October	28·375	60·7	76·0	45·9	99·0	29th.. ..	32·0	1st	0·450	6	75
						GILL COLLEGE, SOMERSET EAST.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
August	27·427	53·9	64·3	46·3	77·0	27th..	35·0	13th & 30th	0·400	3	62
Sept. ..	..	56·1	67·5	50·6	83·0	21st	42·0	17th, 24th, and 29th	1·930	10	76
October	27·550	62·3	74·3	55·4	93·0	29th & 30th	43·0	18th.. ..	0·280	3	67
						ALIWAL NORTH.					
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°		inches.		
July ..	25·238	38·5	61·4	29·0	70·0	31st	21·0	7th & 8th	0·100	1	77
August	25·143	47·7	67·1	35·0	79·0	23rd.. ..	22·0	4th.. ..	0·370	2	73
Sept. ..	25·082	56·4	75·9	45·7	87·0	21st	32·0	17th.. ..	1·120	6	82
October	25·085	59·6	80·3	48·0	94·0	30th.. ..	38·0	18th.. ..	2·190	6	65

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS

RECEIVED BY

J. C. JUTA, BOOKSELLER,

CAPE TOWN.

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J. F. Campbell
Sept 18. 1877.

[NEW SERIES.]

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THE Cape Monthly Magazine.

JUNE, 1877.

CONTENTS:

	PAGE.
HIGHLANDS AND LOWLANDS OF KAFIRLAND. By G. St. V. Cripps. Part II.	325
CENTRAL AFRICA—THE MISSION TO UJIJI	341
NATURE	344
KAFIR NURSERY TALES—THE STORY OF TANGALIMLIBO	345
THE RIFLE BRIGADE IN SOUTH AFRICA	350
TO A FAIR MUSICIAN	358
JOURNEY TO THE NORTH.—NORWAY, SWEDEN, AND FINLAND. By Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B.	359
IN THE CAMP WITH PRETORIUS	371
THE SOUTH AFRICAN FINE ARTS ASSOCIATION	376
OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.—Mr. Froude's South African Journal.	380
NOTE UPON THE JUNCI, OR RUSHES OF THE CAPE COLONY	385
METEOROLOGY	387

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Cape Town, June, 1877.

THE CAPE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Highlands and Lowlands of Kafirland.

By Geo. St. V. Cripps.

PART II.

From our camp on the slope of the Drakensberg, we followed the road by which we had descended from the range, and in doing so rode along the right bank of the Mabele River, which is a small tributary of the Kneika, Adam Kok's boundary river. It is a great treat to be able to break into a trot or canter on these long plains varied by crossing a river occasionally. They are covered with high rank grass, and extend for miles and miles unvaried by any object on which the eye can rest, and are treeless. On our left was the range we had crossed, looking like an unfinished embankment, diminishing in height as we gradually receded from it in descending to the coast. At our halting place for the purpose of breakfasting, which was near a swamp, we were for the first time, and quite unexpectedly, attacked by the most voracious mosquitos one would ever wish to meet. These large grey fellows rose and settled like herons, their legs dangling under them as if too cumbrous to be carried in any other manner. Our stay at this place was not longer than it was possible for us to do with. Before leaving it we were joined by Adam Kok's people, who had been sent by him to assist us through the country.

This is the first glimpse we got of these quaint folks, of whom we shall speak more fully further on. The group before us is composed of an active small race with complexions and features of Chinamen. Adam Kok's Generalissimo is a singularly cool-looking individual, barring his face, remarkably like the atoms of grooms one has seen standing about Tattersall's Yard. All these people wore the usual dress of the wilds; a slouched wide-awake with yellow corduroy coat and trousers, and some gaudy handkerchief or scarf tied either round the wide-awake or around the head. Ostrich feathers of the most miserable kind, and covered with dust and dirt, were worn on the hats of some. With

our new associates, we passed rapidly over the country having mounted fast tripplers sent very kindly for our use. Our traps having been transferred to a wagon enabled the police with us to increase their pace also. Our cook even trotted gaily along, having deposited his *batterie de cuisine* in the wagon, and his horse, particularly chosen on account of his docile disposition, showed more energy and activity than was ever suspected he possessed. The said cook in whose keeping were our inner men, was one of those beings who under the most trying circumstances never lost his temper. We have known him go through a long day's ride, cook during a storm at the end of the day, sit up in his waterproofs all night with buckets of rain falling on him, and the following morning with the cold so severe that one could only creep about, appear at one's tent with a hot cup of coffee and with a smile ask if it was made to one's taste.

The country is unvaried until we reach the Kneika River where a few ridges show themselves, and for the second time animal life presents itself in the shape of some paauw. Before this we had only seen a few red-wing partridges immediately after descending from the range. The paauw were naturally the cause of some excitement amongst our party, and our rifles were soon heard in all directions until the birds took themselves off untouched, when we again subsided into the noise of our voices and the clatter of the horses' hoofs. Later on two birds were seen which were said to be paauws, but one having been shot with a bullet from a rifle, it turned out to be a beautiful ash-gray crane. As we had no way of preserving this creature as a specimen, it was handed over to a Kafir who was first in at the death, who was much pleased with the present, and at our next halt we found him strutting about with the bird's tail-feathers stuck in his head. The feathers of this particular kind of crane are an emblem of victory, it appears.

The Kneika River we found about thirty feet broad and about three feet deep at the drift. Crossing it was therefore only a pleasant cooling process to our horses. It joins the St. John's, at no great distance to the south-east of our position. Our next halt was at Matatiel, which name is given to this locality on account of its being almost surrounded by small rocky hillocks. The word is identical with our word semi-circle, apparently. At this place we fell in with the first kraals since crossing the Quahlamba. They belong to the chief Maquai and his people, who after a better resistance than was offered to the Boers by other Basutos, abandoned their country and took refuge here. We remained here for the night. As darkness advanced, we heard our friends the Griquas, who had pitched their tents at some distance from us, fortunately, going in for bacchanalian orgies—their great weakness. The most of the night was passed in this manner by them, and it was, of course, not easy to rouse them early the following morning.

Sir Walter Currie, who accompanied us, was greatly surprised at

the scarcity of game in this locality, and said it was overrun by troops of antelopes of all kinds when he visited it, not many years since, to point out Adam Kok's beacons to him. At that time he said lions gave his party much trouble by disturbing the horses at night, being compelled to halt near water, and every reedy patch in those days being the retreat of two or more of these monarchs of the wilds.

From Matatiel we moved off in an easterly direction, riding through a dense mist which overhung the swampy lands we were in, and crossing the St. John's River, halted on its left bank. The St. John's is the same size as the Kneika. Both these rivers strongly resemble canals, their banks being perfectly regular and unbroken. The St. John's flows in a south-easterly direction and at no great distance forces itself through very broken country.

Our road now took us slightly south of east until we gained Eland's Berg or Jacob's Ladder, a small mountain standing alone and forming one of Adam Kok's beacons. From here we rode east, having in the distance Mount Fifty or Currie, as it is variously termed, under which is Griqua Town, or Adam Kok's Laager. Up to this time we had been very fortunate as to weather. Nothing could have been finer; the mornings and evenings cold, and the middays, though hotter than one wished, were by no means unbearable or sultry. The sky was always an intense blue unbroken by clouds. After our last halt, however, the sky became dotted by innumerable round, solid-looking clouds, certain precursors of a thunder storm in these regions. Storms so rapidly follow on the gathering of clouds that little time is to be lost in seeking shelter. To avoid a drenching our Griqua friends with their wagon hurried on to a farm on the Drievah River, to be joined by us later in the day. Fortunately for us the storm held off until sunset, when it broke over us with all its fury. When this took place, we were eating our dinner in waterproof suits. The rumbling noise of thunder in the distance increased as it neared us. The rain which had fallen in solitary large drops, soon fell in columns of water, each column carried past by a gust of wind that made our little tents sway about in the most alarming manner. Every now and then a flash of lightning lighted up the whole scene and assisted us in making ourselves more snug. Loud peals of thunder now told us that the storm was near and immediately overhead. The peals were soon exchanged for sharp and sudden crashes right over us, at intervals of a few seconds, which sounded like the crash of broken crockery and died off into that of an exploded rocket. Our dinner and the storm went on together, and with the exception of our soup being rather weaker than usual and the bread a little soddened, we had little to complain of.

The following morning, we were wending our way to Adam Kok's Laager through the morning air, which was intensely cold after the late heavy rain. The road was so slippery that it was avoided wherever it was possible to do so. There is no occasion probably

when a rider and his horse are so dependent on each other, but so little able to render each other any assistance, as when they are on a road in this condition. After passing the Drievah, or sorrowful river—a small stream whose name is *in memoriam* of a piece of atrocity perpetrated on its banks in years past,—we rode into a less level country and before long ascended on to an extensive grass-covered plain which we cantered over. The Griqua Chief had now joined us. He is styled Captain, by the by, and not Chief. He is a quiet, sensible-looking man, more like a Boer than a Griqua in appearance. He had a motley group of followers, inquiries into whose parentage would please a Darwin. Surrounded by these people we jogged on over undulations, and finally reached the laager, which is on the slope of a hill. On our way we captured a little landrail which was secured in a small bush. Our young friend who was beautifully marked in the colours of a quail with a body and neck longer and more graceful, having been scrutinized by all was released, and care was taken that no sticks or stones accompanied him on his departure. The Laager, as this village is called, is in the form of a square, and composed of wattle-and-daub thatched cottages with roads intersecting it at right angles to each other. In the centre is a mud embankment enclosing a compound into which the villagers can retreat in case of attack. The position of the village is by no means convenient, being too much above the river to admit of its being led through it. There are two or three fairly-built houses in this place, the principal one of which is occupied by Adam Kok, and forms at the same time his court-house. At the upper end of the compound is the arsenal having in it two well-finished field-guns, nine-pounders, having on them a cock as the crest of the owner. These guns were kept bright, and in good order. They were given by Sir George Grey. The other munitions of war would prove more dangerous to the individuals using them than to the enemy. The cottages in the village are singularly neat and clean and are arranged on either side of the roads. They are in little gardens which are protected by small palisades. This picturesque place is severed from Mount Fifty or Currie, which rises to some 2,000 feet on the opposite side of it, by the river Umzimclava, which has its source in the mountain. The name Fifty is after the year 1850, and Currie after our companion, Sir Walter, who visited these people in that year in their present country, which from the fact of its being unoccupied was christened No-man's-land.

The costume of the ladies here consists of a large black or red handkerchief over their heads, concealing what may be regarded as a prodigious chignon, and with the exception that the present European fashions are compulsory with them the dress differs but slightly from the usual neat frock one meets with everywhere. These people are small in stature with yellowish-brown complexions and in features somewhat resemble the Chinese. The cheek bones are conspicuously high and angular, whilst the eyes are on a slant across the face and

deeply imbedded in it. Their limbs are sinewy and small, the women and men possessing extremely small hands and feet. The women when young are pretty, cheerful, and very winning in their manner. The men are active and excellent horsemen, but as a rule give way to drunkenness at an early age. The Griquas or Bastards from the account of a missionary who lived amongst them for a considerable time, were first formed into a clan by a liberated slave named Kok: the great grandfather of the present Adam Kok, who had emigrated into the country north-west of the Orange River from the Cape Colony, and in the early days of their formation adopted the name of Cherigriquas from a small tribe of that name near them, from whom their numbers were augmented. In this country they suffered many hardships from the barrenness of the land and constant attacks of neighbours. With the object of improving their position they moved eastwards and occupied the country now under Waterboer on each side of the Vaal, and down to Philippolis near Colesberg. Fate, however, seems to have decreed that this people was not to enjoy quiet in their new position, for before long disagreements among themselves led Adam Kok, with those who adhered to him, to separate and seek a new abode across the Quahlamba in a tract of country allotted to him by the High Commissioner Sir George Grey. The exodus of these people is spoken of as having been attended with much suffering and loss of property and life.

During our sojourn here we were joined by a fresh detachment of police under Sub-Inspector Nesbitt, which had skirted along the Eastern slopes of the Drakensberg from Queen's Town. Those who had accompanied us thus far were to return to Basutoland, and it was Inspector Bowker's intention to find a nearer route through the mountains in returning and try and strike into Basutoland near Thaba Telle. This would entail much hard work as both the Drakensberg and the Malutis would have to be crossed. In our route we rounded the latter.

After remaining for some three days in the Griqua village, during which time we were favoured by a succession of thunderstorms which cooled the air so that we now were complaining of the cold, we rode off in a southerly direction to the St. John's River. Adam Kok, as on our approach, lent us the best mule wagon in the village. The first drift we came to tested the strength of the Griqua harness, and from this place until we were stopped by the wagon upsetting the men were incessantly mending the harness that was constantly breaking: indeed at the time the catastrophe took place, there was little of the original harness left. Having ridden on to the place we were to halt at, the first intimation one got of the mishap was seeing our people approaching carrying saddles, watermelons, pack-saddles, &c. Owing to the accident we were detained for a longer time than we intended devoting to this halt. Not far from us were the first kraals of the Amaklasabi under Jo Jo, the occupants of which showed no inclination to make our acquaintance, feeling somewhat uncertain as

to the intention of those by whom we were accompanied. All these tribes are constantly at war with each other and the trust reposed by members of each in the other is very limited. The warfare chiefly consists of cattle-lifting, which is indulged in by all whenever a favourable opportunity presents itself.

We now wended our way over the Insiswe range which is low, having on each side an easy slope. From it we descended into thickly populated valleys, and our approach was carefully watched and information as to our numbers, whether we were armed or not, was conveyed by voice from boys occupying elevated positions herding cattle. The information was evidently soothing as the cattle were undisturbed and we were allowed to approach the kraals without the occupants deserting them. If alarmed, no doubt a very different scene would be before us; cattle would be driven off into the ravines, the kraals would be deserted, and one might expect to travel at less ease. Every stage brought us into country more beautiful than that we had passed, and more wooded and broken. Our next halt was on the outskirts of a thick, though small wood, through which issued a stream sufficient for our wants: we had descended to this place from a narrow ridge and were now hemmed in by hills on all sides. During our dinner we were joined by some Kafir men and women both scantily clad. The men had thin ochre-coloured blankets thrown over their shoulders, and the women wore a short leather kilt studded with beads and brass buttons with a fringe of leather strips. We were amused at the value placed on the various things which attracted their attention. As money we knew would be useless we had brought with us a small collection of clasp-knives, beads, brass wire, and handkerchiefs for the purpose of exchanging for milk, fire-wood, or Indian corn. The greatest value was attached to small black and white beads, brass wire and black or red handkerchiefs. From these people we obtained some honey which proved to be an intolerable nuisance as some of it had been upset on the grass and not being easily seen as day was now fast giving way to night, it was repeatedly trodden on and transferred from place to place until all the grass about us was dotted with it to an inconvenient extent. As all our halts received a name for reference sake, this was called Honey Hill.

The following morning we crossed the Umzimclavana, or little Umzimclava, twice, immediately after leaving our camp, and after the second time began the ascent of a hill which was covered with the longest grass we had as yet ridden through. As our horses were only of the average height, fourteen hands, they were pretty nearly concealed and many of us looked as if we were unsupported. When we gained the highest part of this hill to our great joy we saw in the distance, lying beneath us, the Fundesweni Mission Station, verifying our calculations as to our being in the right direction. The two or three houses and chapel at this place were almost concealed in trees of an intense glossy green, which on nearer approach proved to be walnut

trees. We rode up to the collection of people who had turned out on our approach, and were welcomed by Mrs. Jenkins, to whom the property on which the station is erected belongs. She is an active, elderly lady, who never ceased to busy herself in every possible way to make our short stay as agreeable as possible. This place appears to be on one of the numerous plateaux by which we were to descend to the sea. It is covered with beautiful grass which about the buildings is kept in order, and a tidy lawn is in front of the principal house extending to the low mud walls of the kitchen garden, which being low and fringed with thorny bushes to keep out bipeds and quadrupeds, admit of the fruit-trees being seen above them, thus diminishing their formality. In this garden there were peaches, apricots, apples, plantains, guavas, and strawberries, which suffered according to their ripeness by our visit. Immediately around the buildings were chestnuts, walnuts, oaks, and, thank goodness, only a few Australian gum-trees. The more remote lands were studded by mimosas, giving them a park-like appearance. About a quarter of a mile from the houses was a large collection of native huts in which no doubt the Kafirs of the station lived. Looking in a south-easterly direction one sees the softy peaks of the beacons of the county of Alfredia in Natal. Fundesweni was given by the late chief Faku to Mr. Jenkins, a Wesleyan missionary, who took up his abode in this country and acquired in course of time the full confidence of the chief and the respect of the people. The widow now lives here, and from the courageous manner in which she has taken the part of those amongst whom she has cast her lot, she is called the Ponda Queen.

Before we left this place we saw a war-dance, which was a representation of how the Pondas treat their enemies. The men advanced in column followed by rows of women and attacked the imaginary enemy. The attack was directed by the spirit moving any one of the gallant throng to rush forward and stab a foe. The individual thus influenced sprang out of the column, and with extraordinary antics stabbed, in this instance, the air, while his comrades chanted a dirge sounding like "ah hum ha" in a monotonous voice. Each thrust of the assegai was accompanied by "che ! chai !" from the lookers-on. When the assailant's valour was satiated he strutted back to the column piercing the air with his assagai, each stab indicating an enemy slain. After the men had done their work they made way for the women, who rushed forward yelling in the most fiendish and piercing manner, with hoes and sticks in their hands, and soon put an end to the sufferings of the enemy's wounded. This place being situated on the confines of the Ponda country, feuds between them and their neighbours the Amaklasabi are frequent. The latter is a small tribe under the chief Jo Jo, whose independence is ignored by the Amapondas. This chief and his people being regarded as renegades from the latter tribe. The Amaklasabi are from all accounts more warlike and well able to hold their own against their more numerous neighbours. It may be stated here that the prefix "Ama"

to these names is generally dropped for convenience sake. It is the plural and denotes the whole nation.

Having now left the station we soon crossed the Umzimclavana for the third time, and then gradually ascended a ridge along which our path took us, and from which we were careful not to descend unnecessarily, as it fell away on either side into deep valleys. The country became more broken and split up by valleys as we advanced towards the St. John's. The ravines were filled with forest-trees, and solitary mountains were seen protruding their apexes out of forests like so many bald heads. A cold wind and a drizzling rain now set in, and we followed each other in a mournful manner, each guarding against cold and rain as best he could. We halted again at a small wood, in which one of our party asserted a sufficient quantity of water existed to supply our wants. It afterwards turned out that those who could collect sufficient by making a small hole and awaiting for some time were fortunate. The burrs in this wood took the place of the honey at the last wood we stopped at, and gave us considerable trouble as they adhered tenaciously to our woollen garments and a coat or flannel shirt covered with them became insufferable. Every effort to free oneself from them was useless. You took off your coat, brushed it, combed it, nay even scraped it with your hunting knife, only to find that the burrs transferred themselves from your coat to your flannel shirt, from the latter they betook themselves to your blankets, so that a moment's rest was not enjoyed during the day or night we sojourned at this inhospitable wood, and it was consequently named Burrwood.

In passing through this country with its numerous streams and forests we were disappointed at the total absence of game of any description whatever. The presence of the Kafir probably accounts for this, with his propensity for periodically burning the grass. Shortly after leaving Adam Kok's we started two orabi, and the presence of a solitary paauw led us to expect some sport, but our wishes were not gratified. We still kept a south-easterly course, and ultimately passed over the Zalo hills before arriving at the Palmerton Mission Station. On approaching this place we were startled by the peculiar cry of some ibis that arose before us: the first we had fallen in with. The Palmerton Station is prettily situated, being on the left bank of a fine river, but considerably above it, having many trees about it and underwood, through which paths lead down steep banks to the water's edge. It has a good garden, and many houses are scattered about without any attempt at regularity. The majority are of wattle-and-daub, but do not appear occupied. The station has evidently been of a considerable size at one time. It was erected by the late Mr. Jenkins, to whom allusion has already been made, and has sufficent evidence still left of his energy and industry. At this place we were most kindly treated—a boon nowhere more appreciated than by those who pass this way. Here a palaver took place with the Amaponda chief Umtogela, a young man upon

whom the honour of being paramount chief of the tribe had recently fallen in consequence of the death of Faku. As our time at this place was limited the chief was asked to come over without delay. He however appeared to be alarmed at our arrival, and one excuse after another was received until he was definitely informed that we had no idea of delaying our departure, and towards the close of the day his bongo, soothsayer, or herald, was heard making a fiendish noise by way of lauding his august master. Looking in the direction of this noise the chief's party was seen approaching, all of course on horseback. They appeared in no hurry to reach us, and their horses were not urged out of a walk, a pace intolerable to Kafirs. On arrival the whole party dismounted, and the horses having been led away by the inferiors, the superiors formed in a group under the verandah of the mission-house. The chief, who was attended by some few councillors, was a tall stout-built heavy-looking man, with a large round face, and bore a strong resemblance to other members of this family we had met before. The conversation was carried on by the councillors, the chief only occasionally interrupting it. The usual topics were discussed, namely, the thefts committed by neighbouring tribes and the necessity for more land. At these palavers the missionary invariably endorses statements made of the pitiable degradation of other tribes. Our experience is, however, that all are pretty much alike as to the matter of stealing, and those who steal least are deterred from indulging in their favourite pastime from fear of their stronger neighbours.

The limits of the Amapondo country are a matter of some uncertainty. They may be taken generally to be Natal on the north-east, the sea on the east, the Umtata River on the south, and inland or west by the upper wagon road. The latter is an ill-selected line of demarcation, as roads in this country are apt to be peripatetic,—wagons frequently making a detour where the old road, owing to recent rains and other causes, is unfit for use, and only returning to it at a drift. The late chief Faku had, it appears, exaggerated ideas as to the extent of his country, and considered all Kafirland under him as paramount chief. Without entering here into the merits of his claim to assume such authority, or whether it was acknowledged by others, it is sufficient for our purpose to state that all Pondoland was under his supreme authority, as it now is under that of his son. The country is subdivided by the Umzimvoobo or St. John's River, into two parts, and Damas, Umtogela's uncle, rules over the tract between the St. John's and the Umtata Rivers.

Owing to our proximity to Natal, we saw Zulu customs in vogue. The men wore their hair worked up into cones with a black polished ring of matted and polished hair at the apex, looking like ebony. Within these cones are deposited small articles in daily use, such as a snuff-box, &c. Into the cone itself is usually thrust a two-pronged fork of bone with a spoon as a handle.

This pliant instrument answers the double purpose of a handkerchief and snuff-spoon. The women smear their bodies with red ochre and fat, and work their crimp hair into short red strings with the same compound, which gives the head the appearance of a red mop. They are very fond of ornamenting themselves with brass wire, and it is not unusual to see a woman wearing such massive brass arm and anclets as to render her power of progression extremely feeble. They also wear beads, which are generally very tastefully arranged, black and white being more appreciated than coloured ones. A lady's dress consists of a leather kilt which is bordered by a fringe of strings, it is also studded with brass-nail heads—such as one sees on green baize doors, and innumerable beads. The slightest movement on the part of the wearer of such a garment gives rise to a strange rustling noise. Whether it is the absence of household worries, or the quaintness of the clothed in the eyes of the unclothed, it is not easy to say, but these people always appear to be enjoying a hearty laugh. Young ladies in the matrimonial market are valued according to their size, and a stout young lady more readily secures a wealthy husband than her slighter sister. All are well formed, and upright as darts from their earliest infancy. Their limbs, though less fine than those of the Griquas, owing to the admixture of Hottentot blood, are by no means coarse or out of proportion to their greater height. They for some unaccountable reason possess most beautiful and regular teeth. This may be attributed to their taking less animal food than we do; to the habit of rinsing the mouth with water before and after meals, and to the absence of physic in infancy. In maturer years, and since their intercourse with us, the Kafir will indulge in violent emetics or purgatives. They hail with joy the arrival of a missionary who is known to dabble in medicine or who is a bit of a dentist. We recollect a missionary having found the extracting of a molar from the jaws of a Kafir sufficient work for one day and declining earnest intreaties to attend to other patients.

The Pondos make neat snuff-boxes of a gluey preparation of the scrapings of hoofs or horns of cattle. Some of these boxes resemble an ox with the legs of an elephant, others are in the form of a gourd. The latter is generally covered with black and white beads. This particular tribe indulges in snuff-taking to a far greater extent than its neighbours. The pungency of ammonia is highly appreciated by them, and they have been known to add ground chillies to snuff to increase its irritating effect. The women are not exempt from partaking in such luxuries. The neighbouring tribes seem to prefer their pipes to taking tobacco in any other form. Leaving details of manners and customs to those who have dwelt amongst these people for years, we will return to our own doings.

From Palmerton we hurried on to the St. John's mouth, crossing shortly after leaving the station the river on which it stands. After

an hour we recrossed it, and gradually rode on to a ridge on which we kept until we descended to the Umfuna and halted. We crossed the river as it is always doubtful whether when you awake in the morning your passage may not be barred by a torrent. The presence of mimosas and forests varied the appearance of the country. It was more thickly populated and kraals now surrounded us, each containing its collection of huts which in some cases were enclosed by thorny bushes. Our route was now slightly changed, and we travelled parallel with the coast-line in a south-westerly direction and before long obtained our first glimpse of the sea. The country became more broken and split up by mountain ranges as we neared the great river. We now rode through lanes in dense underwood, composed chiefly of mimosas matted together by an endless variety of creepers, amongst which the Traveller's Joy made its presence known by the perfume thrown off by its blossoms. The sombre colours of these jungles were lighted up every here and there by a mass of gaudy geraniums. Over our heads were the flowers of the convolvulus and the scarlet fruit of a creeper which swayed about at every puff of wind. Emerging from these paths we rode on to open spaces, and saw mountains, valleys, and streams on all sides of us. Every shade of green is seen, broken here and there by deep, grey-green shadows, graduated into intense blue in the distance, crossed at intervals by a column of white smoke rising lazily from some hut, and, Kafir-like, disregarding time and not allowing rapidity to enter into its nature.

Our next exit revealed to us the gates of the St. John's. These irregular masses of red rock between which the river passes appeared to be at its mouth, owing to their great height concealing the country beyond them. Our eyes now for the first time rested on the river itself and probably one of the grandest scenes of its kind in Africa. Being at a considerable height we had lost all that intercepted our view. Its twists and turns could not be equalled by a worm in its writhings. Many an island could be formed by a few stabs with a spade which would connect what is so close together. Our descent to its shores took but a short time, and in doing so we rode over burning patches of grass and at short intervals met with kraals, others being indicated by wreaths of smoke rising from them though concealed by jungle. Before reaching the drift we passed a number of castor oil trees, which were higher than ourselves, seated as we were on horseback. At the drift we found the trader, Mr. Hume, with a boat as pre-arranged, and by it everything was transferred across the river, a distance of about 300 yards. After this had been done, came the operation of crossing the horses, which gave rise to some merriment. They were not easily induced to take to the water, and it was not before they were yelled at and whips cracked that they did so. They were at last fairly under way: one moment all together, at another all scattered. Those that turned down the stream were objects of particular attention, and they were forced into joining their companions by showers of stones and shouts. The first horse by this

time was trying to mount the opposite bank, but failed and fell over into the water, making a great splash. He was soon joined by several others and ultimately one succeeded in getting on *terra firma* after going through most ludicrous antics and appeared to be wondering at what had happened to him during the past half-hour or so. He was soon laid hold of by his owner and rubbed down with wisps of grass. The boat took four of our party to the trader's station. Our sail was unfurled and our craft glided noiselessly into mid-stream whilst we lay back enjoying the beauty of the scenery around us. We voyaged thus until the rounding of a point deprived us of the wind, and the oars splashed the waters. On either side long rank grass receded to the flashing blades of Indian corn, the surroundings of native abodes. We soon arrived at our destination, and on landing found a very snug house with an extensive garden. It was on the right bank and close to the water's edge. A ferry is established here and the natives conveyed across pay in kind such as fowls, eggs, corn, &c. At this place the river narrows and is said to be upwards of forty feet in depth, as ascertained by naval officers who have surveyed it near the coast. The opposite bank is thickly populated by natives. The side on which we were was almost deserted by them and covered with high rank grass which gave us some trouble in finding our horses subsequently. Both banks rise abruptly from the water and are of a black soft soil. We took advantage of this excellent bathing-place to have a swim before going to dine at Mr. Hume's house. A Kafir boy who rowed in our boat bore the somewhat startling name of Lord John. Why he had been thus named remained a mystery. He was a merry, light-hearted fellow, of not more than twenty, unencumbered by anything except a cotton shirt. Dinner having been announced, we repaired to Mr. Hume's house, and it was not long before he found us equal to the occasion. The guests by far outnumbered the chairs in the room, so barrels, boxes and make-shifts of all kinds were used. At the commencement, probably the want of some acceptable topic made the sound of knives and forks take the place of conversation. This gave way gradually, and out of the abundance of—not the heart in this instance —the mouth spoke. As an erroneous idea may be entertained by some that our friend Lord John waited upon us, it may be as well to state that his lordship retired early in the evening, ferrying himself across the river, as was his habit, and was probably by this time seated by the fire-side surrounded by Lady John and the Honourable Johns, of whom he had some few, we were told. Our host apologized for being unable to give us anything but tea, coffee, and water. We had long since taken nothing else at our meals and were sometimes without milk. He found that if he had any spirits or beer his life was made a burthen to him until he had parted with them to the natives. After night had thrown her sombre veil over all, we issued from the house and had our smoke. Sitting up late is followed by rising late, in which we could not indulge, and after a few whifs, we

were again in our tents. Amongst those who journeyed with us was a corporal of the Frontier Police whose conversational powers were at times rather a nuisance. We were now encamped in long grass and in not an unlikely locality to meet with snakes. The corporal took advantage of the occasion to recount the most startling anecdotes he could recollect of reptiles. The subject was not conducive to sleep and we were thankful when fatigue at last closed the corporal's mouth and eyes.

After an early breakfast the following morning Lord John and his companions were awaiting us with the boat ready for our trip to the mouth of the river. Having made our arrangements we shoved off, assisted by a light breeze, and sailed away, occasionally using our oars to penetrate into nooks and corners where either the sail could not be used or where the wind failed. As we advanced the river widened, and we shortly glided into the shadow of the heights on our left, then we passed into sunlight again. Before reaching the gates, the banks were partially concealed by patches of reed growing in the stream and large trees were seen close to the water's edge, throwing their gigantic branches far out, affording us a pleasant retreat from the sun. We passed a narrow creek on our right and a miniature bay which had a creek running into it on our left. Then rising up in front of us were the severed portions of the range through which the river had found its way at some remote period. The jagged summit of each was exposed and their base was lost in dense forest which reached to the water's edge. The bleached and torn trunks of trees pointed out the track of storms through these forests. On nearing the banks we observed a variety of wild fruits hanging chiefly from creepers which had entwined themselves around branches of trees. Our boat glided under clusters of wild grapes and a deep orange fruit of an insipid taste. We presently passed a black rock in the middle of the river which protruded its slippery surface but a little above the water which lapped it, and was unceasingly thrown off into innumerable ripples, widening as they died off towards the banks. This solitary rock was not without its legend. It is said that one of a party of hippopotamus hunters took refuge on it, and its slipperiness saved him from the enraged hippopotamus which had capsized the boat. In passing on we disturbed ibis that startled one by their child-like cry, and wild fowl that plashed the water with their wings as they rose and fled away in long lines, not, however, before their ranks were somewhat thinned by the fire from the boat which had intruded on their retreat. Our guns were brought on account of master "hippo," but time and man had driven him into less frequented places. The natives immediately attack any that may venture within their reach and it is rarely that one is seen in this part of the river. Alligators do not appear to be found in the rivers south of Natal. Large iguanas are frequently seen gliding off rocks into the water, flying from the presence of man. They make one hesitate before taking a dip in one of these streams, as they strongly resemble alligators.

We now pulled into a creek in the right bank, and landed in a sheltered nook which, if it had been expressly made for the purpose could not be better adapted for pic-nic purposes. The main stream hurries on past it, and at some distance is seen combating with the waves of the sea on the bar at its mouth. Our boat having been moored, we remained here for the rest of the afternoon. During our sojourn some strolled off with their guns after wild ducks, whilst others made their way through a matingola jungle to the sea-beach. The fruit of this bush was our dessert, and we devoured it in large quantities, its acidity being most acceptable to us. There appears to be little or no rest enjoyed by vegetation in this region and blossom and fruit appear to succeed each other uninterrupted by a season of rest. On quitting the jungle in which our clothes had suffered somewhat from thorns, we walked over numerous sand dunes, which were covered with a runner bearing a scented flower resembling in colour and form a sweet pea; and another which is a convolvulus. These intertwine each other and form a net-work which prevents the sand from advancing. The number and variety of butterflies at this place surprised us. They were not easily followed, the coarse net-work of creepers preventing one from running. One remarkably handsome one we named the St. John's Glory. Its wings were of a deep rich mahogany colour graduated into white. We roamed about on the beach and went over to its southern extremity to an oyster bed, which, owing to the tide being out, we were able to break oysters off as we pleased, and a more intimate acquaintance with them proved their excellence. This river, like all others on this coast, has a bar at its mouth, and if it were not for this impediment probably by this time the commencement of a village would be found here notwithstanding the opposition of the natives. The sun descending to the distant horizon warned us that we must retrace our steps, and before long all were again in the boat, which had to be forced against the stream, which sorely tried Lord John's temper. The setting sun now lighted up the whole scene before us. The sky was of a pale green, streaked with red, the distant mountains of an intense blue making an abrupt outline against the sky. On our right were heights rising to no less than 300 feet, and clothed almost to the summit with forest, and their deep shadows descended into the water and flickered in ripples against the blaze of light shining like a sheet of brass. The rockwork of the broken mountain spur on our left was a rich copper-colour, fading in the distance into hues of rose and purple, whilst the vegetation was of a yellow-green with unlighted portions of it in deep blue shade. All was still, except the oars whose steady plash was answered by a feeble echo from the shore. The tranquillity and softness of the scene was most enjoyable. Before night took possession of day, we were again at the trader's station, having spent one of the most enjoyable of all the days on this journey.

On leaving this locality, we followed a Kafir path, ascending as we

went on and seeing our late camping ground and the trading station far beneath us. In rising thus on to the range of hills on the right bank of the river we were compelled to describe innumerable semi-circles in accordance with the windings of the river, of which we got occasional glimpses, and were now compelled to cut our way through dense thorny jungle, which necessitated our leading our horses after us. Our next halt was on the grassy slopes of the Umgazi—a shallow pebbly stream, where, under the shade of large trees, we discussed the good things we had brought with us from the St. John's. The appearance of the country on this side of the river, is as yet unchanged, and identical with that we passed through on approaching it.

An hour-and-a-half's ride brought us to the Umgazana or little Umgazi. On the left of its drift is a trader's station. Half-an-hour more and our horses' feet were again plashing its waters. A few minutes more, and we again fell in with it. This gives some idea of the tortuous course of these rivers. Our day's work now became very trying to the horses, as we were compelled to descend and cross wide stretching valleys and ascend again. Kafir kraals were seen sparely dotted about. The natives here are under Damas' jurisdiction. After a time we had to force our horses up the face of a bare, stony hill, and with some difficulty got on to high land again, with the sea about ten miles from us at first and closing in to about four miles, after which we lost sight of it altogether by descending to a lower level. Having left all the broken country behind us we rode over long stretches of grass-covered, undulating country, only occasionally seeing in the distance a wooded ravine. In following a westerly course we passed the old mission station of Buntingville, almost concealed by large trees and apparently unoccupied. Our next halt was on the Umtakeikei, at which river one of our men became ill, attacked by fever, and one of our horses followed suit. Our talkative corporal, whom we named after this river, had to take the horse to a neighbouring kraal, and when he was sufficiently recovered bring him on by easy stages. On being catechised as to his knowledge of Kafir by his companions, he stated that he never found any difficulty in obtaining all he required by adopting the following simple plan: On arrival at a kraal all the natives will "give tongue," as he expressed it. When this takes place sit with your fore fingers in your ears, and they will shortly desist, then avail yourself of the opportunity before they walk off to point to your open mouth, and your wants will be supplied, and all will pass off good-humouredly.

We now crossed a small tributary of the Umtata or Sneezewood river, and towards the end of the afternoon, crossed and pitched our tents on the right bank of the latter. The piece of country we selected was the fighting ground of the Tambookies and Pondos, and was unoccupied. It belongs, however, to the former. During our sojourn here and towards dawn some five Kafirs, armed with assagais,

tried to take our horses, but our horse-guards were too sharp for them and secured all five, fortunately without any arms being used, although one of the Kafirs confessed afterwards that he did not stab the man who seized him because he heard his "boots creak,"—probably the noise was the cocking of the hammer of his revolver. These men had prearranged evidently that in the event of being taken only one was to answer questions, for nothing could induce any other than the spokesman to reply. These five Kafirs were deprived of their assagais and blankets, and after a few cuts from a stirrup-leather had been administered, were placed across the river. One made a bolt of it, but unfortunatly for him the swiftest runner in the police happened to be with us, and soon brought back the runaway, who got somewhat roughly handled as he resisted being re-taken.

In the distance inland was the Matuana range. With the exception of this slight change, the country was unvaried. Towards the close of the day we were overtaken by a cold drizzle which forced us into halting as the road became too slippery to follow, and in the rain we sat down to our dinner, which had been cooked with difficulty as the fire could only be kept alight by great perseverance. Our little tents could hardly be erected owing to the violent puffs of wind. The ground around us was coated with a layer of black slime, and the grass saturated with moisture, and when to these is added a keen wind, our position, it may be imagined, was not an enviable one. To make ourselves comfortable under such circumstances required more ingenuity than we possessed. The following bright morning, however, compensated us somewhat for the miseries of the preceding night, and we jogged along drying our things on our horses, who for a time played the part of clothes-horses.

Before arriving at the Bashee River we were joined by Queya, the Tambookie chief, who is now called Gangelizwe, or "as big as the country." He is a remarkably fine-looking fellow of about five and twenty, whose appearance is not enhanced by his wearing European clothes. At our breakfast on the right bank of the river, the chief engaged in an animated discussion through one of his councillors, a deformed man, as to a certain tract of land being included within his boundaries. The conversation, however, was abruptly terminated, as he objected to our Fingo interpreter, deferring therefore what he had to say until he could speak through his own interpretor. After resting for a time on the banks of the river, washing and drying our things, we rode away for a couple of hours, and then pitched our tents for the night. Not many minutes after doing so, we were overtaken by Gangelizwe, who was accompanied by his interpreter. The latter turned out to be a Colenso Zulu, as he was pleased to call himself; a native better acquainted with our language could not be found probably.

From this place we made our way through a dense fog the following morning, to Captain Cobbe's in the Fingo

country. We found he had built himself a cool, suitable house, partaking of the character of an Indian bungalow, having a garden falling away from it arranged in terraces. The success of the location of the Fingoes in this place is now an established fact, and they promise at no distant period to be amongst the foremost of our natives in Southern Africa.

On our road from the location we had to cross the T'Somo, which was by no means a pleasant task. The stones of the drift were so slippery that great care in crossing it was necessary. The horses had a worse time of it than we had, as the spaces between the stones were deep and angular. As we approached the confines of the old colony of British Kaffraria, the rivers were imbedded in deep gorges, whose sides rose to some 250 feet in places, covered with trees and underwood. We next crossed the Umgwali by descending a steep hill. The country is very picturesque, broken as it is by broad valleys and low ranges. One more night under our little abodes, and we hurried on to join our wagons, which were awaiting us near Frankfort. Our last halt was in a tract of country occupied by Sandilli's people, by whom we were visited and stared at. The following day's ride was through the park-like country of British Kaffraria, and towards the close of the afternoon we saw nestled together, at about a couple of miles below us, our wagons and large tents. Our men were as delighted to see us as we were to see them.

Late the succeeding day we rode into King William's Town, and the next two days were devoted to the journey between the latter place and Graham's Town, where we parted with our horses,—having completed a ride of fifteen hundred miles,—and drove to Port Elizabeth ; making our approach known by sending clouds of dust into the sky, whilst the *Racoon* was steaming into the roadstead, to await our arrival, and take us back to Table Bay.

Central Africa.

THE PROJECTED MISSION TO UJIJI, LAKE TANGANYIKA, BY THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

CENTRAL AFRICA has always been of peculiar interest to the people of the Cape. The unwearied efforts of the noble-hearted man, who so recently fell a victim to his zeal in the cause of philanthropy and science, are still fresh in our memories, and Livingstone's name will always be held in honour among African colonists, as that of the great pioneer of civilization, and friend of the slave, in the hitherto almost unknown regions to the north.

During the past few years, the British nation has been stirred up to interest and action by fresh accessions to the gallant band of African explorers, in the persons of Stanley and Cameron ; the

daring exploit of the latter—a march across the continent to the sources of the Congo—stamping him as a worthy successor to the lamented Livingstone. The religious world of the mother-country is responding nobly to the call of suffering humanity in Central Africa, by sending out bands of devoted Christian men to carry the truths of the Gospel and the blessings of civilization to the strongholds of slavery and darkness in the interior.

The first to move were the Scottish Presbyterians, who decided on selecting the southernmost of the three great equatorial lakes as their field of operations; and who, under the able guidance of Lieut. Young and Dr. Stewart, have established themselves at "Livingstonia," on Lake Nyassa. Next in the field were the Church Missionary Society of England, who are directing their efforts to open up the Kingdom of Uganda, on the North-West side of Lake Victoria Nyanza,—King Mtesa, the paramount Chief, whose acquaintance Stanley made, having expressed his willingness to receive and protect the "white men." The centre lake is now to be taken up; the London Missionary Society having determined to fix their base of operations at Ujiji, the Great Arab Market on Lake Tanganyika, where Livingstone was found by Stanley. A few words on this last-named mission may interest the readers of the *Cape Monthly*.

Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, having generously placed £5,000 at the disposal of the London Missionary Society for a mission to Ujiji, they selected the Rev. Roger Price, then connected with their Bamanguato Mission in South-Central Africa, and sent him out to Zanzibar in the spring of last year to make preliminary inquiries and arrangements as to the best route, mode of transport, &c. Mr. Price, after about five weeks' stay at Zanzibar, determined on choosing Saadani on the mainland, as the best starting point for the 700 miles journey to Ujiji; and set out on the 10th of June with thirty men, four oxen with a light cart, and a donkey. He penetrated as far as Mpwapwa, 200 miles inland, reaching that place in twenty-six days, and found that the remainder of the journey would present few difficulties of any magnitude, the road being over a vast plateau about 4,000 feet above the sea level; one of the worst places being Ugogo, where water is very scarce. He accordingly returned to England to report to the Directors. He considered the difficulties to be overcome are comparatively small to resolute men, and believes he has proved the absence of the much dreaded Tsetse-fly on that route, having brought his oxen safely back to Zanzibar. He has, of course, to report the usual catalogue of annoyances which have to be borne with by all African explorers: the difficulty of procuring good porters; the exasperating "custom" of staying at certain villages, quite regardless of the fact that the day's journey may have been only six miles, and that another village equally suitable in every respect, may be within the same easy distance; of the incessant demands on a traveller's patience, temper,

and sagacity by refractory carriers; of the continual drain on one's stock of goods for "hongo," or tribute to every petty chieftain on the way; of devious paths, and at times of squabbles with the natives through the imprudence or worthlessness of his followers, and of the risk of fevers; but all these the missionary regards as minor trials. Mr. Price considers Scotch carts drawn by oxen preferable to the usual mode of transport by carriers; but for this the present road must be widened and improved, and in parts a new one cut. No pleasant remembrances of Macadam meet a traveller on the so-called road. In some places the dense grass grows to an enormous height, necessitating the cutting of a path, which it is hoped future traffic will keep open. At intervals forests are met with, calling into play a vigorous use of the axe; ravines and gullies have to be levelled or bridged over, rivers to be crossed and mountains climbed, with a little wading through marshes by way of variety. But all these he considers may be comparatively easily dealt with, and, once open, the Arabs and natives will doubtless make use of the "white man's" road, and thus keep up communication with Zanzibar; besides which he hopes to be able to establish intermediate stations at suitable places on the route.

On Mr. Price's return to England, the Directors, after careful consideration, decided on adopting his recommendations, and preparations were at once made for equipping and sending off a mission party. Wagons were specially built in Yorkshire, and a set of carts such as are used in the hill country of the Deccan, were procured from the Church Missionary Institute at Nassick, in the Bombay Presidency. It was decided to purchase bullocks at Natal, and, if possible, to induce six or eight steady men, European or colonial, to accompany the party as drivers and general assistants.

Mr. Price and Mr. Dodgshun arrived here by R.M.S. *Teuton*, and, after a few days' stay, proceeded to Natal to complete arrangements; thence they go to Zanzibar where they expect to meet the rest of their party, the Rev. J. B. Thomson (from the Matabele Mission) and the Rev. E. C. Hore, who come out *via* Suez.

The Mission party hope to leave Zanzibar about the end of June or beginning of July, and to reach their destination some time in October or November. The funds already collected nearly defray the cost of the expedition, but an increased demand of some £2,000, or £3,000, a year will have to be provided for by the Society. It is hoped that in time a small steamer may be placed on Lake Tanganyka, like those in use by the sister missions of the neighbouring lakes.

Ujiji seems particularly suited for a base of operations. A great emporium of Arab trade with the interior, it is in constant communication by caravans with Zanzibar. The natives are in a better position than most of the Central African tribes. Constant intercourse with the Arabs has made them bold, as they have managed to get a good many guns into their possession, and are now too powerful

to be captured and sold as slaves. The country is very fertile and more densely populated than is usual in Africa, and the paramount Chief Rumanika, who is lord over an immense territory, is described by Speke as a humane, kind-hearted man, willing to receive missionaries.

Ujiji is the storehouse for many large Arab firms, some of them respectable, but others very much the reverse, as Livingstone found to his cost. From there the Arabs make their raids on tribes still further inland to capture slaves and ivory.

The Sultan of Zanzibar having expressed his interest in the new Mission and his readiness to assist if necessary, there is little cause of apprehension from ill-disposed traders; while the increased security to life and property which invariably springs up beneath the shelter of our world-famed Flag, and the Christian example and labours of the devoted band who are starting on their worthy errand, will give a great impetus to legitimate trade and a heavy blow to the inhuman traffic in slaves, which has been the curse of the country for many long years.

Nature.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So Nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to Rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand,
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—From "A Rosary of Sonnets," by H. W. Longfellow, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1877.

Zafix Nursery Tales.

No. V.—The Story of Tangalimlibo.

There was once a man who had two wives, one of whom had no children. She grieved much about that, till one day a bird came to her and gave her some little pellets. The bird said she must eat of these always before she partook of food, and then she would bear a child. She was very glad, and offered the bird some millet. But the bird said, "No, I do not want millet." The woman then offered an *isidanga* (an ornamental breast band which women wear), but the bird said it had no use for that. Then she got some very fine gravel and placed before the bird, which it received at her hands.

After this the woman had a daughter. Her husband knew nothing of what had happened, because he never went to her house. He did not love her at all, for the reason that she bore no children. So she said, "I will keep my daughter in the house till my husband comes, he will surely love me when he sees I have such a beautiful child." The name given to the girl was Tangalimlibo.

The man went always to the house of the other wife, and so it happened that Tangalimlibo was grown to be a young woman when her father first saw her. He was very much pleased, and said, "My dear wife, you should have told me of this before." The girl had never been out of the house in the daytime. Only in the night-time she had gone out, when people could not see her.

The man said to his wife, "You must make much beer, and invite many people to come and rejoice with me over this that has happened." The woman did so. There was a big tree in front of the kraal, and the mats were spread under it. It was a fine sunny day, and very many men came. Among them was the son of a certain chief, who fell in love with Tangalimlibo as soon as he saw her.

When the young chief went home he sent a message to the father of that girl that he must send her to him to be married. The man told all his friends about that. He told them also to be ready at a certain time to conduct his daughter to the chief. So they came and took her, and the marriage feast was very great. The oxen were many which were killed that day. Tangalimlibo had a large and beautiful ox given to her by her father. That ox was called by her own name. She took off a piece of her clothing and gave it to the ox, which ate it.

After she had been married some time, this woman had a son. She was loved very much by her husband, because she was pretty and industrious; only this thing was observed of her that she never went out in the daytime. Therefore she received the name of Sihamba Ngenyanga (the walker by moonlight).

One day her husband went to a distant place to hunt with

other men. There were left at his home with this woman only her father-in-law, her mother-in-law, and a girl who nursed the little child. The father-in-law said, "why does she not work during the day?" He pretended to become thirsty, and sent the girl to Tangalimlibo to ask for water, saying, "I die with thirst." The woman sent water to her father-in-law, but he threw it on the ground, saying, "It is warm." Then she sent milk for him to drink, but he poured it on the ground also, saying, "It is water from the river I desire." She said, "I never go to the river in the daytime." He continued to ask, saying again "I die with thirst."

Then she took a milk basket and a calabash ladle, and went weeping to the river. She dipped the ladle in the water, and it was drawn out of her hand. She dipped the milk-basket in the water, and it was drawn away from her. Then she tried to take some water in her mantle, and she was drawn under the surface. After a little time the girl was sent to look for her, but she came back saying, "I found her not who is accustomed to draw water only in the night."

Her father-in-law drove oxen quickly to the river. He took the big ox that was called by her name and killed it. He put all the flesh and everything else that was of that ox into the river, saying, "Let this be instead of my child." A voice was heard saying, "Go to my father and my mother and say to them that I am taken by the river."

That evening the little child of Tangalimlibo was crying very bitterly. Its father was not yet home. Its grandmother tried by every means to keep it from crying, but in vain. Then she gave it to the nurse, who fastened it on her back. Still the child continued to cry. In the middle of the night the nurse went down to the river with the child, singing this song, "It is crying, it is crying, the child of Sihamba Ngenyanga, it is crying, it will not be pacified." Then the mother of the child came out of the river, and wailed this song:—

Uyalila, uyalila, umta ka Sihamba ngenyanga.
Wenziwe ngabomu. Sihamba ngenyanga,
Ngabantu abantloni. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Bamtuma amanzi emini. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Waba kuka ngetunga, laza latshona. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Waba kuka ngomcepe, waza watshona. Sihamba ngenyanga.
Waba kuka ngexakato, laza latshona. Sihamba ngenyanga.

(It is crying, it is crying, the child of the walker by moonlight. It was done intentionally by people whose names are unmentionable. They sent her for water during the day. She tried to dip with her milk-basket, and then it sank. Tried to dip with the ladle, and then it sank. Tried to dip with the mantle, and then it sank. With the name as a chorus at the end of each line).

Then she took her child and put it to her breast to suck.

When the child had finished sucking she gave it back to the nurse telling her to take it home. She commanded the nurse never to say to any one that she came out of the water, and told her that when people asked where the child got food she must say she gave it berries to eat. This continued for some days. Every night the nurse took the child to the river, when its mother came out and suckled it. She always looked round to see that no one was present, and always put the same command on the girl.

After a time the father of the child returned from hunting. They told him of Tangalimlibo's going to the river and not returning. Then the nurse brought the child to him. He inquired what it ate, and was told that berries were given to it. He said, "That cannot be so, go and get some berries and let me see my child eat them." The girl went and brought some berries, but they were not eaten by the child. Then the father of the child beat the girl until she told the truth. She said she went at night to the river, when the mother came out and caressed her child and gave it of her milk.

Then they made a plan that the husband of Tangalimlibo should hide himself in the reeds and try and catch his wife when she came out of the water. He took the skin of an ox and cut it into a long riem, one end of which he fastened round his waist. The other end he gave to the men of that village, telling them to hold it fast and to pull hard when they felt it being drawn from them.

At night the man hid himself in the reeds. Tangalimlibo came out of the water and looked all round while she was singing her song. She asked the girl if any one was there, and when the girl replied that there was no one she took her child. Then her husband sprang upon her, clasping her very tight. She tried to pull back, but the men at the village drew upon the riem. She was drawn away, but the river followed her, and its waters turned into blood. When it came close to the village, the men who were pulling at the riem saw it and became frightened. They let the riem go, when the river at once went back, taking Tangalimlibo with it.

After that her husband was told of the voice which came from the water, saying, "Go to my father and my mother and tell them I am taken by the river." He called his racing ox, and said, "Will you, my ox, take this message to the father and mother of Tangalimlibo?" The ox only bellowed. He called his dog, and said, "Will you, my dog, take this message to the father and mother of Tangalimlibo?" The dog only barked.

Last of all he called the cock. He said, "Will you, my cock, take this message to the father and mother of Tangalimlibo?" The cock answered, "I will do so, my master." He said, "Let me hear what you will say." The cock answered, "I will sing

Ndiyi nkuku nje ndingebulawe. Kukulu ku-u-u.
Ndize kubika u-Tangalimlibo. Kukulu ku-u-u.
U-Tangalimlibo ufile. Kukulu ku-u-u.

Ukelele umntu ntloni amanzi. Kukulu ku-u-u.
Ibe kutunywa inkomo, yakonya. Kukulu ku-u-u.
Yaba kutunywa inja, yakonkota. Kukulu ku-u-u.

(As I am a cock I ought not to be killed. I have come to intimate about Tangalimlibo. Tangalimlibo is dead. She dipped water for a person that cannot be named. It was tried to send an ox, it bellowed. It was tried to send a dog, it barked. With an imitation of a cock crowing at the end of each line).

The chief said, "That is good, my cock, go now."

As the cock was going on his way, some boys who were tending calves saw him. One of them said to the others, "Come here, come here, boys, there is a cock for us to kill." Then the cock stood up, and sang his song "Ndiyi nkuku, &c." The boys said, "Sing again, we did not hear you plainly." So he sang again, "Ndiyi nkuku, &c." Then the boys let him go on his way.

He travelled far from that place and came to a village, where the men were sitting in the kraal. He flew up on the back of the kraal to rest himself, and the men saw him. They said, "Where does this cock come from? We thought all the cocks here were killed. Make haste, boys, and kill him." The cock began to sing his song. Then the men said, "Wait, boys, we wish to hear what he says." They said to him, "Begin again, we did not hear you." The cock said, "Give me some food, for I am very hungry." The men sent a boy for some millet, and gave it to him. When he had eaten, he sang his song, "Ndiyi nkuku, &c." The men said, 'Let him go," and he went on his way.

Then he came to the village of the father of Tangalimlibo, to the house of those he was seeking. He told the message he was sent to carry. The mother of Tangalimlibo was a woman skilful in the use of medicines. She said to her husband, "Get a fat ox to go with us." They arrived at the river, and killed the ox. Then that woman worked with her medicines while they put the meat in the water. There was a great shaking and a rising up of the river, and Tangalimlibo came out. There was great joy among those people when they took her home to her husband.

This is a favourite story, and is therefore very widely known. Sometimes it happens that native girls are employed as nurses by Europeans, and that little children are taught by them to sing, or rather chant the song of the cock, so that this story may even be like "an old acquaintance with a cheerful face" to many a one of our own race who has grown up on the frontier. It is well worthy of careful perusal as illustrative of Kafir ideas and customs, to some of which it may not be deemed amiss if I draw attention.

Among these people a childless woman finds little or no favour. In nearly every case she would be treated by her husband in exactly the manner here described. By becoming a mother she might say

from the bottom of her heart with Elizabeth of old that " her reproach was taken away from among men."

It will be observed that the woman speaks of those whose names are unmentionable. According to Kafir custom no woman may pronounce the names of any of her husband's male relatives in the ascending line. She is bound to show them the greatest respect and implicity to obey their commands. She may not sit in the house where her father-in-law is seated, she may not even pronouce any word in which the principal syllable of his name occurs. Thus, a woman who sang the song of Tangalimlibo for me used the word *angoca* instead of *amanzi* for water, because this last contained the syllable *nzi*, which she would not on any account pronounce. She had therefore manufactured another word, the meaning of which had to be judged of by the context, as standing alone it is meaningless.

The beer-drinking company on the mats under a tree, the escort of the bride to her husband, and the wedding feast are true to the life.

The idea of the Kafir with regard to drowning is also shown very distinctly in this tale. He believes that a spirit pulls the person under water, and that this spirit is willing sometimes to accept an ox as a ransom for the human victim. How this belief works practically may be illustrated by facts which have come under my own cognizance.

Sometime in 1875, a party of Kafir girls went to bathe in a little stream not far from this. There was a deep hole in the stream, into which one of them got, and she was drowned. The others ran away home as fast as they could, and there told a story how their companion had been lured away from their side by the spirit calling her. She was with them, they said, in a shallow part, when suddenly she stood upright and said, " It is calling." She then walked straight into the deep place, and would not allow any of them to touch her. One of them heard her saying, " Go and tell my father and my mother that it took me." Upon this, the father collected his cattle as quickly as possible, and set off for the stream. The animals were driven into the water, while the man stood on the bank imploring the spirit to take the choicest of them and restore his daughter. The failure to get the exchange effected is still attributed by the relatives of the drowned girl to the absence of one skilful to work with medicines.

On another occasion, a Kafir was trying to cross one of the fords of a river when it was in flood. He was carried away by the current, but succeeded in getting safely to land some quarter of a mile or so further down. Eight or ten lusty fellows saw him carried off his feet, but not one made the slightest effort to help him. On the contrary, they all rushed away frantically, shouting out to the herd boys on the hill sides to drive down the cattle. As might be supposed, the escape of the man from being drowned was then attributed to his being in possession of a powerful charm.

Victoria East, May, 1877. T.

The Rifle Brigade in South Africa.*

Among the regiments of the British army who were engaged in our by-gone Frontier wars, the Rifle Brigade may still be well remembered. The "green jackets" as they were termed, proved most intrepid and untiring bush-fighters, rendering excellent service in defending the hearths and homes of our border settlers, as well as in worrying the Kafirs out of their hiding-places; and, as Sir Harry Smith characteristically said of them in general orders, "they were always as distinguished for their good fellowship as they were formidable to their foes."

A history of the Brigade and its achievements has recently been published; and that portion of it in which reference is made to South Africa will have a special interest for many colonists. Sir W. Cope, Bart., the author of the work, states in the preface that he is indebted for much of his information to the official records of the several battalions, and the journals, diaries, and recollections of the officers and men of the regiment. Among the latter he specially mentions Major-General Leicester Smyth, Sergeant-Major Bond, and Corporal Scott, who were engaged with the 1st Battalion in Kafirland and across the Orange River.

The regiment was first formed in 1800, as a *corps d'elite*, consisting of detachments from the different regiments of the line, who were set apart to be specially trained in the use of arms of precision. Under its commander, General Cook Mannigham, and his second, Lieutenant-Colonel Stewart, the corps was brought to a high state of discipline and military reputation, and was always a favourite with the volunteers from the Line and the Militia. Its war-services were as varied and distinguished as any on record. The Riflemen accompanied Nelson in his engagement at Copenhagen; they were at the attack on Montevideo and Buenos Ayres; in the Peninsular campaign, at the battle of Barossa, and the siege and storming of Badajos, and numerous other operations; while in 1815, they were engaged at Quatre Bras and Waterloo under the eye of the Duke of Wellington. Then came times of peace until the outbreak of the Kafir war of 1846 called for their services at the Cape. Following the close of our last war in 1852, the brigade was actively employed in the Crimea; afterwards in India, in the suppression of the Sepoy Mutiny; and latterly in the recent Ashantee Campaign. In the four quarters of the globe, wherever fighting was to be done, the "green jackets" were always to be found.

Throughout such extended military service, it may be well understood, the annals of the Brigade furnish much varied and interesting reading. The storming of Badajos itself is as stirring a narrative as is to be met with: and one of the incidents which followed upon

* "History of the Rifle Brigade (The Prince Consort's Own), formerly the 95th." By Sir William Cope Bart. London: Chatto and Windus. Cape Town: Juta.

that event is quite as romantic as any novelist could imagine. The facts will be familiar to many of our readers, who have pleasant recollections of Sir Harry and Lady Smith; but this is the first time we have met with a reference to them in print:—

"On the day after the assault, two officers of the 1st Battalion were talking over the events of the past night at the door of a tent, when two ladies approached from Badajos and claimed their protection. They were evidently, from their appearance and manner, of the upper classes of Spanish society. Both were handsome; and the younger, then about fourteen, very beautiful. The elder, although still young, addressed the Riflemen, and said that she was the wife of an officer in the Spanish service, who was in a distant part of Spain; that the young lady with her was her sister, who, having just completed her education in a convent, had been placed under her charge; that yesterday she had a comfortable house and home; that now it was in the possession of an infuriated and insane soldiery; that they had already suffered violence, as their bleeding ears, from which the ear-rings had been rudely torn, bore witness; and that to escape grater violence and dishonour worse than death, they had fled; and had resolved (however strange the step might seem) to throw themselves upon the honour and the protection of the first English officers they might meet. It need not be told that it was freely given, and chivalrously observed, and that they were conveyed to a place of safety. Nor will it seem strange to add that the acquaintance begun in so romantic a manner ripened into a warmer feeling; and that within two years, the younger of them Donna Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon, became the wife of him who had saved her, Harry Smith, then a Captain in the regiment, and was long known in English society as Lady Smith, the honoured wife of the conqueror of Aliwal."

The service of the Rifle Brigade at the Cape commenced towards the close of 1846. The 1st Battalion arrived in Algoa Bay, in November of that year; and immediately after landing began its march, under a burning sun, for Kafirland. The companies formed part of the division commanded by Sir Peregrine Maitland in his expedition to the Kei River. There they had their first experiences of the hardship of the campaign. On reaching Butterworth, they found the missionary's house and the church in ruins, having been burnt down; but every wall and corner which remained was occupied by the weary soldiers, glad of even such insufficient shelter—for scarcely had the outlying picquets been posted when heavy and continuous rain came on. Some of the men were gathering stones on which to lie, to keep them off the streaming ground, and even these were sometimes washed away by the rills, forming paths and tracks. Five days' rations of biscuit, reduced to six ounces a day, were served out; but, says the narrator, "hunger takes no account of commissariat measurement, and long before the expiration of the five days the Riflemen were picking gum off the trees, and eating it to assuage their need."

It was shortly after this that the disaster at Mount Misery occurred when Captain Gibson and his companions in arms lost their lives.

"This Officer (Captain Gibson) and Assistant-Surgeon Howell, had accompanied the party of weakly and disabled men which had marched from this place on the 8th. While the party were halted on January 11th, near the ford of the Kei, waiting for the fall of the river to enable them to cross, some cattle were observed grazing on the hills about three miles off. Captain Fraser, of the 6th foot, who was in command of these invalids, directed all the men who were able to march to proceed under Captain Gibson, to endeavour to capture these cattle, which were beyond the bank which reached from the river half-way up the hills. After the party, which was accompanied by Assistant-Surgeon Howell, and by Lieutenant the Honourable W. J. G. Chetwynd, of the 73rd regiment, had marched about an hour by a rather wide path through the bank, they arrived at a bend in the path. Unhappily the officers, unsuspicious of any attack, were marching ahead of their men, between seventy and one hundred yards from the leading files. When therefore they took the bend in the road, they were entirely hidden from them. At this moment the Kafir chief Pato, observing their defenceless positon, rushed upon them with about two hundred of his followers, and before the detachment could come up, killed all three officers. The little detachment under a sergeant of the 6th Foot, made good its retreat, gradually retiring, and whenever the Kafirs attacked, turning round and firing a volley. The patrol sent out to recover the remains of these officers, after marching about three hours through thick bush, came upon their bodies, which they brought into the bivouac at Spring-Flats, where they arrived about nine in the evening. They were interred by the officers and men of the battalion on the next day at a place called Shawsfontein; bushes being burnt over the graves, to prevent the Kafirs discovering the place of their interment, and exhuming and desecrating their remains."

The battalion subsequently moved into the Keiskamma basin, where it was constantly engaged in active persuit of the Kafirs, who were hunted from place to place until Sandilla, the Gaika chief, surrendered himself, with ten of his principal men, to Colonel Buller.

The Kafir war soon afterwards terminated, but in 1848, the Riflemen were again called into action, in consequence of the rebellion of Pretorius and the Boers in the Sovereignty. The measures adopted by Governor Sir H. Smith, and the engagement at Boomplaats, have already been described in previous numbers of this Magazine, but the following official account is worth preserving:—

"A force consisting of two companies, Captains Murray's and Harding's of the 1st Battalion, two of the 45th, two of the 91st, and two squadrons of the Cape Mounted Rifles, with two six-pounders, was ordered to proceed at once to Colesberg. Colonel Buller was in command of the whole force and Major Beckwith of the Infantry.

The two companies of Riflemen were made up to a strength of eighty rank and file each ; each man carried sixty rounds of ammunition, and all were in light marching order, carrying their great coats or blankets, but not their knapsacks. On August 4th the Riflemen marched and, though delayed by the state of the river Buffalo, which was swollen by the rains, and which they passed by India-rubber pontoons, arrived on the 21st at Colesberg, within about twenty-one miles of the Orange River. On the next morning they continued their march and halted on the high ground on the left bank of the Orange River, there between 250 and 300 yards broad, and then unfordable. Several attempts were made unsuccessfully to construct a raft ; but, at last, a hawser was thrown across and fastened to a tree on the opposite bank and then a lighter rope was passed over, by which the india-rubber pontoon, which had been brought up by the Riflemen from King William's Town, was worked backwards and forwards. On the 23rd Captain Murray's company was carried over. And on the three following days the remainder and the baggage were taken across ; not without difficulty on account of the steepness of the banks leading to the place of embarcation, and the rapidity of the current. The embarcation was superintended by Colonel Buller ; the disembarcation by Major Beckwith. However, by sunset on the 26th the whole force was conveyed across, and encamped on the right bank of the river.

"On the 27th, the troops marched at daylight, the Riflemen leading the Infantry (the Cape Corps being in advance), and after a march of about twenty miles, encamped on the plains near Phillipolis at Benlois Hoek. On the 28th marching at daybreak, the Riflemen encountered swarms of gray locusts which actually obscured the light of the sun. They proceeded past Phillipolis, a village of the Griqua Kafirs, and after a march of about twenty miles encamped for the night. On the 29th they continued their march at dawn, and after proceeding about ten miles, halted at some deserted farm-houses to breakfast. These were situated on the slope of a hill overlooking an extensive plain, called the Boomplaats, which, extending about twelve miles, was terminated by a range of low rocky hills, rising one above another in height. Those on the right projected into the plain. Through these hills the road or track wound, and on them the Boers, estimated at about 2,500 or 3,000 in number, had taken up their position, adding to its natural strength a kind of breastwork of piled stones. Had it been defended by disciplined troops, under a competent leader, it would have been, if not impregnable, at least not to be forced without most serious loss. While the Riflemen were at breakfast the tidings reached them that they were soon to meet their enemy ; and when breakfast was over, rifles were looked to, and packets of cartridges loosened. As soon as they fell in, Sir Harry Smith addressed them. No one could do so, on such an occasion, with more authority and experience ; for he had fought in their ranks (or, while on the staff at their side) from

Monte Video to Waterloo, in the Peninsula, in America, in Holland, in Belgium. He reminded them of the glorious deeds there done, ending an inspiriting address by declaring that he would drive the arch-rebel Pretorius and his followers like rats from those hills. He was answered by such a cheer as Riflemen can give to an old Rifleman who leads them into the fight.

"Resuming their advance about eleven o'clock, they arrived at the foot of the hills between one and two p.m. Colonel Buller then ordered the Cape Corps to advance and to endeavour to turn the position in front and by both its flanks. But the Boers receiving them with a heavy fire, and some mistake having occurred in executing the order, they retired, and cleared the front for the Riflemen, who in extended order advanced and drove the enemy at the point of the sword from the first, and through the second range of heights; and kept up a galling fire on them, as they retreated to the third and highest crest. Here they rallied their whole force, and delivered a telling fire, under which men and officers fell fast. But nothing could stand the dash of the Riflemen; this last position was carried; and at the end of two hours' hard fighting, the Boers fled after a short attempt at resistance behind the walls of a kraal. Then the troops were formed at quarter distance behind the guns, which opened with grape and shrapnel on the flying enemy; delivering their fire, limbering up and advancing to the front; then firing again. Thus the pursuit was continued for about eleven miles; until from sheer inability to proceed further the troops halted at Culverfontein for the night.

"The loss of the Riflemen in this action was severe. Colonel Buller was severely wounded and his horse was killed under him. Captain Murray and six rank and file were killed or died of their wounds; Captain Hardinge and eight rank and file were wounded, and Lieutenant and Adjutant Julius Glyn had his horse killed under him. Murray was leading his company when he was hit in the shoulder and his arm was shattered. Glyn, who was near him, ordered some men to take him to the rear; but before he could dismount another shot struck him, which passed through the body and injured the spine. He lived till about midnight, and was buried under a peach-tree at Boomplaats. Sir Harry Smith in communicating his death to his father, Major-General the Honourable Sir Henry Murray, says that 'he proved himself a most gallant officer; his loss deeply regretted by the men of his company.' In this letter Sir Harry Smith observes that 'this outburst of rebels has cost as smart an affair as I ever witnessed.' Yet he had witnessed many; and some of them very smart affairs. 'Your son,' he continues, 'led an attack as bold as it was successful, under a storm of fire in a difficult position, but fell an honour to his father and to his country.'

"The wounded were left at Boomplaats, except Colonel Buller, who was conveyed with the troops. About ten o'clock at night the tents arrived and the battalion encamped. It had marched

more than twenty-six miles; had fought a sharp action; and followed the enemy with a most active pursuit. But they were not long to rest. They paraded at one o'clock on the morning of the 30th and by two o'clock leaving blankets, tents, and all that could impede rapidity of march behind them, were again following the Boers. Both the companies of Riflemen were now commanded by 2nd Lieutenants the Honourable Henry Clifford and W. W. Knight, and they led the column as an advance guard. About daylight they arrived at a place called Welman's Pass, where it was thought that the enemy might make a stand. Accordingly, the Riflemen were extended, and skirmished over the hills on each side, which commanded the defile. However, nothing was seen of the Boers, who were in fact utterly disorganized and demoralized by their defeat at Boomplaats, and who never attempted to rally. . . . . In the expedition thus concluded, the Riflemen had marched between 1,100 and 1,200 miles; had crossed several difficult rivers with insufficient means of transit, had worn their clothing to shreds and their shoes off their feet. General orders highly laudatory of the conduct of the officers and men were issued by Sir Harry Smith, both on August 30th, immediately after the fight at Boomplaats, and also on his leaving the troops at Bloemfontein on September 15th. Colonel Buller was appointed Companion of the Bath, and Major Beckwith received the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel."

In 1850, the battalion was ordered home; but before its departure from the Colony, free discharges were offered to such of the men as desired to settle in South Africa, and 165 non-commissioned officers and men availed themselves of them. Scarcely, however, had the regiment been a year in England, when tidings of the outbreak of the war and rebellion of 1851, and of the disastrous fight in which Colonel Fordyce of the 74th, was killed, reached them; and the Riflemen, hurriedly dispatched in H.M.S. *Megaera*, were soon once again on our frontier. Under command of Col. Buller, they were marched to the neighbourhood of Fort Beaufort, to dislodge the Kafirs from the fastnesses of the Waterkloof; and, as a specimen of their operations there, we read :—"On April 29th, Captain Somerset's, Lord Alexander Russel's, and Woodford's Companies (with some Fingoes and Cape Corps) fell in at four in the morning, and were ordered to move forward in perfect silence. Somerset with a six-pounder went round by a road, while the remaining two companies advanced over most rough and broken ground to the edge of the Waterkloof, which, in consequence of its being perfectly dark, rendered the march extremely difficult. Daylight was just appearing when they caught sight of some Kafir fires. Colonel Buller passed the word to extend, and the two companies advanced. The Kafir 'whoop' was soon heard, and firing commenced when they were about 200 yards from the first kraal. From this the Kafirs fled to the bush and the rocks, taking cover behind the rocks as the Riflemen came on. They set fire to the

huts, and still advancing and searching every bush and hiding-place emerged on the plain beyond. Somerset's Company with the gun now joined them on the left. They soon came in sight of another kraal, and the gun was unlimbered and a shell thrown into it. The Riflemen still advanced; and the Kafirs kept up a brisk fire from the bush and from a hill just beyond. Here the three companies made a halt; and eventually returned to camp, as the force was not strong enough to attempt the hill, where the Kafirs greatly outnumbered them. In this patrol, Lieutenant Godfrey and three men were wounded. The place was called Mundel's Krantz, and was in fact the place where Colonel Fordyce had been killed." This sort of patrolling was continued for weeks, the troops in sultry and rainy weather, scouring the hills and ravines, lying on the ground when they left off at night, and renewing operations at daybreak the following morning, until Macomo with the remnant of his force was obliged to fly.

When Sir G. Cathcart, at the close of the war, determined to proceed across the Orange River with a force to demand satisfaction from or punish Moshesh, chief of the Basutos, a company of the Riflemen formed his body-guard. The command of it devolved on Lieutenant the Honourable Leicester Curzon (now Major-General the Honourable Leicester Smyth, C.B.,) who has assisted Sir W. Cope with the following account of the battle of the Berea :—

"General Cathcart named, as his *ultimatum*, that Moshesh should deliver 10,000 head of cattle within three days, reckoning from the 16th, as a compensation for the depredations he had committed. On the 16th the General reviewed the whole force at six o'clock in the morning, which, after marching past, was put through various evolutions; no doubt as a demonstration to overawe Moshesh.

"On the afternoon of the 19th, the last of the three days, a herd of cattle were brought into camp by an escort of Basuto horsemen, under the command of one of Moshesh's sons. On their being counted and found to number only 3,500, this Prince was desired by General Cathcart to inform his father that unless the remainder were delivered the next morning he would come and seize them. No more cattle appearing, Cathcart, to show that he was in earnest, ordered Eyre with the cavalry, two guns, and a brigade of infantry, with the Riflemen, to move forward on the 19th and form a flying camp on the Caledon River. This demonstration being unheeded, Eyre received orders to advance at dawn, to find his way across the mountain of Berea, and having swept the plateau at the top, to join Cathcart, who with some other troops proceeded round the base of the mountain by its southern and western sides. About three, therefore, on the morning of the 20th, Eyre advanced, sending forward the light company of the 73rd and the Riflemen. When they had marched about four miles they saw a great number of Kafirs on the mountain on their right. This hill stands up isolated in a plain, and its sides are steep and craggy.

Eyre ordered the light company of the 73rd, under Lieut. Gawler, to mount the hill, and halted the Riflemen. Then, after a brief interval, he ordered Curzon to lead them on, to get to the top, bring his right shoulders forward, and take the cattle. Thus the Riflemen were in echelon on the left of the Company of the 73rd. The ascent was desperately steep, and in parts almost impracticable; but the Riflemen pushed on. They had not advanced far when the Kafirs gave them a volley, which the Riflemen avoided by lying down flat on the ground. Again they pushed on, seeking cover among the rocks which dotted the side of the mountain. While in this cover, one of them armed with the Lancaster rifle brought down a Kafir as he was taking deliberate aim at some of the Riflemen who were blown and could not climb up the steep mountain side as fast as their comrades. Three more Kafirs were brought down before the top was gained without one Rifleman being hit. On reaching the summit, a table-land of two or three square miles, they found the 73rd company on their right, and on their advancing together the Kafirs bolted, a number of them being killed by the fire of the Riflemen, as they crossed their front at about sixty yards. But as Curzon and Gawler found themselves separated from the main body, they moved forward in search of it, keeping together for mutual support; for they were surrounded by hordes of mounted Basutos, who hovered near, appearing and disappearing and watching for any straggling or irregularity in their formation which might give them a chance to charge. These were well mounted, organized, and armed with assegais and elephant guns; and after attempting to terrify the little band they almost encompassed, with yells and pretended charges, they dismounted and fought on foot. They were repulsed, however, and driven off the plateau, and Curzon and his Riflemen joined the main body in the afternoon, to their great relief and satisfaction; a satisfaction much enhanced when Eyre came up to them and told them that they had done their work well. But they had scarcely joined the rest of Eyre's division when he was obliged to descend the further side of the mountain with his whole force (abandoning 30,000 head of cattle which he had driven into a corner whence they could not escape) in order to assist General Cathcart, who had gravely compromised himself. The junction with Cathcart's force was effected about five in the afternoon; and the weary Riflemen thought they were now to halt for the night, for they had been fighting and without food for twelve hours. Far from it, they were charged with great fury by about 7,000 mounted Basutos; they had to fight retreating, and were in a critical position till between eight and nine at night, when a round of canister at point-blank range from two guns under Captain Stapylton Robinson, Royal Artillery, effectually checked the Basutos who were pressing on them, and who left the field. The Riflemen bivouacked on the ground where they then halted, Eyre telling them that, if attacked they must fight to the death there, as he

neither could nor would retreat further. However, they were left to their repose, much needed and well earned after being under arms about eighteen hours and fighting during most of them.

"In this affair the Rifle company which numbered ninety, lost three men: Privates Boffin and Case, who were killed, and Acting-Corporal Howard who died of his wounds on the next day. Lieut. H. G. Lindsay behaved with great gallantry; and three Riflemen particularly distinguished themselves: Acting-Corporal Bateman, and Privates Ricketts and W. Hayward."

The above account, it must be remembered, relates chiefly to the doings of the company of the Rifle Brigade. The gallant deeds of the other regiments, and notably the 73rd who acted with them, are to be found in General Orders and the Cathcart Correspondence.

To a Fair Musician.

Not yet for my soul's mistress, sovereign music can I trace,
But even as, when I dream, the dawn breaks on me from your face,
So now your skill these ivories wakes to their harmonious themes,
My being bows to you again, and is dissolved in dreams.

With this your skill you mould my will, and teach me tune and time,
That lead me forth, I know not how, towards the sweet sublime;
But when your fingers cease to call mix'd melodies to come,
Then do I throb with thrilling thought; but wherefore am I dumb?

Is there a soul in music, left to silence to proclaim?
Is there a longing language, that no syllables can name?
Is there a speech so golden-good that there are only two
Can tell it e'en without a word, the nightingale and you?

Then here I miss the nightingale, who mourneth not for me;
And where is she shall speak my heart with harmonies but thee?
Say what your music will to me, I will but this to you,
Speak to my heart not once too oft, but always speak it true.

March, 1877. ALTER EGO.

A Journey to the North.—Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

BY

His Excellency Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B.

VII.

The day after our arrival at Oleabourg, we found was one devoted to great festivities. A public entertainment was given to the Governor on the occasion of his departure from the Province to that of Helsingfors. To this we were invited, and received with great distinction and hospitality. There was the usual amount of speech-making; many were fairly acquainted with the English language, and nothing seemed to please the citizens better, than allusions to the good feelings we bore towards their country. After the entertainment, we paraded under the old colours of the City and the banners of Gustavus III., of Sweden, and marching down to the quays, we embarked in steam gondolas. A band, which had been purposely brought from Stockholm, accompanying the procession, we twice paraded round the shipping in the Sound, and on our return marched in the same order to the Town Hall. Punch in profusion then followed, and we were glad at a late hour to escape to our rooms.

At Oleabourg and its neighbourhood there is, strictly speaking, no independent class of gentry, every person is more or less in trade, but an exchange in goods rather than money may be looked upon as the general rule of commerce.

From the Governor we received a great deal of interesting information. He told us that the present fertile appearances of the surrounding country were sadly reversed in winter, and that frost frequently fell upon them at a very early date. For six consecutive years from 1862 they had severe frosts in the month of August. Just as the corn was commencing to ripen, every blade in the country was withered and 8,000,000 marks worth in barley was lost—a terrible infliction on the people. He stated that education in a primary way was common amongst the peasantry; that no one was permitted to marry unless they could read or write. This is the more surprising in a country where the inhabitants are generally so distant from schools; but by law every father or head of a family is bound to give instruction to his children.

A system of betrothal in marriage exists which by custom gives all its privileges, but if any objection is subsequently made to a legal fulfilment of the ceremonies then, by law, no marriage with another party can take place except by mutual sanction.

Every man is compelled to be possessed of what is called a "Priest's Card." It is a record or register of the delinquencies of the pos-

sessor. On seeking employment it is always requisite to produce the "Priest's Card," which speaks as to his former conduct in life. In cases of disagreement or accusation the magistrate can compel any person to show his "Priest's Card." Evidence of a servant in favour of his employer is not good in law, but his evidence against his master will be accepted. The law is generally lenient though sometimes exercised rather absurdly. A young Englishman was lately arrested for having bored some holes in a copper piece of money. He was accused of defacing the coin, and had some difficulty in convincing them that he was not contravening any of their laws, but assisting his fishing tackle.

The general honesty of this people is proverbial. The laws of property are very severe. If on leaving a room the door is locked and the key hung up in sight, it is a felony for an unauthorized person to unlock it.

These, and many other curious customs were told us. Their institutions generally favour the poor rather than the rich. The character of the judges and magistrates in Finland, unlike those of Russia, stand very high; a bribe to mask justice would on no account be accepted.

I was happy to see that female talents were in great requisition. In the Government Surveying Office, ladies were employed in making maps, and their execution was certainly equal to that of the men.

Although these Northern Finlanders may be considered very primitive, yet I was told that they were very cunning and somewhat unscrupulous in their manner of gaining copecks; one of their customs being that of detaining the return of clothing sent to the wash, in order that they might let them out in the town, receiving for each time they are used a certain number of copecks.

On Friday, the 8th August, we left Oleabourg. We were greatly assisted on our journey into the interior through the kindness of Mr. Barry. Mr. Songer, his partner, placed at our disposal a gig upon springs. It was arranged that we should take this carriage as far as Milranda, at the rapids near Lake Olea, where, they said, we should find a steamer. They gave us a supply of smoked salmon and a provision of English biscuits, which latter no money could procure in the town; not only this, but they attached to us, for a portion of our journey, a Finnish assistant in their office —Mr. Remburg. He spoke English well, and was the means of accelerating and smoothing our difficulties through this almost unknown country, and we looked upon a successful start as a matter of the highest consideration.

We left Oleabourg at about one o'clock in the afternoon, for although the distance to Milranda was only about ninety versts, we felt that with the detentions we should meet with in procuring horses, &c., it would be fortunate, even by travelling all night, if we arrived there before the steamer left in the morning. The country immediately round the town was forest, but when we

again met the river at Fasuys there was some little cultivation. At Alaitala there is a handsome church with a detached belfry, resembling those which we had so often seen in Sweden. The River Olea is here wide and deep. The country bears all the appearance of being very good for game; when, indeed, we occasionally walked short distances from the road we put up both ptarmigan and black-cock, and occasionally one of the largest of this species, the caper-cailzie. Nice thick undercover amongst low birch trees and plenty of feeding from the wild berries, must encourage game; indeed, the whole country clearly showed that excellent sport could be met with here.

Little or no game is destroyed by the peasants, as few possess guns, and the expense of powder and shot, costing at least three times as much as it does in England, and at the same time no sale whatever existing for the game that they would shoot, causes them not to enter at all into this pursuit.

Mr. Barry said that near his iron works game was most plentiful. Capercailzie, ptarmigan, black-cock, duck, and snipe innumerable are to be found but singularly enough no woodcock.

The peasants generally were well clothed in a warm coat, a shirt worn as a blouse, stout trousers, and Lapland boots. These last are universal. They are worn both summer and winter, and I was led to believe that the peasants generally slept in them. They are made of soft leather well greased; they are pointed at the toe; they reach above the knees, and are said to be quite waterproof, resisting even the snow water.

Some of the peasants wear coats entirely made of leather, proving a great protection to them in the winter, and which from their durability cause them to be a very economical vestment.

In consequence of the universal skill which the peasants possess with the axe, as well as the endless supply of timber, their houses are well built, very comfortable, and strong. In cleanliness they far surpass those of the Russians, and we found the post stations comparatively free from insect life.

In their persons the people are cleanly. To every house, however humble looking, is attached a bath-house, and as in this country fuel is almost valueless, so these baths, both in summer and winter, are in constant requisition. As, however, they differ so materially in their construction from our own, it is as well shortly to describe them.

The bath-house is built of roughly-hewn timber logs; the interstices, however, are most carefully filled up with a compound of mud and hemp, so as perfectly to prevent the entry of all air from without and also to impede the escape of steam from within. In the centre of each building a rude oven is constructed, over which are piled large granite stones. The oven being lit these stones become red-hot, in which state buckets of cold water are thrown upon them, the whole family then rapidly enter and seat

themselves upon the benches round the room, carefully shutting close the door. Volumes of steam mixed with smoke now fill the stifling air until it is almost impossible to breathe when, to relieve them, a small quantity of moss is taken from the wall and thus they revive. In winter it is said that on leaving the bath-room they plunge at once into the snow, which is then four or five feet deep around the building and thus a healthy glow pervades their otherwise exhausted bodies. It is asserted that this practice keeps off all sorts of maladies, and dangerous as the process may appear to us, perhaps in the end it is not more so than allowing the body to remain for months begrimed with dirt, which is a habit not unfrequent in some more southern countries.

The appearance of the families whom we saw coming from these steaming houses, certainly showed an elasticity and healthy vigour of body which bid us believe that the effects of this vapour bath were not so exhausting as might have been expected.

These peasants seldom or never eat meat, but content themselves with black bread, milk, butter, cheese, and salt fish. They constantly drink coffee, which is imported into Finland in large quantities. Unlike the Russians they never use tea. Such an article as a tea-pot is not even to be found amongst the better families.

After some difficulty in obtaining horses at the various stages, we reached the rapids of Amma, or The Old Woman, near Milranda, at four o'clock in the morning. We sent in our letter of introduction to Mr. Achebloom, who is in charge of the works. He immediately sent to us delicious coffee, which was followed at a later hour by an excellent breakfast of salmon cutlets, &c., the drive of the previous night in this clear northern climate having sharpened our appetites amazingly. The view of the rapids from the window of his immense house was very fine, but they certainly appeared very dangerous to descend in boats.

The salmon-fishing was represented to be very good, but it appears that although Milranda is so high up the River Olea, the fish are not very keen for the fly; they are generally taken with a silver spoon bait shining brightly and revolving above a gaudy fly; fish as large as 40 lb. weight being by no means uncommon. Trout of a very large size are also said to be caught, and these latter in great quantities. Unfortunately we had not even an hour to try a cast with the rod and line, which was the more tantalizing as there was no difficulty in procuring boats with experienced fishermen, and the day moreover looked favourable. It is really surprising that the facilities of obtaining excellent sport, and such requisites as boats and assistance so easily procurable, with all the rough comforts which a sportsman could require within his command, should be so little known at home. Within the last five years, it was told me, that no person excepting those employed at the mills had even visited Milranda.

VIII.

THE small lake steamer *Amma*, or *The Old Woman*, was getting up steam at the neighbouring wharf of Paaso, and the captain said he would start about seven o'clock. Probably no other vessel would go down the lake for four or five days. The alternative was that we should either remain at Milranda, or drive ninety or 100 versts through the forests, with a certainty of having continual detentions in obtaining horses, perhaps, indeed, for hours at each station on this unfrequented road. We felt ourselves, therefore, compelled to decline the further hospitalities of Mr. Archebloom, which he proffered to us.

We now relinquished the spring gig which Mr. Barry had so kindly lent us, and took ourselves and traps on board the lake steamer. This vessel would certainly bear no comparison in point of comfort or elegance with H.M.'s Yacht *Enchantress*, which we had so lately seen at Trondhjem. She was the roughest little vessel I had ever been on board, about forty tons measurement, and her power possibly that of a dozen Arab donkeys, yet, she was compelled to drag behind her two enormous timber scows, each nearly treble her own size.

The only shelter which we had from a biting wind was in a small fore-cabin, redolent of all sorts of odours, amongst which salt fish and decayed cheese decidedly predominated, and this room warmed by the neighbouring boiler was thus rendered ten-fold more disagreeable.

Lake Olea is in parts sixty miles broad and eighty or ninety long, and as a brisk gale of wind blew a-beam a very heavy sea in this large lake resulted. The poor little ship rolled and surged in the waves, but all her struggles were inoperative in causing a more rapid progress than four miles an hour, retarded and drawn back as she was by the large cargo-boats which were attached to her. There was one other passenger on this voyage, a Finlander who had seen distant lands, having been sent by the Russian Government round Cape Horn to report upon the mines in Russian America before that country had been sold to the United States.

The account of his voyage was very interesting. He stated that he had clearly discovered that although coal-mines existed on that coast and could be worked, yet nothing but brown coal was to be met with, which would not repay the outlay, and consequently he reported that it was far better to relinquish this distant land to the United States, and thus save all future trouble and expense of its Government.

This gentleman was now on a tour in the employment of Government, upon a visit to the mines in Finland. His description of this little-known country was most interesting, and having spent a considerable time in Germany, England, and Belgium, the languages of which countries he was well acquainted with, his society in no small

degree helped to obliterate the discomforts of an otherwise exceedingly tedious voyage. He described many of the mines, especially those on the confines of Russia, near to the Lake Ladoga, as being very rich in iron ore, so much so that one workman, assisted by his wife could easily scoup up from the bottom of the shallow lakes one ton of stuff per diem, which was so rich in iron that after washing it would realize from half to three-quarters of a ton of good ore. The most remunerative works, he said, existed in the South of Finland, especially that of Archbroke near Abo, but as there the ore was smelted with English coal, the iron produced from it was by no means equal in quality to that which was smelted in the interior of Finland by charcoal.

After a run down the lake of about sixty miles, as far as we could see inland being one enormous forest, we entered the Nuas River proceeding from the Nuas Lake, and shortly afterwards we arrived at Kaijanas. I may mention that we were charged but four shillings each for this voyage of fourteen hours, proving incontestably that extravagant charges, which follow in the wake of civilization, had not yet penetrated into the interior of Finland.

The strength of constitution of the Finlanders is marvellous. Although the rain may beat and the wind may blow, they will lie upon the open deck with perfect contentment without cloak or any other shelter, whereas in the houses they smother themselves with hot stoves, and closed doors and windows: neither heat nor cold appears to distress them. And yet as a rule these country people are very poorly fed. It is even said that they draw on the forest for their food, sawdust from the birch trees being boiled into a thick paste which, when dry, is reduced into powder being heated in an oven and ground, it is then made into a bread resembling oatmeal cakes, which is said to be nutritious and wholesome.

The name of the town Kaijanas, is stated to be derived from that of a giant who, traditionally, floated down the rapids of the Nuas River on a large pine log.

In the centre of the stream, on an island, are the remains of an old castle or fort, in which it is said that for a series of years the Swedes held the Russian army in check on their invasion of this country. It is situated in a commanding position over the river, and is exceedingly picturesque. The town is placed immediately above, and the rapids rush past under two bridges leading from the old castle on the island to either bank. A lock with sluice gates has been formed, through which to pass the tar-boats, the rapids being too dangerous to allow them otherwise to descend.

I failed in purchasing a photograph of the old castle, but immediately the chief magistrate was informed of my wish he sent me an engraving of it. We had some difficulty in obtaining lodgings as there was a ball about to be given in the hotel, and all the bed-rooms were converted into supper-rooms, ante-rooms, and card-rooms. We lodged, however, at the post station, where we had a

good supper, the whole charge including beer and tea, being just one franc each. I mention the price to show how little this country is visited by strangers and how totally unknown here is the rapacity so common amongst central European hotel-keepers.

The captain of the *Amma* very kindly assisted to procure the means for our further progress; it was a spring gig, which we hired from a Mr. Inkerman, and for which, for a distance of ninety versts to Idem Salmi, including the expenses of its return, we paid him four shillings. At Idem Salmi the lake system again commences, and from thence we were informed it was probable we should find small steamers continuously to Wybourg.

A glance at the map will show how wonderfully the whole of the interior of Finland is intersected with lakes; some of these are connected by continuous and natural links of water, while betwixt others a few hundred yards of land alone intervene to impede the continuous navigation of the country. The Government have already done much to perfect and utilize this natural high road by joining the lakes by canals where necessary, and is daily doing more. Facilities now exist of travelling by steam during the open season through a very large portion of this beautiful country, but of which European travellers are entirely ignorant, although a traveller would be well repaid, more especially a fisherman or a sportsman. It is the least expensive in Europe, and in point of beautiful scenery few countries surpass and many by no means equal it. Luxuries are not to be expected.

A journey in Finland is by no means difficult, and to travellers of a more adventurous character interesting excursions may be made from Kuopio, the centre of the country, even to the White Sea. For such a journey, however, a small tent, some provision, and tea would be required, but these could be transported without difficulty and at small expense, due arrangements being made before starting. Having crossed the frontier of Finland into Russia, a system of rivers and lakes would be met with leading to Kem on the White Sea and by Ob Kutuas and the Ount Kutuas Lakes and the River Kem, which are nearly united, small intervals which alone it would be obligatory to walk intervening. Boats and rowers for traversing both lakes and rivers would be easily procurable.

After descending the River Kem to the sea the distance to Salawatz, or Holy Island, in Weiper See, is little more than thirty versts. Probably there is no more interesting spot in Russia than the Convent in Salawatz, which has been so ably described by Dixon in his book entitled "Free Russia," from which interesting spot a steamer, the property of the holy brotherhood and commanded by one of their number, plies frequently to Archangel. The best time for such an expedition would be to leave Oleabourg about the middle of July, thus entering the upper forest country by the beginning of August, when the mosquitos, in consequence of the early August frost, would be less tormenting and at which

time of year such a journey as I have described would be by no means difficult. The easiest mode of reaching Oleabourg, is that by steamer from Stockholm to Helsingfors, from whence there are steamers continually running up the coast of Finland touching at all the principal towns.

On the 10th of August we left Kaijanas for Idem Salmi, passing continually through a forest country, new roads being made with much pertinacity through a boggy soil. From the Black Mountain above Kaijanas, we had a fine view of the vast and continuous forests over which the eye in every direction rests.

At Sukevan, we came upon whole forests of pine, stripped solely for their bark, looking like naked giants in the dim twilight.

At Ryhalanmaki, also at Hinjaroi, and at many other places we met with a small quantity of tobacco culture, though I should doubt the heat ever being sufficient to mature it; we also met with hops, which the natives said was used for making their beer; but I may add that Finnish beer in taste and in poverty, surpasses the most washy brews in Europe.

We arrived at Idem Salmi at about 9·30 p.m., having easily completed our journey of ninety versts in the day, although the rain was descending heavily for many hours. In addition to the small gig, drawn by a pair of stout ponies, and driven by my son, a small cart containing our baggage with two more ponies, followed us with a native driver. We thus posted, changing ponies about every ten miles, at the rate of about seven to eight miles per hour,—the expense for which *two* conveyances, including the driver, did not exceed threepence per mile.

At Idem Salmi we found a comfortable station-house, where we rested for the night. On the following morning, having made arrangements to send back the gig that had been so kindly lent us, we embarked in a small steamer called the *Tipper*, even more uncomfortable than the *Amma, the Old Woman* in which we had crossed Lake Nuas. The *Tipper* was covered with a corrugated iron roof; but as both ends were open and there was no cabin, the draft from the gale of wind that was blowing, was perfectly excruciating, and we were forcibly reminded that we were in a country where travelling was, as yet, rude and unrefined. This vessel was, however, very fast, and by ten o'clock we arrived at the commencement of a canal at Akkiolax, at the end of the lake Origi. The workmanship of this canal appeared excellent, large blocks of granite beautifully worked and fitted were being prepared for the locks. As it was incomplete, we were compelled to disembark into a marsh, in which we waded for some distance above our ankles in mud, our baggage being carried on the backs of sturdy Finlanders. On reaching the dry ground we fortunately found a cart, in which we rumbled along to the lake Kalivessie, on which after some delay, we embarked upon a small steamer for Kuopio, and which, in torrents of rain and a thunderstorm, we reached about five in the afternoon.

The discomforts and difficulties incidental to our progress through Finland might be said now to have terminated, and these, in my opinion, were well repaid by the interests of the journey. These discomforts mainly consisted in day and night travelling in small carts and rather indifferent food, relieved, however, by the stores which we had prudently brought with us. The keen northern air, the exercise and the exertion had certainly given to both of us an increase in elasticity and health.

At Kuopio we preferred the station-house to the hotel, as we knew that at the former we should be less intruded on by the curious of the community, for, as we were the only tourists who had visited this town for many years, purely for the love of travelling, so we were looked upon by everyone as originals, and excited some sensation.

The town of Kuopio—the most central in Finland—is beautifully situated on Lake Kala. The town itself is very pretty, but its position can with difficulty be surpassed. A fine esplanade exists in the middle of the town, above which is a large church, and clean streets extend for a considerable distance around. Close to the town and on a peninsula are some well laid out public gardens, where there are large bath-houses, refreshment saloons, and a theatre. These gardens are beautifully kept, and the views of the various branches of the lake through the trees are very pleasing.

The entertainment that was going on at the time of our visit was both curious and interesting. A dozen Cossacks of the Don were singing and chanting a sort of long monotonous dirge, which they relieved occasionally by a sort of Highland fling or Irish jig, the music to which was played by one of their number upon a small brass pipe. To the best of my ability I made myself understood by them, and their delight was unmeasured when they found that I had visited many of their distant towns on the Don, Tageurog, &c. Kuopio is a long distance from the homes of these poor fellows. The climate in which they perform this military service is extremely cold, and surrounded as they are by people whose language and customs are strange to them, their duties must be very irksome. It reminded me very much of the colonial service which is imposed upon our own army, where each officer and soldier in turn, is chilled by the snows of Canada, or broiled under the tropical heat of China or India. It would appear that the Cossacks who are stationed in Finland are treated with much kindness and consideration, and that both they and their little horses, who had accompanied them these thousands of versts, from the banks of the Don and the Volga, were well nourished and well housed.

These irregular troops are allowed to improve their position, and supplement their slender allowances by performing many small services to the townspeople, such as removing furniture, &c., for which they are generally compensated by dinners of cucumber and

fish, and small recompenses in money, and, on the whole, do not lead an unhappy existence. Although in the middle of summer, these men were clothed in their long thick grey coats and high boots, their rifle slung on their back, and their Circassian sword at their side, they looked as dingy but as service-like as, on many a day, I had seen them on picquet at the outposts at Kertch and at Sebastapol in the Crimea, rough and ready for war and to meet privation in heat or cold, either near the tropics or within the Arctic Circle.

About a couple of miles distant from Kuopio is a hill called Ponjoobæcken. It is very easy of ascent. The small Russian drotskies which ply in the town are able to go to its summit, on which a lofty wooden tower is erected, and from which a lovely view on all sides is laid before you. Lakes and wooded islands with rocky scenery, and splendid pines in countless numbers met the eye on all sides. The view from Moisebæcken at Stockholm is justly renowned, but that from Ponjoobæcken, near Kuopio, is far superior in all respects, except that it does not command an array of palaces and a city, but trusts to nature in its solitary grandeur. We were compelled to remain at Kuopio for some days, as steam communication between Viborg and St. Petersburg was only occasional; this, however, we did not so much regret as we obtained a thorough rest after our fatiguing journey, and an opportunity of recruiting ourselves for the long tour which we had in contemplation, that of crossing Russia into Siberia.

Towards the upper part of Lake Kala there is a very fine waterfall. There is a daily steamer which plies to the neighbourhood of this fall, which is about forty miles distant; it is called Korkia Koshi. In summer there is not much water in it, but the beauty of the surrounding scenery as well as the facilities in approaching it make it well worthy of a visit.

In passing through the Town of Kuopio it was satisfactory to see that more than half the articles sold in the shops were of English manufacture, and not the less so, when we were informed that these articles were better and cheaper than such as could be procured of Russian manufacture. I am inclined to put very little faith upon the arguments which are advanced, that Russian manufactures are likely to drive us out of any market in the world. We left Kuopio with regret but with pleasing recollections.

On the 14th August we resumed our journey in Finland. We embarked in a steamer called the *Siama*, named after the largest of the lakes. She was a most comfortable little vessel, exceedingly clean and well arranged; the meals were excellent. We had hitherto been crossing an unfrequented forest country, but every step which we now took towards the south and the larger cities, comforts, if not luxuries, were again presented within our reach.

The scenery through which we were passing was quite enchanting, lake succeeding lake, linked to each other by short canals. Here

again, were handsomely-built locks of grey granite ; the whole kept in perfect order, even to the side walks.

On leaving the Kala Vessee, we passed by the Kounux Canal into the Kounux Vessee, on which was situated the very pretty Town of Leppanvista. Next we threaded the Unukha Vessee, the Taipora Canal connecting this lake with the Ainus Vessee, next the Haapa Vessee, then the Hanki Vessee, on the shores of which latter there is the large and exceedingly pretty town of Nyslott. It possesses a very fine old castle, said to have been built in the thirteenth century, which has stood many a siege from the Russians. It is now not in nearly so ruined a state as might have been expected from its age. It is placed in a very picturesque position on the lake. There is here again a look-out tower, from which is presented a beautiful view of the surrounding country. Near this town is a very singular road along the ridge of a mountain at Punjaharjaie. The road is fourteen miles long, but so narrow is the ridge, that for the whole distance the width of the hill itself is no greater than that of the road. On leaving the harbour we steamed past a beautiful island from the Hanki Vessee into the Pihlaja Vessee, and from thence into the Haapa Vessee, touching at the Town of Pumala, from thence into the Grösen Siama Vessee, the largest lake in Finland, at the southern end of which stands the town of Whilhelmstadt.

From Whilhelmstadt a large canal with twenty-eight locks of superior workmanship connects the Siama Lake with the city of Viborg. The distance thus traversed from Kuopio to Viborg being 315 versts, which is accomplished in about two days. Lake Siama is a very large sheet of water—quite a sea—and were it not for the many islands which exist in it, the passage through it in strong winds would occasionally be most disagreeable if not dangerous. The lake scenery is very beautiful. It may be said to lack the high mountains with which the Swiss lakes are almost universally surrounded, but the endless forest scenery and the succession of the inner lakes make up for any deficiency in the commanding nature of their shores.

I do not know when I have been more interested than in this tour to the inner waters of Finland, so utterly unknown to the entire mass of my travelling countrymen, whom I strongly recommend to visit this country as one which will repay their time and trouble. Towards the southern end of the Lake Siama we left the steamer at Lauritzsala, with the object of going across country to Imatra, sending our luggage direct to Viborg, intending to claim it there on the following afternoon.

At Lauritzsala we succeeded in procuring a cart and pair of ponies, and after a drive of about two hours, or thirty-three versts through Jurtsenoon, we reached the falls of Imatra, where we stopped at a Russian Hotel. In a very large saloon we found a numerous party at breakfast, whom we at once recognized as our

countrymen, and subsequently discovered that they were some of the principal members of His Excellency the English Ambassador's Staff at St. Petersburg, whose society for the remainder of the day added in no small degree to the interest of our visit to the falls. The renowned falls at Imatra may more properly be called rapids, being a continuous cataract of water descending about 120 feet in the distance of half a mile, wildly rushing over a rocky bed between high cliffs; and as the breadth of the stream nowhere is more than sixty feet, and the volume of water is very considerable, the magnificent effect of this cataract can be readily imagined. The fishing in the river itself, as well as in a neighbouring lake, was represented as being very good. Two rods, the morning of our arrival, had killed thirty-six trout, averaging from three to twelve pounds each, the latter being the heaviest that had been killed that day, but it was said that trout of twenty and twenty-five pounds were not unfrequently taken.

In the afternoon we were provided with a good posting-cart and easily drove through Kumanpotus, Witikan and Jappin, the fifty-six versts in five hours into Viborg. The country through which we passed gradually improved as to cultivation, and the bath-houses, one of which was attached to every house, appeared to be more carefully built than in the more inland portions of Finland. The heating process seemed to be more carefully arranged, and the ovens were built of fine brick; but in addition a large amount of damp straw was placed around the eaves of the building to induce a greater degree of humidity in the armosphere within. I may mention that this country is the highest north in which fruits exist. Beyond this point not even apples are to be found.

At Viborg we quitted Finland after a most interesting journey through the heart of that country, having travelled from one end to the other, a distance of 815 versts, or 550 miles, and having just spent ten days in the country. The town of Viborg is well situated. The old castle is interesting, bearing evident marks of war and sieges, which latter it continually bore until it fell into the hands of Russia. There appeared to be considerable mercantile industry, but from the appearance of the city and its inhabitants, it was evident that we were approaching a new country, distinct in every way from Scandinavia.

(*To be concluded in our next*).

In the Camp with Pretorius,

DURING THE EXPEDITION OF THE EMIGRANT BOERS AGAINST THE ZULU CHIEF, DINGAAN*

On the 28th November, 1838, I reached the commando, of the Emigrants at the small Togala spruit. The chief commandant, A. W. J. Pretorius, had already proceeded, and we went on to the other side of the great Togala, in the entrance under the rising ground. The camp was then pitched, and enclosed by the wagons, fifty-seven in number, and when all preparations had been made, the sun was setting. Here my attention waa drawn to the first commencement of the government of the chief commandant; for he ordered that the camp should be properly enclosed, and the gates well secured after the cattle should be within the same, and that the night patroles should be properly set out; all of which was executed with the greatest activity and readiness. After all this had been arranged, the officers met in the tent of the chief commandant; which officers were Carel Pieter Landman (2nd commandant), Pieter Daniel Jacobs (2nd member of the court-martial), Jacobus Potgieter (successor of the 2nd commandant), and also the other commandants, Johannes de Lange, and Stephanus Erasmus with their field-cornets. They held an amicable conversation, for the purpose of agreeing on the measures of the commando. The chief commandant then requested Mr. Cilliers to perform evening divine service, and the old evening hymn was sung, which Mr. Cilliers concluded with a most fervent prayer. The chief commandant further ordered commandant Erasmus to go out with a patrol in the night to spy the kraals of Tobe, as he intended to make the first attack on these. This was done. Now the weather was rainy, and it rained by showers.

The next day we rose, and every one was glad. After we had enjoyed some refreshments, the chief commandant requested me to assist him in writing. He gave me to write a strict order or regulation for the commando, which he had framed in a few words. After I had done this the commandants were assembled, and their approbation thereof asked, which they gave. I then made copies of that order for each commandant. In the meantime, the patrol of commandant Erasmus returned, but had not traced anything, on account of the unfavourable weather, and had seen nothing but smoke here and there from the kraals.

On the 4th December, we continued our journey from the Togala, proceeding through a plain open field (the field is rather sour but may be useful), as far as the Klip River which we passed. About a quarter of an hour on the other side thereof, the field begins to look most beautiful, dressed with sweet grass, presenting a youthful verdure and varegated with mimosa-trees. Having proceeded a little further on we encamped, and here we had a beautiful sight of the field, but there was no running water. The camp having been pitched, the chief commandant gave me to write an Ordinance for the prevention of improperly attacking or in-

* From the Journal of J. G. Bantjes.

terfering with the free persons of colour, which I finished, and then after the evening divine service had been performed, I retired to sleep.

The following day being 5th December, all was still in good order. Everyone looked out and was anxious for the return of the spies who were sent out, as we were to remain here waiting for their report or return. In the meantime, the chief commandant, after having assembled all his officers and their men, began in the first place to read to them, for their encouragement and admonition, a letter of a brother and friend, Mr. Christian Hatting, which was addressed to all his emigrant brethren, and this letter was well worth the attention of the audience. The chief commandant then addressed himself to those under his command, which greatly roused the spirits of many, whilst he himself speaking with great feeling was much moved in his heart. He then read another letter addressed to him by the Rev. Mr. Van der Lingen. This was also most worthy of being read, and every one felt grateful towards God for receiving so consolatory messages in such a barren wilderness. The chief commandant also performed the utmost of his duty by impressing this circumstance on the minds of his men. He also communicated to them his answer thereon, which every one lauded. He then further admonished them all to begin this most important task which they had undertaken (and which must be blessed by the Most High if it is be successful) with supplications and prayers to the throne of God, for to remain steadfast to the end, and to show obedience to their superiors, as otherwise we can expect no blessing and our ruin to the great rejoicing of our persecutors and enemies will have been occasioned by ourselves. He then proceeded to read the instructions framed for himself, by the Representative Assembly, and to point out the great responsibility with which he was charged thereby. He then read the strict order framed by him for the commandants, and also the last mentioned Ordinance. He then called towards him all the inferior officers, according to rank; the assisting commandants, the field-cornets down to the corporals, exhorting them to behave with courage and prudence, if necessary; reminded them how any design undertaken without God is frustrated; how everyone was to act when engaged with the enemy; that we, as reasonable creatures, born under the light of the Gospel, should not be equal to them in destroying women and children; and that we may pray of God everything which is not contrary to His great righteousness. He admonished them further to press on the minds of the men under them, to submit every morning and evening their duties and their doings to the Lord in prayers; and to spend the Holy Sabbath to the honour of God, and not use that great name in vain, nor calumniate the Most High. He further expressed his great joy in experiencing that peace, reasonableness, and internal love was still reigning amongst so many thousand souls, living together as in one and the same house—and that this was more than he had expected—that he had, however, to admonish every one to join their hands together, to remove everything that may tend to give rise to disunion, so that we, as one body, may with the assistance of God accomplish our intended work; and finally repeatedly remind us that "unity createth power." Amongst others he strictly prohibited any one to interfere with the Kafir children or women during the conflict, nor to take them prisoners. The successor of the chief commandant also mounted the carriage of the cannon and said that every one should notice that which the chief com-

mandant had communicated to us ; that we ought to be most grateful to God for such valuable admonitions ; that in all our doings we should give the honour to God ; how it was now our time all to kneel down and humble ourselves before God, for that our enemies like wolves were watching our destruction, that in particular we must be grateful to God that he has provided us with such a chief, who is wise in all his doings and who even shows himself careful as well for our spiritual as well as bodily welfare. The chief commandant again resumed, and dwelt upon everything which he considered might be ruinous to us, and that we might well acknowledge the truth of what has been stated by his successor, &c. He then requested everyone to unite in prayer, requesting Mr. S. Cilliers to conclude this momentous meeting with a solemn prayer. Mr. C. first addressed the chief commandant, and in very appropriate language exhorted him to his duty and so on all the officers according to their ranks and all the men, and then after concluded with a solemn prayer. Thus was this moment properly spent ; everyone was affected and general silence and calmness prevailed.

We proceeded on the 8th of the month, on our undertaking, marching on through an open level field, until we arrived at the Zondags River. We had, in the meantime, also passed two rivers of the same kind, which by the road had no running water, but according to the statement of the patrols, had running fountains near their origin. The fields along the Zondags River are splendid and beautiful, overgrown on both sides with valley shrubs of every description, and as far as we went the grass was quite sweet. We thus proceeded on and crossed another valley, which, along the road contained stagnant waters. We went further on between two flat heights, through a sandy passage ; a horrible bad road, large rocks, and then several deep ditches, some very muddy ; having passed all this we got to an extensive valley which offered a beautiful view. We went through it and continued until we came to a river with running water, named by the former commando the "Bly River," situate under a flat mountain ; here we encamped.

The next day, the 9th, all was well, and we remained over to celebrate the Sabbath ; while the previous Saturday evening had been spent in the tent of the chief commandant, with the singing of some appropriate hymns, and a fervent prayer delivered by Mr. Cilliers.

On Sunday morning, before Divine service commenced, the chief commandant called together all those who were to perform that service and requested them to propose to the congregation "that they should all fervently in spirit and in truth pray to God for his relief and assistance in their struggle with the enemy ; that he wished to make a vow to God Almighty (if they all were willing), that should the Lord be pleased to grant us the victory, we would raise a house to the memory of His great name, wherever it should please Him," and that they should also supplicate the aid and assistance of God, to enable him to fulfil their vow, and that we will note the day of the victory in a book, to make it known even to our latest posterity, in order that it may be celebrated to the honour of God. Messrs. Cilliers, Landman and Joubert were glad in their minds to hear it. They spoke to their congregations on the subject, and obtained their general concurrence. When after this divine service commenced,—Mr. Cilliers performed that which took place in the tent of the chief commandant—he commenced by singing from Psalm xxxviii, 12–16,

then delivered a prayer, and preached about the first twenty-four verses of the 6th chapter of Judges, and thereafter delivered the prayer in which the before-mentioned vow to God was made, with a fervent supplication for the Lord's aid and assistance for the fulfilment thereof. The 12th and 21st verses of the said 38th Psalm was again sung and the service was concluded with singing the 134th Psalm. In the afternoon the congregations met again, and several appropriate verses were sung; Mr. Cilliers again made a speech and delivered prayers solemnly, and in the same manner the evening was also spent.

The following day, the 10th, we again proceeded, crossed the river, and were much impeded by the grass being very high in the road and dangerous to ride through. We were obliged to set fire to it, and having done this, we passed several ditches and ascended the mountain which was very steep and covered with large rocks. A short distance from this we came to an extensive valley, presenting a beautiful sight, overgrown with grass and herbs of every description.

On the 13th December, we proceeded on along the river, which runs eastward, and reports reached us from commandant De Lange of Kafirs approaching. A camp was formed and secured. The commandant resolved, as it was about evening and several men were out on patrol in several directions and also as the Sabbath was at hand to postpone any attack until the next Monday. He ordered the barriers and gates to be properly secured, and that all men should be up about two hours before daylight. Everything was complied with. At the appointed time all men were roused, and we held ourselves in readiness.

Sunday the 16th was a day as if ordained for us. The sky was open, the weather clear and bright. Scarcely was the dawn of day perceivable, when the guards who were still on their posts, and could scarcely see, perceived that the Zulus were approaching. Now the patrols were altogether in the camp, having been called in the day previous by alarm signals of the cannon. The enemy then approached at full speed, and in a moment they had surrounded the camp on all sides. In the meantime, the day began to dawn so that they might be seen approaching, while their advanced lines had already been repulsed by the firing from the camp. Their approach, although frightful on account of the great number, yet presented a beautiful appearance. They approached in regiments, each captain with his men following him. In the same way the patrols had seen them come up the previous day, until they had all surrounded us. I could not count them, but it is said that a Kafir prisoner had given the number of thirty-six regiments, which regiments may be calculated at from nine to ten thousand men. The battle now commenced, and the cannons were discharged from every gate of the camp; the battle then became violent, even the firing from our muskets from our side as well as theirs. After this had been kept up for full two hours by the watch, the chief commandant (as the enemy was continually bestorming the camp, and he was afraid we would run short of ammunition) ordered that all the gates in the camp should be opened, and the fighting with the Kafirs should take place on horseback. This was done, and to our regret they took flight so hastily that we were obliged to hunt after them. Few remained in the camp, and the chief commandant in person, after having given the necessary directions also followed them. His shooting horses had been taken by others, and he himself was obliged to mount a wild horse.

He pursued a large party, and, riding in full speed, he got upon them. One of the Zulus rushed upon him ; he however discharged one of the barrels of his gun to kill the Kafir, but the horse whereon he was mounted was so frightened that he missed, and wishing to discharge the other shot, did not know that the stopper of his lock had been closed, so that he could not cock his gun. Now no time was to be lost : he jumped from his horse, the Kafir at once rushes upon him, stabs at him with his assegai, which he parried off twice with his gun ; but the third time unable to do otherwise he parried it off with his left hand, in which the Kafir then stuck his assegai. He now falls upon the Kafir, lays hold of him and throws him upon the ground and holds him fast, though he struggled fearfully, until P. Roedeloff came to his assistance ; he then forced the assegai out of his hand and stabs the Kafir under him so that he died. He then returned to the camp to have the wound dressed, which was done. He, however, said that he hoped no one would be terrified that this wound could do him no harm, and that he was glad of having been the only man in such a serious conflict who had been slightly wounded. The wound, however, was bad. We also ascertained with great regret that Gerrit Raath had met with the same accident in the same manner as the chief commandant, but he was dangerously wounded in his side ; as also Philip Fourie who had been dangerously wounded with an assegai during the battle in the camp. G. Raath remained in the field, and was fetched away and brought to the camp on a stretcher. Thus the Zulu commando was pursued for more than three hours, and we returned, as we were all short of ammunition. The chief commandant ordered the cleaning of the guns and that every man should provide himself with ammunition. This was complied with, and balls were also cast. Prayers and thanksgiving were offered to God, and after divine service had been performed the chief commandant again sent a strong party to pursue the Zulus as far as they could, but they returned in the evening, not being able to came up with them. The next day we counted the number of the slain, those who had been killed about and near the camp, together with those who had been overtaken and killed. They amounted to more than three thousand, besides the wounded.

We proceeded on our journey and encamped near to Dingaan's town on the 19th, at a distance of about a quarter of an hour. No sooner had the camp been formed, but a commando was ordered towards the town. We went with about nine hundred men and found it deserted, and the palace of the king burnt down, together with the whole upper part of the town. The chief commandant ordered all that was found to be brought together, and whatever was in the fire, such as iron and copper, to be taken out and taken care of. We went back again, and next day being the 21st, we fixed our camp just on the very hill where the unfortunate Mr. Retief and company had been butchered. The sight of the cruel martyring, whereof the dead bones still gave proof, was indeed horrible to be looked at, while the raw straps with which they had been tied were still fastened to the bones of several of them ; and the sticks and spokes with which they had been beaten were found by thousands and in pieces along the road which they had been dragged. Of these sticks some were those with which they danced, and some were poles whereon they build their houses, or wherewith they plant their fortifications. While other skeletons or dead bones laid there, these were recognized by us by

their skulls which were all broken, and by the heap of stones lying by each of their corpses, wherewith they had received their last sufferings. O horrible martyrdom! The late worthy Mr. Retief we recognized by his clothes, of which small pieces were still attached to his bones. added to which there were other tokens, such as his portmanteau containing several papers. Some were damaged and rained to pieces, but others were in as perfect a state as if they had never been exposed to the air. Amongst them was the contract between him and Dingaan respecting the cession of the land, in a wonderful state of preservation, also some clean sheets of paper upon which the chief commandant wrote to Mr. Boshof next day. The bones were gathered together and buried. The Kafir prisoner was then questioned. He pretended to have been but a spectator of the martyrdom, being sick at the time, but he related the circumstances just in the same manner as the appearance of the bones vouched to be correct, with this addition, that the king after the treaty had been concluded, had invited Retief and his company to come to his town that his people might dance in honour of them ; and while dancing he caused them to be attacked and though the farmers were unarmed they defended themselves with their pocket-knives in such a manner that when they had fought their way through one regiment another had to resume it. One man, he said, of a tall stature could run very fast and escaped after fighting hard from the town to the other side of the river, which, I believe, is about 2,500 paces ; but by their great numbers they outran him from all sides, and overtook him before he got as far as where his horses were ; he then defended himself with stones until he could no longer. He further states that twenty of them had died from severe cuts which they had received by the pocket-knives, and several were wounded. Several articles were also found which had been buried underground ; on the following day they were sold by public auction and the proceeds distributed among the commando.

The South African Fine Arts Association.

It is always a pleasure to visit the exhibitions of this Association, and chiefly because we may note with great satisfaction the steady progress made in the formation of a permanent Art Gallery. From a small and insignificant beginning the collection has attained to very respectable dimensions, and contains some works of real merit. Of the 120 oil paintings now on view, it is not too much to say that the most valuable and attractive will be found among the forty-three exhibited as the property of the Association, and in passing on to the gallery of water-colours and the room set apart for engravings, we may with equal truth say the same of the fifty works the Association exhibits there. In addition to this collection it possesses several portfolios of unframed engravings and photographs, and has established the nucleus of an art library which already contains about forty valuable works of reference. The building also in which the exhibitions are held belongs to the

Institution—a sum of about £300 only being all that is required to pay off the liabilities. Such is the statement made by the committee at the annual meeting, and on this is founded the claim of the Association to substantial aid and support from the Government. There can be no doubt that this is such an Institution as was alluded to by Sir Bartle Frere in his admirably-suggestive address at the Public Library. It is an institution of national interest. It has accumulated property of considerable value which now forms part of our national riches: and it does seem to be the duty of Government to see that this property of the public is properly cared for and preserved. The experience of last year has proved that it will not be safe to depend exclusively on the uncertain income obtained from voluntary subscriptions for the amount annually required to keep the buildings and works of art in a proper state of preservation. The revenue of the Association barely suffices to do this, and is quite inadequate to any further demand upon it for the necessary alterations in the galleries and the purchase of new works. If the Association were relieved of the cost of preserving this public property, it would be enabled to extend its operations considerably, were it only by making use of the money raised by annual subscriptions to make additions to the gallery, and thus to increase its value year by year.

The first object of the Association should be the formation of a national collection. Its gallery should be a place in which every colonist ought always to find sufficient to repay a visit, one which would be a credit to the Colony, and by means of which important assistance might be rendered to the art students throughout the Colony. The collection of pictures already made contains several works of more than average merit—but, after all, these are not very numerous, and unless the committee can afford to be particular as to their purchases and as to the class of work they accept on behalf of the public, their exhibitions will serve no useful purpose in art, and even to point out their deficiencies will serve no useful purpose in criticism. But in order that they may carry out worthily the duties they have to perform they should be relieved of all anxiety as to the maintenance of what they have already won. They should be put in a position to increase their collection, and in doing so they need not confine themselves to pictures—they ought to be able to obtain objects illustrative of industrial art in all its branches. Every day we see the taste for objects of art becoming more and more universal. There is an ever-growing demand for its wider application in every department of production. But at the Cape we are in this respect far behind the rest of the world. We are so habituated to ugliness that we are perfectly unconscious of the absence of beauty. Our state of contentment "'mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy," is most exasperating. And here a well-arranged gallery ought to do much good. The public will gradually be led to the appreciation of superior work if care is taken perpetually to place good examples before its eyes. Perhaps the most extraordinary objection raised to

rendering any assistance to the Association in its efforts to do something in the way of improving the art education of the people is that the people are utterly ignorant of art and care nothing about it. A stronger argument for supporting the Association could not be given. The committee appear by their report to have experienced more difficulty than usual in getting together for their Fourth Exhibition a sufficient number of pictures not previously exhibited, and believing that they have pretty well exhausted the private collections they seem to contemplate giving up these loan exhibitions for a time. This, undoubtedly, will have an unfavourable effect upon the receipts, and it would almost appear preferable to curtail the dimensions of their exhibitions, and instead of four rooms to give two. The public would not complain of this, and, the hanging space being limited, greater strictness in accepting pictures might be observed, thus having the effect of raising the tone of the exhibition by the exclusion of all works not reaching average merit. Taking for granted that the committee are right in thinking that they have nearly exhausted the private collections, it may be interesting to glance over the catalogues of the four exhibitions already held to ascertain from them what is the character of the works of art belonging to private individuals in this part of the Colony. From these catalogues it appears that the Association has exhibited upwards of eleven hundred pictures. Of course, in all such collections there must be many indifferent performances and even utter failures mixed up with more excellent and admirable works, but the question is in what proportion do the inferior works stand to those of greater merit? Upon the whole the result is favourable. There have been a fair proportion of really good pictures, though on the other hand it must be confessed that these are the property of a few individuals only. The Press has already given notices more or less detailed of the works exhibited, so that it will be sufficient simply to indicate their character by running over the names of the best known artists whose pictures have found a home in South Africa. In doing so we shall allude only to those the authenticity of whose works is undoubted, for we find from the catalogues that the names given by exhibitors appear to have been accepted without question, the committee considering themselves relieved from all trouble by the insertion of a foot-note stating that they do not hold themselves responsible for the correctness of these names. How far they are right in doing this is a fair question. Probably they are mindful of the story told of a well-known collector who used most generously to invite his guests to pass the freëst criticism on his collection, but first assured them that every work was genuine and that he would knock any man down who denied it. Of celebrated artists, whose works have been exhibited, there are specimens among portrait painters of the works of Zucchero, Bassano (Leandro da Ponte), Sir Peter Lely, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Hoppner, Jackson, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Sir J. Watson Gordon, Sir F. Grant, and Sir Martin Shee. Among landscape painters we

find P. Nasmyth, F. R. Lee, J. Wilson, Sam Bough, Pettitt, Koekkook, and a number of others of greater or less reputation. In cattle pieces, fruit, interiors, *genre* painting, we have Van Bergen, Ostade, Kidd, George Lance, C. Lees, J. C. Jose, and many more. In the water-colour galleries were to be found drawings by Constable, Copley Fielding, Varley, C. Taylor, Sidney Cooper, Cattermole, Cruikshanks, Buckley, Chambers, Read, Dunant. Now without alluding to other artists and other works of ability, it is sufficient to glance over the names thus given to show that the average standard of merit of these exhibitions could not have been very low, and that in enabling the public to study the works of such artists, the Association must have conferred some benefit. But it is asked how an institution such as this can be considered as entitled to share in the general expenditure of the Colony; is it not an institution more local than national? Without entering into the question as to the necessity of a good national gallery, which must be situated somewhere, we maintain that there is no reason why this institution, being liberally supported, should not be thoroughly national in its character. Let it be a museum of industrial art in every form. Let a system be adopted by which oil paintings and water-colours, of a character, which it is not likely that schools can afford to obtain for their own use, may be lent to the various towns and schools throughout the Colony. Let a series of objects suitable for forming groups of still life be also lent for certain periods. And, further, not only might the schools be assisted, but also those interested in getting up local exhibitions; and for this purpose a "travelling collection" might be formed; or should this be considered impracticable, works of art may be lent to local museums and libraries, changeable periodically. In this manner, and by ever keeping in view and aiming at the formation of a central gallery of a high character, the institution would become "national" in every sense of the word, and would be of very great assistance to those engaged in promoting education and raising the standard of colonial thought.

The plan thus sketched out is merely a copy of what is reported as being successfully carried out at the present moment by the South Kensington Museum. The committee have already taken one step towards increasing the usefulness of the Association by commissioning Capt. Grenfell, who was one of their number, to purchase casts, &c., during his visit to England, so that in a short time art students will have the advantage of having valuable models to draw from. It is to be hoped that these students will not be confined to the class who find in drawing and painting a pleasant and agreeable pastime only, but that our artizans will understand that to them especially this collection ought to be of value, for there is not a busy town in England now which does not possess its art school, and there is not an artizan whose study of art has not raised the value of his labour and the character of his country's productions. It is a pity that the Association is not prepared to go a step further. If it

were possible to obtain some competent teacher to explain the first elementary principles on which art is based, and to impart the preparatory technical knowledge required, a boon indeed would be conferred. One other point in which the Association might be useful would be by affording facilities for the sale and purchase of works of art. In the admission to their walls of such works the committee ought to be more rigidly exclusive in their favours than in any other case. The public should be able to feel satisfied that whatever might be the comparative merits of the different pictures exhibited for sale, the committee have not accepted one which has not come up to a certain standard. This implied guarantee would be a benefit to both seller and purchaser. There is evidently much to be done before the Association can become such an institution as we hope one day to see it. It has gone on steadily in spite of many troubles such as more or less beset the commencement of all important undertakings; but it is only the beginning, and a very small beginning. It is a mistake to say that it is now firmly rooted; on the contrary, it has only proved that it possesses sufficient vitality to entitle it to a share of the attention and care of the public. It promises to be a vigorous plant; but neglect at the present time would soon prove fatal to its growth. The unaided efforts of individuals will not succeed in establishing and maintaining an Art Gallery worthy of the Colony, any more than private patronage alone will be able to secure the introduction of works of the highest merit. It seems but reasonable to look for some assistance from the Colonial Treasury, were it only sufficient to cover the expenses to which the Association is put for the proper custody of the public property entrusted to their care.

Ourselves as others see us.

Mr. Froude's South African Journal.

The expectation entertained by many persons that the distinguished members of the Guild of Literature who visited South Africa a year or two ago would ere long give to the world their impressions of our colonial society and scenery has now been amply fulfilled. Major Butler's papers in *Good Words*, Lady Barker's letters in *Evening Hours*, and *Lippincott's Magazine*, and lastly Mr. Froude's "Leaves from his Journal," have each presented likenesses of us in different colourings, to the great English-reading public. Upon the whole it must be admitted our prominent features are pourtrayed in a kindly manner; and if here and there our visitors have indulged in observations which may disturb our vanity and self-complacency we may console ourselves with the reflection that, according to the Poet, there are some benefits to be derived even from such criticism :—

O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

Mr. Froude's impressions of South Africa find a place in a new (third) series of his "Short Studies on Great Subjects."* They are there introduced as a relief to the more serious matters with which the volume is chiefly occupied—chapters on the theology of Paganism and the revival of Romanism, the degeneracy of English Protestantism, and the hollowness of modern Liberalism, the Uses of a Landed Gentry, and the difficulties with which Party Government is beset.

The change from London life, and the confined atmosphere of a library, to a comfortable steamer of the Donald-Currie-line seems, to have given an unusual freshness and exhilaration to the brilliant historian—which is sensibly conveyed to the reader. In his "Sea Studies" we are at once on board-ship, enjoying "the ever-blowing breeze on the open deck, above our heads the arch of the sky, around us the ocean, and our spirits catch the contagion from the elements."

The tranquil water and genial temperature on the ocean highway to the Cape are highly appreciated and extolled, more especially as he gains the "delicious latitudes of the trades, where the water is sapphire blue, where soft airs breathe lightly on the surface, and the sharp jerk of the angry wave is never felt; where the flying fish spring from under the bows on either side of the ship like lines of spreading foam, where you sleep with your door and windows wide open, a sheet the heaviest covering which you can bear, and the air is sweet and balmy as in that far distant land where Menelaus dwells because he was the son-in-law of Zeus:

> Where never falls or rain, or hail, or snow,
> And ever off the sea the cooling breezes blow."

The journal only refers to the incidents of Mr. Froude's first visit to the Cape in 1874. He was then a passenger by the *Walmer Castle*, with Captain Webster. His fellow-voyagers did not impress him very favourably. "The talk of the colonists on board ranges between wool, ostrich feathers, and ten per cent. on freightage. Colonial politics they regard as avowedly nothing but a scramble for the plunder of office. They bet every day on the number of the miles which the ship will have run at noon in the past twenty-four hours, and are as eager about it as Yankees." He remembers "where your treasure is there will your heart be." His own occupations, however, were somewhat different. He writes:—

> I have been feeding hitherto on Greek plays; this morning I took Homer instead, and the change is from a hot-house to the open air. The Greek dramatists, even Æschylus himself, are burdened with a painful consciousness of the problem of human life, with perplexed theories or Fate and Providence. Homer is fresh, free, and salt as the ocean. Ulysses and Agamemnon are once more living and breathing men; religion is simple and unconscious; and the gods, rough and questionable as they may be, are without the malignity of later centuries.

* Longman & Co., London: Cape Town, Juta.

Achilles, when he sacrifices the Trojan youths at the tomb of Patrocles, is rather censured for his cruelty than praised for his devotion. The notion of human sacrifice as a means af propitiating the anger of the gods must have been imported from Phœnicia,—perhaps with the Phœnician alphabet, progress, and the march of intellect.

Approaching the Cape of Good Hope, he notices the stars are changed. The Pole Star is under the horizon, and fresh stars come into sight every night. "Already a new heaven; in a few days there will be a new earth."

His stay at Cape Town was limited; but what he saw "was extremely interesting, and opened his eyes to much which he did not anticipate":—

The town itself, which was built by the Dutch, is a curious old-fashioned place, with a modern skin imperfectly stretched over it. You see great old mansions in bad repair, with stiff gardens overrun with weeds, and old gateways flanked by couching lions. The Dutch, among their many merits, introduced pine and oak here. The pine forests now cover the sides of the mountain. The oak grows rapidly to an enormous size, being in leaf nine months in the year. Everywhere you see the marks of the stiff, stubborn, Calvanistic Holland. The hotel in which I stayed was once the house of some wealthy citizen. The floors upstairs are of stone, the walls are pannelled, the ceilings carved; the sash windows are huge, heavy, and close-fitting; the dining-room is so stiff of aspect that the pert modern waiter seems subdued by the atmosphere of it into old-fashioned politeness. Cape Town has twice had its day of splendour. Once under the Dutch Government, and again when it was the sanatorium of Bombay and Bengal, and the East Indian magnates used to come there to recruit their livers. Now—even now—it was a pleasant thing to see the English flag flying over a spot which, whatever might be its fortunes, was still the most important naval station in the world.

With a friend, he

Drove through the Constantia country, among pine and oak forests, opening into exquisite vineyards about the slopes of the great mountain. Leaving the forests, we struck across the natural plains, clothed with silver trees and sugar bushes, and carpeted with wild heather and wild geraniums; the sea in the distance soft and beautiful as the Mediterranean. The peninsular of Table Mountain, cut off from the rest of Africa, would certainly make one of the most precious possessions in the world. It could be made impregnable at a moderate expense. It is about the size of Maderia, and of infinite fertility. It contains the only harbour available for ships of war either on the east or west coast for many thousand miles. Whoever holds this peninsula commands the ocean commerce round the Cape. The peninsula commands South Africa, for it commands its harbours. Were England wise in her generation, a line of forts from Table Bay to False Bay would be the northern limit of her imperial responsibilities.

Continuing his voyage along the coast, Mr. Froude finds:—

Port Elizabeth is a handsome modern town, the chief port of the Eastern Provinces, lying on an open hill-side as Brighton does There is

no harbour, but the roadstead is sheltered on the dangerous quarter, and is crowded with vessels of all sizes. The loading and discharging is by lighters, and managed as expeditiously as if the ship was in dock. The beech is flat, the available extent of it has been much reduced by an attempted basin, enclosed by wooden piers, which was no sooner made than it filled in with sand. The bales and boxes are landed through the surf on the backs of natives; splendid fellows, with the shape of an Autinous, stark-naked, and shining from the water as if they were oiled. The black skin, which is of the texture of hippopotamus hide, seems to answer the purposes of modesty. These fellows earn six shillings a day; they live on one, save the rest, and when they have enough, they go inland, buy cattle, and two or three wives to work for them, and do nothing the rest of their lives. They all have the franchise. I asked one of the members for the town how they managed at election times. "Oh," he said, "we send a few barrels of brandy into the native location."

Of East London, Mr. Froude does not speak so well. The steamer had to lay there a whole day, in a fearful rolling sea, discharging cargo; and although he was told that that was to be the finest port in the Colony when the improvements now in progress are completed, he remarks that he would have been more sanguine of the result if the engineer had been less enthusiastic in his anticipations.

Onwards to Natal, however, he is pleasantly impressed with the appearance of the coast, as he writes:—

We are now off Kreli's country—independent Kafirland—a strip two hundred miles long, which divides Natal from the Colony. We pass within half a mile of the shore to avoid the current which set outside steadily to the west. From the sea it seems as if Kreli was king of Paradise itself. A series of exquisite English parks succeed one after the other; undulating grassy lawns, interspersed with woods and divided every four or five miles by rivers, the course of which we trace by the projecting crags and the rich verdure of the ravines. Each of these streams is unhappily blocked by sand as East London is. The surf roars at their mouth with monotonous thunder, never resting, never perhaps to rest while the globe continues to revolve. The people of the nation to come, who will by-and-by fill this beautiful country, will never sail in either ship or boat on the water which they will see so near them. The steamers will go by their windows almost within haling distance, but the passengers must be carried on for a hundred miles before they can set foot on shore. The skilfullest crew that ever launched a life-boat would be dashed in pieces in a moment in those tremendous rollers.

Natal occupies several pages of the journal. The affair of Langalibalele, the condition of the natives, and the difficulties of the labour question are all topics introduced. The description of the Port and the approach to the town of Durban is admirable:—

A high wooded ridge or bluff, curved and narrow, juts out from the coast-line, stretches parallel to it for two miles towards the east, and then bends round and terminates, forming a natural breakwater. A long point runs out to meet it, and thus inside is formed a land-locked basin

ten or twelve miles in circumference, the sea entering through a single narrow passage, and the scour from so large a body of water being thus considerable. Even here there is a bar which the engineers in their attempts at improvement have made rather worse; but in moderate weather vessels of 1,000 tons can enter without much difficulty. The scene as we run in is singularly beautiful. The sky is cloudless,—the sun, just risen, is faintly veiled by a soft Italian haze; the ships in the bay are dressed out in flags, white puffs of smoke break from a battery as the guns are fired in honour of the arrival of the steamer. We bring up in a deep channel close under the bluff, in the shade of tropical trees, among which the monkeys skip to and fro, and from which occasionally a too-curious python makes his way along the cable by which ships are moored to the shore. We land at the Custom-house among a group of Natalians who have hurried down to meet their friends. I am struck, as at Port Elizabeth, with the florid, fleshy look of the settlers. The climate of the Cape suits well the lymphatic Teuton. The Dutch, who have been there for two centuries, have expanded into the dimensions of Patagonians. I walked with one of the latter along the sands to the town. We had to cross a stream, and a Kafir undertook to carry us over. He staggered under the Dutchman, and had nearly fallen with him; with me he trotted away as if I had been a child. But I had as nearly dropped from him from another cause. It was my first experience of the smell in such close proximity.

The climate of Natal is exquisite. The days are brilliant, and not overpoweringly hot. The nights are cool and fragrant with orange blossom. The stars shine with a steady lustre. The fire-flies gleam. The moth-hawk hunts his fluttering prey. The Indian Ocean moans on the shore, and will moan on till the day which Tintoret has painted, when the ships shall drift deserted on the waves, and the inhabitants of the earth shall have passed away from it for ever.

I leave Natal with unhopeful feelings. The settlers themselves are not to blame. In the presence of a vast and increasing native population, encouraged in idleness by the indulgence of those detestable systems of polygamy and female slavery, it is impossible to expect white men to exert themselves for the genuine improvement of the Colony. But the fact remains, that a country which seems to have been made by nature to be covered with thriving homesteads and a happy and prosperous people, is given over to barrenness and desolation. Before there can be a change, some authority must be introduced there which will control both blacks and whites, and bring the relations between them into a more natural condition. The sole remedy thought of here is more freedom, and what they call a "'sponsible ministry." They look to America, and they fancy the colonies have only to be free to grow as the United States have grown. America was colonized *before the Aloe had blossomed.* The grain of the old oak is in New England. The English in South Africa are pulpy endogens. They may make a nation some day, but they have a long journey to travel first.

Our space will not permit us to follow Mr. Froude throughout his journey—which for a gentleman of his age was a long and arduous one, travelling as he did over 1,500 miles, on rough roads, and amidst thunder-storms, and hard living, and nights without rest.

But it is pleasant to note that among the border settlers in the Transvaal, whose manners and domestic arrangements are often held up to ridicule, he experienced genuine South African hospitality :—

My old Boer host on this occasion (Oberholster) is a patriarch of sixty. His farm is large, well planted, and well cultivated, and inside his house and outside there is an appearance of rude abundance. On his hall table stands a huge clamped Bible of 1750, with a register of the family for 120 years. His sons and daughters are married, and live with their wives and husbands in cottages on the estate at no great distance. With each new family another hundred acres have been fenced in and brought under the plough. Children and grandchildren dropped in for the evening meal at the common table. Young giants, handsome, grave, and ponderous, and bright-eyed girls dashing through the doors out of the storm, and flinging off their dripping hoods. Our supper consisted of cold venison, eggs, bread and Indian corn, with—here at any rate—fresh milk. The old man said a long grace before and after. I glanced at the youths. There was not a sign of weariness about them. Their manners were perfectly simple and reverent. My bed was rough but clean, and I was not disturbed by intruders. In the morning I was awoke by a psalm, with which the day's work always begins on a Boer's farm. The breakfast was like the supper overnight. The old lady and two young ones, who alone appeared of the party of the evening before, looked as stiff and prim as if they had walked out of one of Van Eyck's pictures.

The portraits given of the public men of the Cape Colony, Natal, and the Republics, are not very happily executed; the most interesting, however, is that of the ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Griqualand West, whom Mr. Froude compliments on being now returned to the Cape Parliament, where he hopes he will once more render valuable service to the country.—A hope which is heartily re-echoed by the public.

Note upon the Juncí, or Rushes of the Cape Colony.

By Professor MacOwan.

Dr. Franz Buchenau, in the proceedings of the Natural History Society of Bremen (Bd. iv. Heft. 4) has published a monograph of the *Juncaceæ* of the Cape. It is characterized by the laborious accuracy and thoroughness which belongs to good modern botanical work, and is certainly one of the most valuable contributions to Cape Botany which have appeared during the last decade.

The following passage occurs on page 418 :—"The form of *Juncus glaucus Ehrh.* here described is the only plant belonging to the group *Genuini* which is yet known from the Cape. The absence of all the other species, particulary of *Juncus effusus L.* which otherwise is wanting in scarce any large floral region of the temperate zone, is an especially noteworthy fact, pointing anew to the long period during which the Cape Flora must have been isolated from that of Europe, Asia and North Africa."

Attention is drawn to this statement because *Juncus effusus L.*

though not in Ecklen and Zeyher's collections, nor as far as I know in those of Drege and Dr. Burchell, is actually a Cape plant, and was distributed by me in 1872, three years before the date of Dr. Buchenau's memoir. Will amateurs who are interested in plants look out for this common European rush, and send specimens dried without much pressure to the Museum here, in order that its distribution in the Colony may be made out and recorded? It is not unfrequent near the Boschberg, and in all probability its commonness in almost every temperate country has caused our collectors to pass it by, and thus conspicuous by its absence from exsiccate it is erroneously recorded as denied to the Cape.

It may be added that the distribution of the smaller septate Rushes, easily recognizable, especially when dried, by the transverse partitions in the substance of the leaves, is very imperfectly known. With the exception of *J. punctoni L.f.* and *J. oxycarpus E.M.*, they would seem to be confined to narrow areas. Possibly they are tolerably wide-spread, but have been overlooked, like *J. effusus L.* A little attention would soon settle the question definitively.

With regard to the evidence adducible respecting the isolation of the Cape Flora during a long cycle of ages, every fact which bears upon the question should most certainly be recorded. Dr. Buchenau aptly remarks that when we are better acquainted with the flora of the Abyssinian plateau, and similar highlands of Middle Africa, we shall probably find many connecting links between the vegetation of the Cape land and that of the great continental masses of the Northern hemisphere. To this I venture to add that the case of the European *Juncus effusus L.*, appearing unexpectedly to form a new link, is not a solitary one. In 1870 I distributed, with many misgivings, two nearly allied plants from the Boschberg, No. 1,616 and No. 1,866, labelled "*Schœnoxiphium? or Carex, cf. C. Dregeana Kth.*" Herr Otto Böckeler, now engaged in an elaborate monograph of the Cyperaceæ of the Berlin Herbarium, pronounces both plants to be forms of *Carex Wahlenbergiana Boott.* Similarly No. 1,608, "*Carex affinis C. pendulæ Huds.*," receives the following notice:—"*Est planta ipsissima, squamis fœmincis longioribus Nova cives capitis Bonæ Spei.*" Friends at a distance who have received these will please to take notice, especialiy if they are interested in the geography of plants; and for their information an additional note is subjoined from Dr. Buchenau about four species of Rush which sadly puzzled myself and others.

No. 188	Bolus	Est Juncus exsertus Behn.
No. 188*	„	„ Juncus diaphanus Behn.
No. 2,019	Mac Ow.	Juncus capensis Thunb. sub-species V. geniculatus Behn.
No. 2,020	„	
No. 1,953	„	Juncus Dregeanus Kth. *exparte*

No. 1,683 was correctly referred to *J. macrocarpus Nees*, therefore the appended note of interrogation may be erased from the label.

Gill College Museum, May 8th, 1877.

Meteorology.

(FROM RETURNS FURNISHED BY THE COLONIAL METEOROLOGICAL COMMISSION).

1876, Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Mean Humidity, complete Saturation equals 100.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.
ROYAL OBSERVATORY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	30·001	64·3	73·3	57·6	88·0	16th.. ..	49·6	10th.. ..	71	1·293	8
Dec. ..	29·996	64·9	72·9	58·3	80·9	24th.. ..	52·0	15th.. ..	72	2·636	12
WYNBERG.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	29·741	65·5	77·9	54·4	90·6	15th.. ..	48·0	1st, 10th, and 11th	69	1·270	9
Dec. ..	29·749	64.2	75·3	54·1	81·2	5th.. ..	48·5	15th.. ..	72	2·880	14
SIMON'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	..	66·9	83·0	61·9	98·0	18th	55·5	10th	67	1·600	3
Dec. ..	..	66·2	79·4	62·9	88·0	12th	57·0	2nd	71	5·150	8
PORT ELIZABETH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	30·075	64·7	71·6	57·5	85·5	17th	48·0	11th	76	2·470	7
Dec. ..	29·990	67·6	73·4	59·1	80·5	19th	55·0	8th	70	2·630	4
WELLINGTON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	28·616	67·9	79·0	57·0	96·5	20th.. ..	51·0	1st	63	0·610	4
Dec. ..	28·616	65·4	77·2	56·6	91·6	24th	48·6	15th	74	3·915	12
WORCESTER.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	29·283	63·7	80·0	58·0	99·0	29th.. ..	40·0	13th.. ..	63	0·400	1
Dec. ..	29·205	67·8	82·5	54·5	96·0	18th.. ..	43·0	11th.. ..	60	0·800	3
KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	28·284	61·1	74·6	47·5	94·0	21st	37·0	12th & 23rd	80	4·230	16
Dec. ..	28·175	64·9	80·9	49·8	93·0	14th.. ..	38·0	11th.. ..	73	1·340	11

1876. Month.	Barometer.	Mean Temp.	Mean Max.	Mean Min.	Max. of Month.	On what days.	Min. of Month.	On what days.	Mean Humidity, complete Saturation equals 100.	Rain-fall.	Number of days on which rain fell.
SOMERSET EAST.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	27·491	62·1	72·6	56·0	92·0	21st	46·0	11th.. ..	75	2·440	5
Dec. ..	27·417	65·9	78·7	59·8	92·0	14th.. ..	50·0	4th.. ..	72	0·370	2
ALIWAL NORTH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	25·650	61·1	78·8	58·7	92·0	30th.. ..	37·0	11th.. ..	65	3·860	9
Dec. ..	25·591	68·7	87·2	54·6	96·0	26th & 31st	45·0	6th and 8th	47	0·260	3
CARNARVON.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
Nov. ..	25·924	63·3	75·6	51·9	86·0	9th & 21st	40·0	2nd	60	2·485	7
Dec. ..	25·900	69·0	82·5	54·3	92·0	25th.. ..	46·0	6th	40	..	..
CLANWILLIAM.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
October	..	70·7	87·7	53·4	101·0	30th.. ..	42·0	13th.. ..	53	0·500	1
Nov. ..	..	72·1	88·1	54·9	102·1	20th.. ..	42·0	11th.. ..	51	..	..
Dec. ..	..	72·5	86·0	53·7	100·1	23rd.. ..	47·0	14th.. ..	58	0·840	3
PORT NOLLOTH.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
August	30·241	57·3	66·0	45·1	86·0	31st	41·0	30th.. ..	77	..	..
Sept. ..	30·099	55·1	68·1	47·1	80·0	30th.. ..	37·0	29th.. ..	79	..	..
October	30·038	58·7	77·1	47·1	102·0	1st	43·0	6th & 11th	77	..	..
Nov. ..	30·075	60·5	75·4	53·6	95·0	3rd.. ..	46·0	1st	78	..	..
Dec. ..	30·074	61·3	79·0	52·0	83·0	20th & 27th	46·0	17th & 18th	82	..	..
KIMBERLEY.											
	inches.	°	°	°	°		°			inches.	
August	26·193	54·9	79·9	42·1	90·0	23rd.. ..	28·0	13th.. ..	68	0·240	3
Sept. ..	26·118	63·3	84·2	49·7	95·0	22nd ..	35·5	29th.. ..	57	1·210	3
October	26·127	66·5	82·6	50·8	92·0	5th & 30th	41·0	1st	54	2·300	5
Nov. ..	26·063	66·1	79·5	51·8	102·0	30th.. ..	41·0	11th.. ..	67	3·880	8
Dec. ..	26·047	75·9	93·4	56·9	104·5	14th.. ..	46·0	8th.. ..	52	1·080	2

The Barometer readings are reduced to the Temperature 32° Farheinheit; but no correction has been applied for height above sea level, except for Port Elizabeth, to which a correction of 0·180 has been applied throughout.

The Observations at Port Nolloth are very incomplete.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Several contributions to hand will receive attention in the forthcoming volume of the Magazine.

Poetry :—
Nature 344
To a Fair Musician 358

Reminiscences of the 1834 War 117, 230
Rhinoceros, My First 149
Red Water, Notes on, by Dr. W. B. Berry 182
Rifle Brigade in South Africa 350

Stray Thoughts 85
Song 108
"South-Eastern Africa," Baine's 190
South African Ghost Stories 240

The Cape University and its Work—The Vice-Chancellor's Address 51
The Subjection of Agriculture—A Lay Sermon, by a Frontier Colonist .. 65, 141
To South Africa 71
The Land Tenure of the Colony 77
Thread and Tape-Worms in Sheep, by Dr. W. B. Berry 102
Transgariep Courtships 109
The Pulpit und the Press 193
The Squaw's Leap—An Acadian Tale 153
The *Quarterly Review* on English Policy in South Africa 253
The Civilization of Africa 261
The Olden Time 305
The Rifle Brigade in South Africa 350
The South African Fine Arts' Association 376

Venice, A Glimpse at 299

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INDEX.

PAGE

Albert The Good 1
A Greeting from Afar 23
Agriculture - The Subjection of,—a Lay Sermon, by a Frontier Colonist.. 65, 141
A Perilous Ride for a Wife—A Colonist's Story 86
A Natal Ode 100
A Journey to the North—Norway, Sweden, and Finland, by H.E. Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B. 129, 198, 271, 359
An Acadian Tale—The Squaw's Leap 153
A Story of Native Wars, by an Aged Fingo 240
Africa—The Civilization of 261
Acrostic Sonnet—Sir Bartle Frere 284
A Dark Day 288
A Glimpse at Venice 299
Absent 304
Art-Fair, Our 319

Baine's "South-Eastern Africa" 190
Berg-Damaras, Damaraland and the.. .. .. 218, 289

Cape University and its Work, The—The Vice-Chancellor's Address 51
Charades, by Mrs. Barber 55, 192, 324
Colony, The Land Tenure of the 77
Courtships, Transgariep 109
Cowper and Olney—A Reminiscence 166
Chaarl Cilliers—The Old Voor-Trekker 178
Civilization of Africa, The 261
Cove Rock 270
Cloud-Land 322
Central Africa—Mission to Ujiji 341

Desert, A Scene in the 63
Diary of an Idle Hottentot, by Adonis Jager 159
Death, by Leinad 209
Damaraland and the Berg-Damaras 218, 289
Day, A Dark 288

E Pluribus Unum 140
English Policy in South Africa,—The *Quarterly Review* 253

Fortune, In Search of a—In New Zealand 39
Frere, Sir Bartle—An Acrostic Sonnet 284

Greeting from Afar, A 23
George Linton—Mr. Robinson's Novel 211
Ghost Stories, South African 240

Heine, From the German of.. 148
"Harvests were Gathered in" 247
Highlands and Lowlands of Kafirland, by G. St. V. Cripps 310, 325
Hidden 318

In Search of a Fortune—In New Zealand 39
In the Camp with Pretorius.. 371

Jan Van As—Recollections of a Country Agent 12

Kafir Nursery Tales 72, 345
Kafirland, Highlands and Lowlands of, by G. St. V. Cripps 310, 325

Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, by H. Lardner Burke, Esq. 24
Le Roi est Mort—Vive Le Roi 38
Land Tenure of the Colony, The 77
Life 112, 189
Lux 303

Meteorology 64, 127, 387
My First Rhinoceros 149

Nursery Tales, Kafir 72
Natal Ode, A 100
Norway, Sweden, and Finland, by H.E. Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Cunynghame, K.C.B. 129, 198, 271, 359
Notes on Red Water, by Dr. W. Bisset Berry 182
Night 238
Native Wars, A Story of, by an Aged Fingo 248
Notes upon the Junci, or Rushes of the Cape Colony, by Professor Mac Owan .. 385
Notes of the Month—
Ostriches and Ostrich Farming 57; Hofstede's History of the Free State 58; Silver & Co.'s "South Africa" 61; Rev. J. O'Haire's Recollections 62; New Books 122; Map of South Africa 125; A Plagiarism 126; Oscillation of the Rotary Axis of the Earth 124; Rain Fall in Victoria West 126; Origin of the Name Huguenots, 126; Geological Discovery 259; Map of South African Republics 59; Transvaal Book Almanac 259; Theal's South African Geography and History 260; Tennant's "Notary's Manual" 260; S. A. Botany 324.

On Thread and Tape-Worms in Sheep, by Dr. W. B. Berry 102
Oscillation of the Rotary Axis of the Earth 124, 285
Our Art-Fair 319
Ourselves as others see us—Mr. Froude's South African Journal 380

Perilous Ride for a Wife, A 86
Picturesque Holland 113
Pulpit and the Press, The 193
Poetry—
A Greeting from Afar 23
"Lines," by J. 23
Le Roi est Mort—Vive Le Roi 38
Woman 48
Charades 55, 192, 324
A Scene in the Desert 63
To South Africa 71
Stray Thoughts 85
A Natal Ode 100
Song 108
Life 112
E Pluribus Unum 140
From the German of Heine 148
Life 189
Death 209
Night 238
"Harvests were Gathered in" 247
A Sunrise Thought at "Cove Rock" 270
Acrostic Sonnet 284
A Dark Day 288
Praise 297
Lux 303
Absent 304
Hidden 318

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